

The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS**

JANUARY 1984 £1.20

Melanie Phillips

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WELFARE STATE?

John Wells

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WHY THE FRENCH LOVE THEIR BOMB

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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 7026 Volume 272 January 1984



The royal journey.

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LONDON NEWS

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ISSN number: 0019-2422

Frequency: monthly plus Christmas number. You can make sure of receiving your copy of *The Illustrated London News* each month by placing a firm order with your newsagent or by taking out a personal subscription.

Please send orders for subscriptions to:

Subscription Department, 23-29 Emerald Street, London WC1N 3QJ. Telephone 01-404 5531.

USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11101, USA. Second class postage paid in New York, NY. Postmaster: Send address corrections to The Illustrated London News, c/o Expeditors of the Printed Word Ltd, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (US mailing agent).



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BRIEFING

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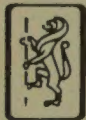


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PROPERTY

Saved by conversion

by Ursula Robertshaw

With the passing of the agrarian society and the advent of the Industrial Revolution, there ended a way of life that supported the great house. Surrounded by its own acres, its infrastructure meant that the house was in effect the centre of its own village, complete with bakery, laundry, blacksmith, smallholding and fruit farm, dairy, carpenter—or even cabinet maker—and an army of versatile workmen ready to mend a fence, repair a roof, plant out a spinney or turn their hand to anything that needed to be done, inside the house or out.

Death-duties and other taxes have weakened the finances of even the richest families and there are now only a few who can afford the labour to run such establishments. Britain is therefore left with a stock of large and often beautiful houses, mostly of the 18th-century but also of the later period of the industrial buccaneers, rich from cotton or coal or railways as the earlier landowners were rich from ancient royal favour or from sugar or from wool. Yet architecturally and historically these houses are a precious part of Britain's heritage. How can they be saved from dereliction?

One way is to divide them for multiple occupation, and if this is done sympathetically it is an excellent solution from all points of view. Leases are usually long, maintenance and many other services are taken care of in a management fee—even such things as window cleaning are covered in some cases—so that it is possible to enjoy many of the advantages of living in a stately home without suffering too many of the headaches.

One such conversion has been beautifully carried out at Sherborne Park, formerly Sherborne House, near Northleach, in the heart of the Cotswolds. This is a Grade II listed building dating back to the 11th century when it

was built as a monastic grange with adjoining church belonging to Winchcombe Abbey. In the 16th century it was leased to the Alleyn family and then, during the wrangles that followed the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the property passed to the Duttons, who held it for 400 years. Elizabeth I was twice entertained in the original monastic grange, which must even then have been a house of great distinction. In the late 17th century it was extended to become the first Sherborne House, designed by John Webb, a pupil of Inigo Jones. The stable block behind the main house was built in 1776. Lewis Wyatt undertook major reconstructions in 1830, including the installation of ornate state rooms with gold-embossed ceilings by Salvin. The style was that of Louis XIV.

From this imposing material architects E. P. Yiangou and R. A. Waddington have created 30 apartments ranging in size from a studio with kitchen and bathroom *en suite* to a three-bedroom flat which includes a reception room with a Salvin ceiling. Prices are between £22,500 and £200,000, leases are for 999 years. Further inquiries to Humberts (Hugo Peel, 242 3121 or 242 0998).

Another fine house saved by conversion is Redlynch Park, between Bruton and Wincanton in Somerset. Set in about 10 acres of grounds, this was an 18th-century house belonging until 1912 to the Ilchester estates. In 1914 the house was severely damaged by fire, believed to have been started by militant suffragettes, and had to be rebuilt. But the Georgian proportions of both house and stable block were retained, and the conversions take full advantage of these. Apartments can be two- or three-bedroomed, and some are on two levels. Prices range from £57,000 to £84,500 for a 150-year lease. Eight flats in the main house have been finished, and eight more in the stable block are to come. Further details from Fox & Sons (0963 32725) ●



Sherborne Park, near Northleach, has been converted to provide 30 apartments.

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Dodos in Europe



Nothing was achieved by the European leaders at their summit meeting in Athens, nor (and this is the best that can be said of it) was there any pretence of progress. The conflict between President Mitterrand of France and Mrs Thatcher, the British Prime Minister, was seen by some as a re-run of the Hundred Years' War or the Battle of Waterloo. It was neither, but it was certainly hard pounding, and those who believe in the European ideal must have despaired at the nationalistic fervour and self-interest that was displayed around the conference table. There was no serious attempt to reach agreement on any of the major issues facing the European Economic Community—agricultural reform, budget payments, control of spending, increase in the Community's so-called "own resources" (the VAT contribution of each member), and the extension of membership to Spain and Portugal. Clearly not enough homework had been done on any of these subjects for real negotiation to take place. Instead the 10 leaders played to their galleries at home. As in the Dodo's caucus race, everyone was given a prize for running round in circles. But dodos became extinct in the 17th century, and in the aftermath of Athens it could be asked whether the EEC was going the same way.

The leaders, when they returned to their homes, proclaimed that this was not a serious threat. Though none went so far as to suggest that the meetings in Athens were useful, there was a feeling that perhaps a totally abortive summit will have cleared the air and served as a necessary preliminary to serious negotiation,

The leaders of the 10 EEC countries, with their Foreign Ministers, at the Presidential Palace during the summit conference in Athens.

which cannot, by the present nature of the Community, take place until the crisis is seen to be imminent. This, according to Mrs Thatcher, might not be until the autumn, when the money will run out. She believes, as she told the House of Commons on her return, that then will be the time when the reforms in the EEC are most likely to come—though the process should start at the next summit in Brussels in March and continue in Paris in June, for all seem agreed that the work for that meeting will begin at once, and the new council president, M Mitterrand, has said that he will "concentrate on a few issues" for these summits, which he will chair.

There can be no doubt about what these few issues should be. First, there is the vexed question of the Common Agricultural Policy. Under this policy the EEC imposes levies on imports from outside countries and subsidizes exports of its own surpluses, perpetuating these surpluses by guaranteeing prices to farmers in defiance of the laws of supply and demand. It is a discredited system that is also directly responsible for most of the EEC's financial difficulties, since a large proportion of its budget is eaten up by these agricultural requirements. The problems of agricultural price policy, of limited open-ended guarantees, of ending milk lakes, butter mountains and disposing of other surpluses are among those in need of urgent resolution. Second, there is the matter of establishing

a fairer distribution of the burden of financing the Community. Britain, as one of the major contributors of funds for the EEC, is at the centre of this dispute, insisting that there should be no increase in the EEC's "own resources" unless budgetary arrangements, including Britain's rebates, are reformed on a long-term basis. Third, there is the question of a date for Spain and Portugal to join the Community, and there are urgent international issues, such as east-west relations, the nuclear controversy and the Middle East that require a coherent European voice which, though some discussion took place outside the plenary sessions, was not heard at Athens.

This aspect of European influence was perhaps the greatest casualty of the Athens debacle. It was recognized by Chancellor Helmut Kohl on his return to Bonn: "We must grasp," he told the West German Bundestag, "that a Europe divided and exhausted by renewed nationalism will exert no influence in the world and can become a plaything of foreign interests." Yet seldom has there been greater need for the influence of Europe to be exerted. Recent events in Lebanon and elsewhere suggest that there is a vital role for Europe to play in international affairs, particularly in view of current uncertainties in Washington and Moscow, but Chancellor Kohl is right. Unless Europe is united its voice will be ignored by the world, and the high ideals represented by this tightly knit Community of friendly but independent nations will go the way of the dodos.

Monday, November 7

President Assad of Syria called up 100,000 reservists as 29 American warships with 300 aircraft assembled off the coast of Lebanon.

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher met Irish Prime Minister Dr Garret Fitzgerald at Chequers.

Tuesday, November 8

Thousands of peace demonstrators gathered outside 102 US military installations in Britain to mark the start of the Greenham Common women's attempt to establish that the missiles were illegal in international law.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left Britain for a 16-day, 17,000 mile state visit to Kenya, Bangladesh and India.

Sir John Fisher, who organized the armada of "Little Ships" at the evacuation of Dunkirk, died aged 91.

Wednesday, November 9

The Court of Appeal reversed an earlier decision by the High Court and ruled that the Post Office Engineering Union workers' blacking of privately owned Mercury telecommunications was illegal and granted an injunction requiring the action to be called off within 48 hours. It judged that the industrial action was political rather than a trade dispute.

Alfred Heineken, 60, head of the Dutch brewery, was kidnapped with his chauffeur in Amsterdam by three armed and masked men.

The death toll of Cuban and Grenadian troops killed during the invasion of Grenada was given as 160 Grenadians and 71 Cubans. The American death toll was revised upwards to 42.

Thursday, November 10

Orders of Merit were awarded to Sir Michael Tippett, the composer; Sir Sidney Nolan, the Australian artist; the Reverend Professor Sir Owen Chadwick, the ecclesiastical historian and Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge; and Sir Andrew Huxley, the Nobel Prize-winner and Professor of Physiology at University College, London.

Former Prime Minister of Zimbabwe Bishop Muzorewa, arrested in Harare on suspicion of subversion on October 31, ended his hunger strike.

Friday, November 11

Robert Maxwell announced the immediate closure of the *Radio Times* plant at Park Royal, west London, with the loss of 400 jobs following an unofficial strike by print workers when 600,000 copies of *Radio Times* were lost.

British Leyland's Land Rover subsidiary announced the closure of nine plants with the loss of 1,560 jobs. Manufacture of Land Rovers would be concentrated at Solihull, Warwickshire, where the former Rover plant, closed in 1981, would be reopened.

Eric Varley, former Labour Cabinet minister, announced his retirement from the House of Commons, thus creating a by-election in the safe Labour seat of Chesterfield.

Saturday, November 12

West Belfast MP Gerry Adams was elected President of Sinn Féin.

Sunday, November 13

Washington announced it was sending 1,000 engineers to Costa Rica for civil works such as road building.

Monday, November 14

The first cruise missiles to arrive in Britain were delivered to Greenham Common air base by US Starlifter aircraft.

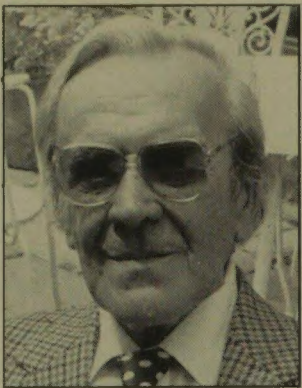
In the first six months of their use wheelclamps fixed on illegally parked cars in central London made £500,000 in recovery fees.

Mrs Ann Longley, 41, was appointed head of Roedean girls' school, Brighton.

Tuesday, November 15

Turkish Cypriots declared their sector of the island independent. The Greek Cypriot leader, President Kyprianou, called for an emergency meeting of the United Nations Security Council. Turkey immediately recognized the new republic.

Syrian troops and Palestinian guerrillas launched a determined assault on Yasser Arafat's last stronghold at Bad-dawi and shelled Tripoli where his supporters were seeking refuge.



John Le Mesurier, the actor, died aged 71.

Wednesday, November 16

British Aerospace won a £200 million contract for 20 146 jet airliners from Pacific Southwest Airlines.

A portrait by Edouard Manet, *La Promenade*, made \$3.96 million (£2.64 million) at Christie's, New York—an auction record for this artist.

Israeli jets sustained a half-hour attack on two camps used by Muslim extremists in the Bekaa Valley, Lebanon, killing at least 30 Shia militiamen and Iranian Revolutionary guards and wounding 75 other people. The raid was a retaliation for the suicide bombing of Israel's military HQ in Tyre on November 4.

The state of emergency in Grenada was revoked and authority vested in the nine-member interim government.

Thursday, November 17

The Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson, in his autumn economic statement, announced that National Insurance contributions would be increased for the higher paid and warned that there would be no tax cuts in the next budget. He also predicted a 3 per cent growth in the economy this year and a fall in inflation to 4½ per cent by the end of 1984.

A squadron of French Super Etendard fighters attacked an Iranian-occupied barracks in Baalbeck, Lebanon, a retaliation for the destruction of the French HQ of the peacekeeping force in Beirut on October 23. At least 39 people were killed and 150 wounded.

The RAF grounded its VC10s, used as troop carriers, following the discovery of a fault in the wing-flap control cables.

Miss United Kingdom, Sarah-Jane Hutt, won the Miss World competition.

Friday, November 18

An independent report on the Metropolitan Police found racial prejudice, sexism, inadequate supervision and the use of excessive force by "a substantial minority" of officers.

Dr John Habgood was enthroned Archbishop of York.

Sextuplets, all girls, were born to Mrs Janet Walton of Wallasey, Merseyside.

Anna Josephine Moore, 37, and her daughter Jacqueline, 19, of Bogside were charged with four murders resulting from the bombing of the Droppin' Well Inn, Ballyhelly, Co Londonderry, on December 6, 1982, when 17 people died.

Sunday, November 20

Sectarian terrorists shot dead three church elders and injured seven of the congregation at a service in an isolated Pentecostal church near Keavy, Co Armagh. As a result the Official Unionist Party withdrew its 27 members from the Northern Ireland Assembly, demanding a tough and workable security policy.

A foal sired by the kidnapped Derby winner *Shergar* made £273,000 in a Co Kildare auction, a European record.

Nine people died and more than 1,000 were made homeless when floods isolated Lisbon.

Monday, November 21

Thousands of anti-missile demonstrators trying to besiege the Bundestag as Chancellor Kohl declared that Pershing II and cruise missiles would be deployed in West Germany were dispersed by water cannon and tear gas. More than 150 arrests were made.

British Rail unveiled a new austerity, no frills carriage—a Leyland bus body on a BR frame—designed to be used with 20 per cent fare reductions.

Tuesday, November 22

Leaders of the National Graphical Association decided not to pay the £50,000 fine imposed by the High Court for unlawful secondary picketing of Messenger Group Newspapers at Stockport over a closed shop dispute. There were angry confrontations between about 600 pickets and police during which a police officer was injured when a wall collapsed. Two demonstrators were arrested.

The Electricity Council announced its refusal to implement the 3 per cent price rise for domestic electricity demanded by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Wednesday, November 23

The Soviet Union broke off negotiations and walked out of the Geneva nuclear disarmament negotiations with no date set for resumption. The next day President Andropov of the Soviet Union warned that unless the United States withdrew its missiles from Europe new Soviet missiles would be deployed which would threaten American territory from "ocean areas and seas".

Newspaper distributors won an injunction against the printers' union Sogat 82 ordering its members to stop blacking magazines printed by Robert Maxwell's British Printing and Communications Corporation. The union decided on December 6 to obey the injunction.

Thursday, November 24

Israel agreed to the exchange of six Israeli soldiers captured in Tripoli and held since September, 1982, for 4,600 Palestinian guerrillas. An indefinite ceasefire was agreed between Yasser Arafat's forces and the Syrian-backed rebels fighting against him in the Palestinian Liberation Organization in the suburbs of Tripoli.

Britain's trade balance recorded a deficit of £429 million for October, after a surplus of £145 million in September. This was mainly due to increased imports.

Five armed men dressed as police kidnapped Don Tidey, a senior executive of one of Ireland's supermarket chains, in the suburbs of Dublin. A ransom of £5 million was demanded by the IRA.

Rolls-Royce won a £200 million order for 100 of their new Tay engines from the Dutch plane-makers Fokker.

Two Soviet cosmonauts made a safe return to Earth after 150 days in space during which there were reports of a potentially dangerous leak of propellant fuel in their spacecraft.

Friday, November 25

Sir Anton Dolin, the ballet dancer and

co-founder of London Festival Ballet, died aged 79.

Saturday, November 26

No Fleet Street newspapers appeared either on Saturday or Sunday after members of the National Graphical Association withdrew their labour in protest at the courts' ruling that their union's assets should be seized to pay fines of £50,000 and £100,000, plus costs, imposed for contempt of court in refusing to end unlawful secondary picketing of the Messenger Group Newspapers at Stockport. The newspaper proprietors served writs for damages on the NGA.

Gold bullion worth £26 million was stolen by a gang of six men from a security warehouse near Heathrow. On December 6 a security officer at the warehouse was charged with being concerned, with others, in the robbery.

British Rail announced fare increases averaging 6 per cent from January 8.

Sunday, November 27

Members of the National Graphical Association employed by *The Times*, the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Star*, the *Daily Express*, the *Sun* and *Sporting Life* were dismissed because they failed to give an undertaking that they would work without further disruption of production.

A Boeing 747 jumbo jet of the Columbian airline Avianca crashed just before landing and burst into flames near Madrid airport, killing 183 of the 192 people on board.

In the three weeks of operations in and around Tripoli, where the ceasefire negotiated by the Syrian and Saudi Arabian foreign minister continued to hold, 443 people were killed and 2,145 injured.

Monday, November 28

The *Daily Mail*, *Guardian*, *Financial Times*, *Morning Advertiser* and *Daily Telegraph* published as normal. The other Fleet Street papers—the *Daily Star*, *Daily Express*, *Sun*, *Daily Mirror*, *The Times* and *Sporting Life*—resumed publication on Wednesday, November 30, after receiving assurances that there would be no further disruption; dismissed NGA staff were reinstated.

The American space shuttle Columbia, with a crew of six including a West German physicist, took off from Cape Canaveral carrying with it a £680 million European space laboratory.

Tuesday, November 29

More than 1,000 police confronted about 4,000 pickets outside the Warrington works of the Messenger Group Newspapers. 25 policemen and 18 pickets were injured and 73 arrests were made. Leaders of the TUC agreed to support the National Graphical Association in "opposition to the employment laws enacted by the Government in 1980 and 1982" and to help the unions "if they continue to carry out lawful functions". The Court of Appeal ordered the seizure of the whole of the NGA's £10 million assets.

Wednesday, November 30

Bangladesh ordered the expulsion of 18 Soviet diplomats and the closure of the Russian cultural centre in Dhaka. Antigovernment violence had flared in Chittagong, in which one person was shot dead and 160 arrests were made.

The Department of the Environment warned the public to stay off a 20-mile stretch of beaches near British Nuclear Fuel's reprocessing plant at Sellafield, Cumbria, following the discovery of seaweed contaminated with radioactivity between 100 and 1,000 times the normal level.

Brewery chief Freddie Heineken and his chauffeur were rescued by Dutch police in Amsterdam having been held by kidnappers for three weeks. 24 people were arrested and a large part

of a ransom, believed to be about £9 million, was recovered.

Richard Llewellyn, author of *How Green Was My Valley* and other novels, died aged 76.

Thursday, December 1

Britain's jobless total fell by 9,582 to 3,084,416 (12.9 per cent of the work-force) in November.

Greenpeace, the environment protection group, was fined £50,000 for breaking a court order not to interfere with the discharge of nuclear waste into the Irish Sea from the Sellafield reprocessing plant in Cumbria.

The religious leader of the Lebanese Druzes, Sheikh Halim Takiyeddin, was murdered in Beirut.

Friday, December 2

High Court actions brought by Messenger Group Newspapers' chairman, Selim Shah, against the National Graphical Association were adjourned until December 9 to enable the publishers and the union to resume talks, and picketing was suspended.

Saturday December 3

Nine women peace protesters penetrated the cruise missile base at Greenham Common, Berkshire, and remained undetected for three hours before giving themselves up.

Sunday, December 4

Two American jets were shot down during an attack on Syrian positions in Lebanon. Later eight US Marines were ships of the US Sixth Fleet shelled Syrian-backed Druze positions.

Monday, December 5

A massive car bomb exploded outside an apartment block in southern Beirut, killing 14 people and injuring 80. A pro-Israeli group claimed responsibility.

The British Government halted the dumping of low-level radioactive waste at sea while it carried out a joint safety inquiry with the TUC.

Antony Rushford, who took over as Attorney-General of Grenada on November 21, resigned his post because of concern about his relationship with the Governor-General Sir Paul Scoon, whom he accused of lack of co-operation and concern.

Robert Aldrich, the American film director, died aged 65.

Tuesday, December 6

The EEC summit meeting on the reform of the community's finances in Athens collapsed, failing for the first time in 25 years to produce a final communiqué and leaving the community to face financial and political crises.

A large bomb, planted by the PLO, exploded on a crowded Israeli bus in west Jerusalem, killing at least four people and injuring 43 others.



The 12th-century illuminated manuscript, *Gospels of Henry the Lion*, was sold by Sotheby's to a West German consortium for £7.4 million.

Britain's first lung and heart transplant was successfully performed at Harefield Hospital, west London, on a 32-year-old Swedish journalist.

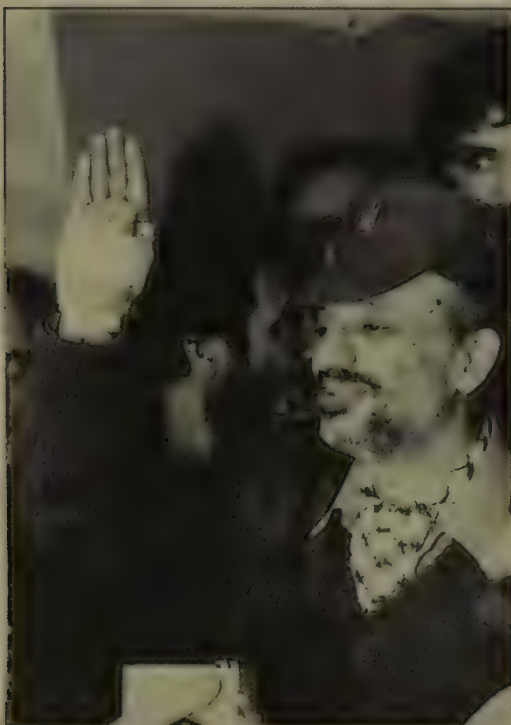
Middle East tension increases: As Yasser Arafat and those troops loyal to him negotiated terms for withdrawal from Tripoli, where they had been surrounded by Palestine Liberation Organization rebels, the situation deteriorated in Beirut. Syria called up reservists, American warships assembled off the coast, both

Israeli and French aircraft made "retaliation" raids and a prominent Druze religious leader was murdered. On December 4 two American aircraft were shot down during an air strike on Syrian positions, eight US Marines were killed in retaliatory shelling by Syrians, and a car bomb caused heavy civilian casualties.



FRANK SPONER

Tripoli was the scene of bitter fighting between Yasser Arafat's supporters and rebel members of the PLO seeking to supplant him.



REX FEATURES

Negotiating for survival in Tripoli, Yasser Arafat salutes the Press with a wounded hand.



FRANK SPONER

One of six Israeli prisoners, captured in Tripoli, who were exchanged for 4,600 Palestinians.



REX FEATURES

Heavy civilian casualties have resulted from the fighting in Tripoli, where ceasefires have not held.



Newspaper dispute: At the Warrington print works of the Stockport-based Messenger Group Newspapers police clashed with National Graphical Association and other pickets in the course of a closed shop dispute. Production of Fleet Street newspapers was halted for up to four days when NGA members withdrew their labour following the imposition of £150,000 fines plus costs by the High Court for unlawful secondary picketing of Messenger Group Newspapers.



Paddington derailment: Commuter and Inter-City services were severely disrupted for three days after 11 of the 13 coaches of the Cornish Riviera night sleeper from Penzance were derailed and overturned as it pulled in to Paddington station. Lines and signal cables were damaged and three passengers were slightly injured.



FRANK SPOONER



FRANK SPOONER



REX FEATURES

Air disaster in Spain: A Colombian-Boeing 747 jumbo jet, *en route* from Frankfurt to Bogotá, crashed near Madrid airport, killing 181 passengers. Top and left, troops joined rescue workers in recovering bodies from the wreckage. Patrick Meyer, above, and his family were among 11 survivors.



The Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were photographed in New Delhi with the 40 Prime Ministers, Presidents and other delegates of the Commonwealth countries. Front row: President Milton Obote of Uganda; Miss Eugenia Charles, Prime Minister of Dominica; President Kamuzu Banda of Malawi; the Duke of Edinburgh; Mrs Indira Gandhi, Prime Minister of India; Queen Elizabeth II; President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania; President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia; Mrs Margaret Thatcher, Prime Minister of Great Britain; President Daniel arap Moi of Kenya; Mr Robert Muldoon, Prime Minister of New Zealand. Second row: Lieutenant-General Hussain M. Ershad of Bangladesh; President Siaka Stevens of Sierra Leone; President Jawara of The Gambia; Mr George Iacovou, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Cyprus; President Ieremia Tabai of Kiribati; Tofilau Eti Alesana, Prime Minister of Western Samoa; Mr Pierre Trudeau, Prime Minister of Canada; President Junius Jayewardene of Sri Lanka; Mr Lee Kuan Yew, Prime Minister of Singapore; Mr George Chambers, Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago; Mr Robert Mugabe,

Prime Minister of Zimbabwe; Sir Kamisese Mara, Prime Minister of Fiji. Third row: Mr Michael Somare, Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea; Crown Prince Tupouto'a of Tonga; Mr Alex Trigona, Minister for Foreign Affairs and Culture, Malta; Mr Lester Bird, Deputy Prime Minister of Antigua and Barbuda; Mr E. R. Sekhonyana, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lesotho; Sir Lynden Pindling, Prime Minister of Bahamas; Dr Kennedy Simmonds, Prime Minister of St Kitts-Nevis; Mr Robert Hawke, Prime Minister of Australia; President Quett Masire of Botswana; Mr Anerood Jugnauth, Prime Minister of Mauritius; Dr Maxime Ferrari, Minister of External Relations, Seychelles; President Shehu Shagari of Nigeria; Mr J. M. G. M. Adams, Prime Minister of Barbados. Back row: Prince Bhekimphe Dlamini, Prime Minister of Swaziland; Mr John Compton, Prime Minister of St Lucia; Mr Tan Sri Ghazali Shafie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Malaysia; Mr George Price, Prime Minister of Belize; Sir Shridath Ramphal, Secretary-General of the Commonwealth; Mr Solomon Mamaloni, Prime Minister of Solomon Islands; Mr Kenneth Dadzie, High Commissioner to the UK for Ghana.

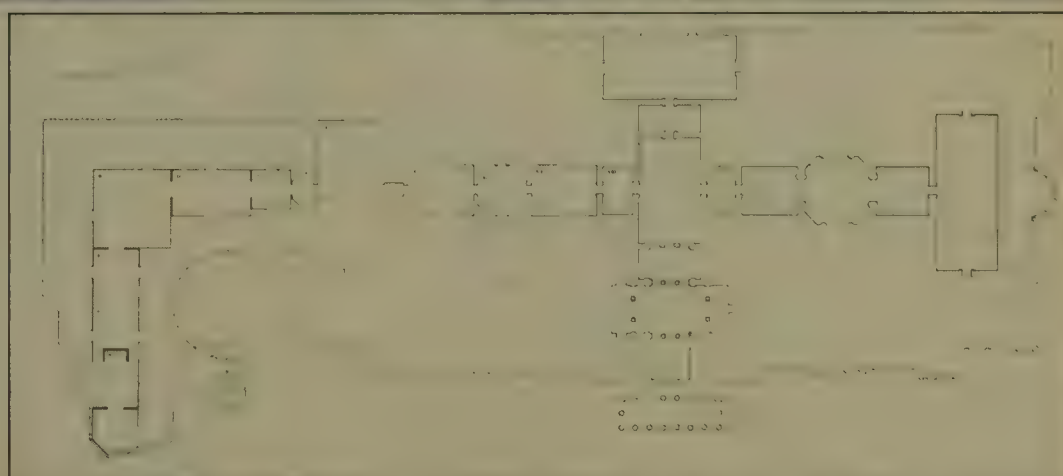


Laboratory in space: The American space shuttle Columbia, whose crew of six included West German physicist Ulf Merbold, launched perfectly from Cape Canaveral with a £680 million European space laboratory on board. Experiments produced new alloys and more detailed mappings of the Earth's landscape.



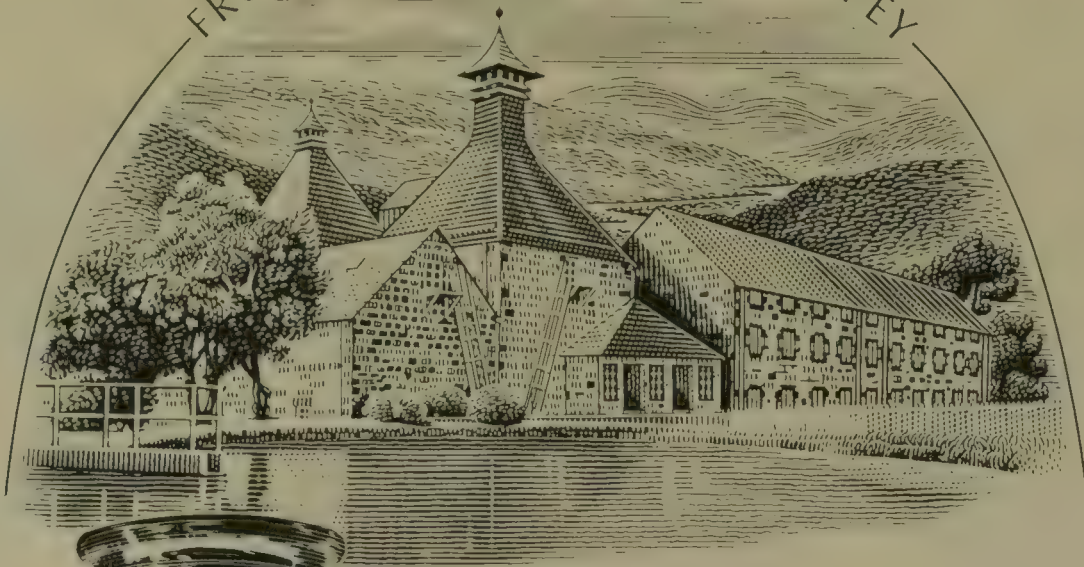
Trafalgar Square project: A revised scheme for the development of the Hampton site, the 1 acre plot of land west of the National Gallery, has been submitted for planning permission to Westminster City Council. The application will then be called in by Patrick Jenkin, Secretary of State for the Environment, who will make a final decision after a public inquiry scheduled for April. In December, 1982, after a controversial competition, Ahrends, Burton and Koralek were chosen as the team of architects and Trafalgar House as the developers of the project. The brief had required the provision of new top-lit gallery space for the National Gallery's

early Renaissance collection, supported by private office development; in return the developers would be granted a 125-year government lease at a nominal rent. All the competition designs were rejected but the Gallery trustees agreed to collaborate with the chosen architect and developer to produce a scheme which met an amplified brief. The new plan has a glazed entrance tower containing lifts to the top floor, which is linked to the main gallery building. Underneath will be three floors of offices. The 17 new exhibition rooms will cover 18,000 square feet and house 230 paintings. The estimated cost is £18 million with completion by 1987.



Top, architect's model of the proposed building; above left, location plan; above right, plan of the National Gallery main floor, linked to the L-shaped extension.

FROM THE GLENS OF STRATHSPEY



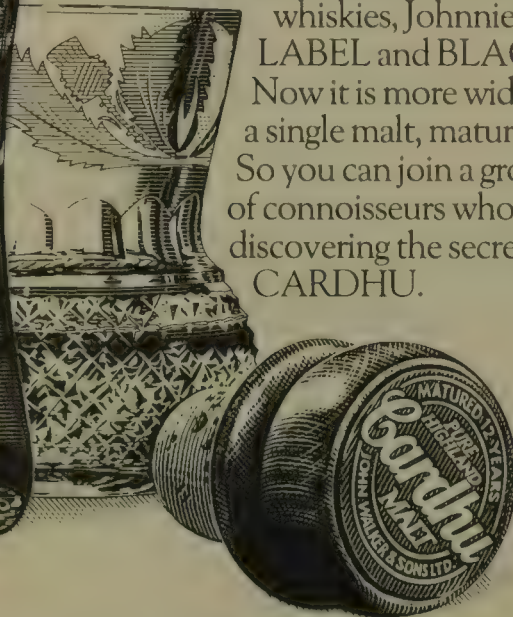
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The Queen's tour

Jan 84

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were welcomed by delighted crowds and colourful ceremonies throughout their 16-day tour of Kenya, Bangladesh and India. After her four-day state visit to Kenya the Queen continued to Bangladesh, which received her for the first time since its independence 12 years ago, and to India, where she opened the Commonwealth Heads of Government conference in New Delhi.



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with Mrs Gandhi at the presidential palace in New Delhi.

The tour began in Kenya, where the Queen spent four days. Tribal dancers greeted her arrival at Nairobi airport, below. The second day was Armistice Day, and with the Duke of Edinburgh she attended the remembrance service in Nairobi, right.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SHELLY REYNOLDS



Before leaving Kenya, the Queen returned to Treetops where she was staying when she acceded to the throne in 1952. The original game lodge has since been rebuilt.

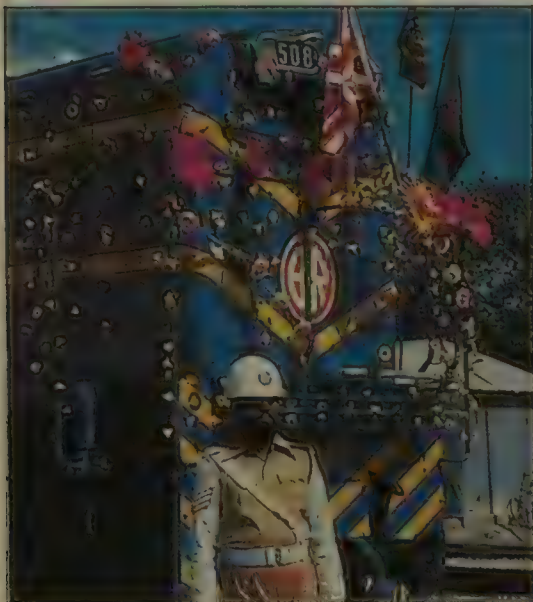


In Bangladesh, the Queen visited the presidential palace, Bangabhaban, where she was saluted, accompanied by President Chowdhury (on her left) and watched a parade in her honour led by a detachment of the Bengal Lancers, right.





Also in Bangladesh, the Queen visited the Save the Children Fund's malnutrition unit, where she was presented with a marigold by a patient, left and below.



A train was specially decorated to transport the Queen. Right, girls with baskets of flowers line the way to the presidential palace in Dhaka. On the Queen's right is President Chowdhury.



Left, the Queen with the Indian Prime Minister, Mrs Gandhi, outside the Rashtrapati Bhavan, the presidential palace, on the first day of her tour of India.

In Delhi the Queen visited the Red Fort, below, and St Thomas's Girls' School, below centre, where she made a novel walkabout in a floorless palanquin carried by costumed pupils. Right, the Queen's second Indian destination was Hyderabad, where she watched girls enact scenes from Mogul history at the Golconda Tombs.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SHELLY REX FEATURES



The Queen presented the insignia of honorary member of the Order of Merit to Mother Teresa of Calcutta at the presidential palace in Delhi. Mother Teresa, founder of the Missionaries of Charity and champion of the poor, is only the fifth non-Briton to receive the award, which is personally bestowed by the Queen.

The benefits of National Service

Jan 84

by Sir Arthur Bryant

Twenty years after the ending of National Service in 1963, the BBC devoted a programme to the memories of the last peacetime conscript to leave the Army. Characteristically, it entitled an article about the programme "Service without a Smile". Yet, rather to the surprise of the producer David Turnbull, most of the former conscripts who appeared on the programme recalled their two years of National Service "with satisfaction". "The only person," he wrote, "who's venomous in his dislike of it, is Paul Foot. But Fred Trueman, who served in the RAF, thinks it was all wonderful. He told us, 'It's like life. If you do as you're told you won't go far wrong.'"

The vast majority of those who were pressed into National Service answered their initial call up with reluctance, and hated much of their enforced and meaningless, as it seemed at first, military training. But Britain's last peacetime conscript, Richard Vaughan, thinks their two years' call up seems to most of them in retrospect "the most signal event in their lives".

Today an accountant with a thriving practice, Vaughan writes: "I still, after 20 years of civilian life, talk about it endlessly, boring my friends to extremities. I have masses of kit-belts, small packs and so on, stored in the attic, and my wife is forever telling me to get rid of it. But there it stays. I'm still the same weight that I was when I left the Army, around 12 stone. And I can still wear my old uniform. It's a bit tight, but not too uncomfortable." And this in spite of the fact that the earliest entries of the diary he kept during his time in the Army open with the word Hell! "17 November: National Service begins. 18 November: Hell. 19 November: Hell."

His fellow former National Serviceman, Philip Oakes, author of the article in the *Radio Times*, seconds Vaughan's memories of "the endless bawling of NCOs, the doubling to and fro between barracks and mess hall, the tea which had the consistency of tomato soup, and the meals in which every item—from meat to rice pudding—was piled on the same plate." Worst of all, Vaughan remembers, was "the knowledge that we were the last lot to be called up. There was no war to fight. We had no idea what we were supposed to be doing. And we would never have the opportunity of hollering at another new intake that they had their time to serve. It all seemed very unfair."

Yet Oakes recalls of his own service experiences, "I made friends, many of whom I've kept to this day. I enjoyed my postings to Egypt and Greece." Vaughan speaks of his time in Ger-

many with equal enthusiasm. "And above all, I was warmed by a kind of comradeship—a version of Us against Them—which expressed itself as a resolve to remain an individual, whatever the pressures of the system.

"Without doubt it made me more positive, you could say authoritarian," so Vaughan summarized his Army experiences. In other words, for all its hardships, seeming irrelevance and incongruity at the time, it made him and thousands like him a full man. As an 18-year-old new recruit to the Royal Flying Corps in the early summer of 1917, I, too, shared in that essential apprenticeship to life.

Had I been born a year earlier I should probably have begun my military life at Sandhurst straight from Harrow, or with a temporary wartime commission. Instead I was thrown in at the national deep end with my fellow countrymen of all types and classes—and how glad I am that I was. It was, of course, made easier and more intelligible for me than for Vaughan and his fellows because in that apocalyptic

year, 1917, Britain was fighting for its very existence and I knew I was being trained, as I wanted to be, for that all-important and unavoidable conflict.

Repugnant and irrelevant as so much of that training at first seemed to an over-sensitive and self-opinionated youth, it was not long before I began to realize that for all the apparent crudity of their methods, Colonel Blimp and Sergeant-Major Bellow knew their business. It derived from more than three centuries of military and regimental experience of making all sorts and conditions of men aware of a bond of common endurance, suffering and comradeship which made them one in their hour of battle and our country, therefore, virtually invincible.

It was, indeed, for strictly military reasons that a Conservative government decided at the beginning of the 1960s to end the post-war all-Party experiment, unique in our long history, of National Service in peacetime. And there is no doubt that its abolition made the training for war of our small professional peacetime Forces far

easier and more effective.

Yet, though the abolition served to a remarkable degree the cause of our future military efficiency, it was also a voluntary abandonment, in the absence of any active political demand for it, of perhaps the most important of all Conservative interests—national unity, instinctive cohesion and, using the word in its widest sense, national education. Since then we have as a people grown increasingly divided.

We have been divided by the gap caused by the dishonesty and injustice of galloping inflation between those whose incomes and standards of living have been increased by it tenfold and those, unprotected from its ravages, whose former incomes and purchasing power have been correspondingly diminished. There are other divisions, too, of race, education and ideology, all of them aggravated by that fatal economic division. To cure it, I believe we need a new definition and creation of National Service, dedicated to uniting the British people. Next month I shall suggest how this might be achieved.

100 years ago



The first passage of the River Mersey railway tunnel, linking Liverpool to Birkenhead, was illustrated in the *ILN* of January 26, 1884. The official party, suitably clad, watched the boring of the last barrier of rock before completing their walk along the 1,300 yard tunnel and they inspected the foundations of the railway which was opened two years later.



CELEBRATING 200 YEARS OF THE AIR BALLOON



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ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

Spreading the joys of looking

"Will they keep you on?" Sir Michael Levey's mother used to ask after he became director of the National Gallery. She saw him as someone who could not really be needed, he recalled in his office overlooking Trafalgar Square. Even after 10 years at the helm, he shares some of her incredulity: "One never really recovers from the pleasurable shock of being allowed to do it. When I press the bell in the morning, I still think of the first day I came to work here, aged 24." Joining in 1951 as an assistant keeper, he worked his way up to the top.

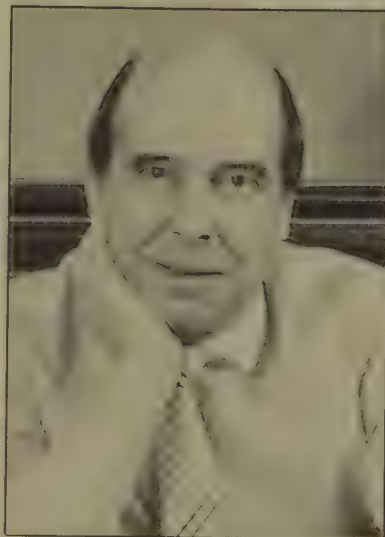
Unlike many Britons (though his great-grandfather was an Irishman called Richard Michael O'Shaughnessy who took his music teacher's name on coming to England around 1870, to avoid anti-Irish prejudice), Sir Michael regards pleasure as very important. Giving pleasure to visitors is what the National Gallery is largely about, he believes.

His more obvious responsibilities are to conserve, display and enrich its wonderful collection by judicious additions—"No, I don't like the idea of plugging gaps, it's too dental," he said reprovingly, "and it's not a stamp collection."

"But the only reason why one is conserving, displaying and adding is to enhance appreciation of what it stands for, which is western European painting from the beginning of the 13th century to early in this century. The task of putting over the sheer pleasure that painting can give is absolutely vital"—not least, he adds, because reading and listening to music are so much more encouraged at school than looking. So people become nervous and inhibited about using their eyes, simple though it is. He wants to encourage them to come in and browse, as in a library.

Making the National Gallery more come-hither is not easy. "I think that somehow one has to try and create an atmosphere in which the place is reasonably friendly, the staff helpful, with clear directions of the simplest kind—where to dump your coat, what to do with your camera. These things are important. It's very difficult to achieve." Labelling is being made more informative. Small exhibitions putting a new or important painting in its context can be more digestible than tackling the entire collection, which Sir Michael likens to attending 10 operas on the trot.

The Gallery's scope for exhibitions will be much increased next September, when the specially designed Bernard and Mary Sunley Room opens, thanks to funds from the house-builder's foundation. "It's a major



Michael Levey: pleasure is important.

thing, though we don't in any way wish to compete with the Royal Academy. This is basically a permanent collection, and I think the emphasis should remain on that."

Having an artist in residence is another device to stimulate appreciation, suggested in 1978 by Alistair Smith, keeper of education and exhibitions. Kevin O'Brien is the current and fourth painter to spend six months working in a downstairs studio. The aim is to remind visitors that even old paintings started with an artist, canvas, brushes and paint; and to enable them

to talk to a living example about his own work and painting in general. Sir Michael reckons from letters and other evidence that it has been a great success. Other public galleries have followed suit.

Remembering how the religious subject matter of many Old Master paintings used to come between me and enjoyment of them, I asked Sir Michael how other sufferers could be helped. Often Sir Michael (a gentle though witty man) tended to keep his eyes down when talking, sometimes rolling them up so only the whites showed. Now he leant back, brown eyes revealed. "You stand them in front of such a painting. They say it's a turn-off. You can point out that it's also about colour and the handling of paint and shapes. It's not just the story—this isn't Madame Tussaud's. Or you can say: what do you see—a woman clasping a young man who is clearly dead and she is clearly weeping. In Christian terms this is the Mother of Christ and that is Christ. Is it too difficult to see the painting in terms of the natural grief of any parent over a dead child?"

Although he is not a popularizer, Sir Michael's own books, ranging in subject from western to Ottoman art and including a biography of Mozart, are widely admired for their blend of erudition, elegance and humour. His first novel *Tempting Fate*, published last year, received mixed notices. He has just written another. Now 56 years old and a grandfather (married to the writer Brigid Brophy, their daughter has a son of 22 months), he can presumably look forward to a good few more years conserving, cultivating and promoting his garden of delights in Trafalgar Square.

Less operatic brouhaha, please

Three years each at Oxford, in the Royal Navy and lecturing on current affairs at the Police College at Bramshill: despite amateur theatricals and musicals, there was not much in the early manhood of Robert Lloyd, son of an Essex policeman of Welsh origin, to suggest that he would quite soon become a leading international operatic bass. Now 43 and a freelance after nine years with the Royal Opera, he was seen at Covent Garden again in November in the taxing title role of Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*.

Though opera has brought him growing fame and fortune, he is worried about the state of the art. "I do believe the whole opera business is going through some sort of crisis, artistically speaking," he told me at his Finchley home.

"The pressure on the few great voices available is intense. Some people can earn a great deal of money very easily singing the big roles around the world. Opera would be better off if they would turn them down and work more intensively on fewer. Companies can't hold the great voices—they earn too much elsewhere and get better

roles."

It was the search for good parts as much as the feeling that he should make the most of his voice in its prime that made him turn freelance two years ago. But if the money is good, the results can be patchy. More than once on the Continent Lloyd has arrived at an opera house on the eve of a revival, met a staff producer for half an hour, spent 10 minutes with a conductor going through the trickier bits, and found out who he is singing with only from the programme . . . "So in fact you do the production you did first and hope it fits. It can't have the focus that a well concerted performance will have, and it can't possibly have a consistent point of view."

"Of all the world's opera houses, Covent Garden conducts itself with the greatest integrity. I think two weeks is the minimum for the rehearsal of a revival, though it's sometimes difficult to get the big stars to come for that long. I don't know if the fees some singers earn are defensible, but they are the product of market forces. What reason is there to spend a miserable weekend in Hamburg except for money?"

The only way forward for opera, he believes, is through ensemble work, with singers getting to know each other's strengths and weaknesses and supporting each other. "First we had the era of the conductor, and now we have the era of the producer. Both have their drawbacks. Within a company people spark each other off."

The attitude of the public helps to reinforce the star system. "People tend to treat opera as a competitive music festival, awarding honours to whoever is singing best—and then there are those competitive curtain calls, in front of the curtain, alone. It's part of the brouhaha of opera, and I wish we didn't have it."

"I prefer what happens at a play: everyone comes on together, and then they go off to the pub." Operatic acting itself still receives inadequate attention, he believes. "It is very difficult, and has not been clearly enough examined and documented. There is no advice available." A tall, handsome and youthful-looking fellow, he often finds himself—like all basses—playing old men. "It's easy to slip into clichés, and you can get away with doing very little. The secret is to find the right weight of walk. I once had to advise an understudy to put marbles in his shoes." Tenors may be terrified of getting fat and bald, since they often play young heroes. Middle age holds no such fears for basses.

"You can't act if you have to remember what the next bit is. The secret of learning a role is repetition—it must become totally automatic. You condition yourself like a Pavlovian dog." Having acquired a good active grasp of French and a more passive one of German, Italian and Russian, he starts the memorizing process walking around the sitting room sofa. Then, reading the score, he sings the part through with one of Covent Garden's *répétiteurs*—"They are quite brilliant and make the piano sound like an orchestra. They also sing in the other parts and make sure you don't make any silly mistakes."

Then he sings his part onto a tape, and plays it over and over—at home, in the car, on his Sony Walkman striding over Hampstead Heath, "ingesting my own performance". Then another repetition; another, better tape: "If you try to learn from a gramophone record, you pick up other people's mannerisms. It's amazing how the aural memory works: once it's there, it's indelible. It's very important to learn it right first time." A sound-proofed studio is being built at the bottom of his garden to enable him to do more learning at home.

Once Lloyd has performed a new role, opera houses around the western world may ask him to repeat it, just as Covent Garden may fill juicy bass parts with those already experienced in them. The system has a certain logic, and only when glorious voices are less highly prized does it seem likely to yield to an emphasis on opera as a theatrical event.

A journey from left to centre

In 1968 Sue Slipman joined the Communist Party. In 1977, still a communist, she became the first woman president of the National Union of Students. Last June she fought the constituency of Basildon as a Social Democrat. In her very articulate way she makes this strange odyssey seem perfectly logical.

Background played its part. Both grandparents came to London from the Jewish "pale of settlement" in Poland and Russia, settling in Brick Lane in London's East End. Grandfather was a tailor and died when Sue was two, but from her father she heard how he had been attacked by anti-Semites on his way home from work. "There was a lot of anti-Semitism in those days, and my father was aware of it in a way that I have never been," she said when we met.

"At one stage my father had a kosher pie-and-mash shop at the Oval—he moved to south London. Later he was in the Merchant Navy, then an ice-cream salesman, a navy and finally a taxi-driver." Sue went to a comprehensive school in Brixton, about 40 per cent black but quite harmonious racially. A teacher she respected-persuaded her to try A levels, but she was expelled for taking half her class on a camping trip in a slack period. After six months in search of her roots on a kibbutz in Israel, she



Sue Slipman: a logical odyssey.

ended up reading English at St David's College, Lampeter, Wales.

"It was like a minor public school and very small. I couldn't believe it when I arrived. I joined the Communist Party there. It was an absurd thing to do, but going into this entirely different world was a real culture shock. I was very idealistic, and cared deeply that I had been very privileged, given where I came from. Yet I was surrounded by people who took it all for granted. I spent quite a lot of time there being angry."

"Also it was 1968 (year of student revolution), and I couldn't stand the new left. So I looked for something

with a working-class base. It took much writing to the CP to get them to take any notice. My father, who was a political cynic, thought I had lost my marbles entirely." He died just before she gained a first-class degree; then she nursed her mother through a year of ultimately fatal cancer before going to Leeds University to do an M Phil in 18th-century literature. That did not seem real, and she threw herself into student politics. "Activity, any sort of activity was better than settling down with a book. I had to find a way of gearing myself back into the real world."

"The ultra-left was so fringe that outside the student world practically no one had heard of the various groups. Yet inside they were quite important. As communists, we were the most reasonable and central people in the movement, and it was we who were defending free speech."

Coming to London after two years, she did a teacher-training course at London University, worked for three years full-time on the National Union of Students' executive, then became its president. "There can't be anything else you can do at that age in which you are involved in discussion with the Secretary of State for Education and in making representations to Ministers. We were very successful lobbyists over student welfare and finance, curriculum development and the structure of decision-making."

The British CP was seeking to shed its Stalinist past, but she considered it incapable of putting its theory of democratic change into practice. Labour's left and right were fighting over the reselection of MPs. "Then Roy Jenkins gave his Dimpleby lecture (on the need for a radical centre) and I found myself agreeing with every word." When she quit the CP in 1979, she had been on its executive committee for four years.

After only a year as NUS president she stood down, eventually—after doing an educational research project—finding a job as a local area officer of the National Union of Public Employees, and then becoming a paid-up Social Democrat. "I really do think the unions are a bastion of democracy, though they are messy. I wanted to understand how ordinary people think and feel about the world, the difference between political theory and how people see it in reality."

Albeit with distaste, she concedes that Thatcherism has forced many people to abandon ostrich-like attitudes. A less adversarial approach is now needed: "You can either rule people, or work with them. Working with them is more difficult." Being an SDP member has brought her more abuse than communism ever did, and dividing the left's vote at Basildon in June so a right-wing Tory got in did not help: proportional representation would solve that, she pointed out. Now aged 34, she intends to go on sticking out her slender neck for the sake of a saner Britain.



Robert Lloyd: repetition is the key.

What's gone wrong with the Welfare State?

by Melanie Phillips

Jan 84

More is being spent on welfare, yet vital services seem to be collapsing. How far has unemployment undermined the system?

Is the Welfare State on its last legs or not? Rarely can an impending demise have been predicted so often and with such certainty. Since 1979, when Mrs Thatcher came to power with her monetarist policies, the Welfare State has been perceived to be in mortal danger. Decimation, emasculation, annihilation—the vocabulary has been bled dry of sufficiently ferocious words to convey the threat to the post-war consensus. But something strange has happened. Public spending has gone up, not down. Social spending has gone up, not down. So the Government can claim that so far from taking an axe to the Welfare State, it has protected and improved it. But at the same time reports from the grassroots have persistently told a different story. The health service is collapsing, education is deteriorating, the poor are getting poorer, the social services cannot cope, goes the plaintive refrain. So where lies the truth? Is the Beveridge legacy alive and kicking or in its death throes?

The truth is remarkably hard to disentangle. Part of the problem is the Government's own accounting procedure. It used to show how much it was spending in volume terms—that is, to show how many hospitals, teachers or home helps its money would buy. But then it changed over to cash terms, which shows how much actual money is being spent rather than how much one can buy with it. So evaluating what has actually happened over the past five years or so is remarkably difficult if you use the Government's own figures.

In addition, there is an insurmountable problem of perception. Our opinion of the minimum that is acceptable has changed dramatically since the war, and is continuing to change. Take poverty, for example. Most of us would now accept that the poor are entitled to, say, a refrigerator and an indoor lavatory, since these are now standard equipment in every home. It is perfectly possible to be poor with a refrigerator and an indoor lavatory. But if you talk to pensioners about poverty, they often recall the far greater material deprivations of their youth and thus tend to pooh-pooh the needs of the modern poor as a result.

Or take education. We now expect schools to include in their curricula computer studies, Nuffield science and sex education, an expansion of learning that has taken place in the past 15

years or so.

Or take health. We now expect to be given heart pacemakers or renal dialysis or fertility drugs if our hearts, kidneys or reproductive organs fail us. We expect to live longer and healthier lives than people did 20, 10 or even five years ago. As social progress occurs, in other words, our expectations rise. So when we talk of cutbacks in the Welfare State, we have first of all to sort out what standards we are measuring them against—an exercise in which there are few definitive answers.

The easiest area to evaluate in this way is probably social security. This is because although philosophical definitions of poverty will probably always remain controversial (some people say, for example, that if unemployed people can afford to rent colour television sets, they cannot be poor) the State does set some kind of standards through its benefit levels, with supplementary benefit, the safety net suspended just above outright destitution, providing the poverty line. If those benefits are cut, there is accordingly an obvious drop in the standard of living for the recipients.

A visitor from another galaxy would, however, doubtless point out that the total social security budget has not gone down but has actually more than doubled, from £16 billion in 1978/79 to £35 billion in 1983/84. But most of this increase in government spending has been caused by the rise in unemployment. Since more people are relying on benefits because they are out of work, other elements of the social programme have been cut—particularly housing, health and education. Social services, which were also

intended for the chopping board, have by and large been protected in practice by local authorities which have either reduced their spending in other areas to protect their most vulnerable citizens, or put up their rates. And within the social security budget itself, the poor have seen their incomes reduced in order to help pay for the many newcomers who have so massively swelled their ranks.

The underlying problem of social security actually pre-dates the arrival of this Conservative government. It was already in so much difficulty under the last Labour government that a review of the supplementary benefit scheme was set up in order to simplify and improve it. Unfortunately, however, that review failed to come up with a solution to the fundamental problem—that far too many people have come to depend on the supplementary benefit safety net which was originally designed to catch the few who fell through the National Insurance benefits system. And in the past five years or so, that problem has got substantially worse. In May, 1979, nearly three million people received supplementary benefit. By mid 1982 this number had jumped to four million, meaning that more than one-tenth of the population was now dependent on means-tested benefits.

The increase in supplementary benefit claimants was the result of both the jump in the number of unemployed people and the reductions in National Insurance benefits. For example, the real value of child benefit was cut; the indexing of long-term benefits was uncoupled from wages and linked only to prices; the real value of unemploy-

ment, sickness, injury, invalidity and maternity benefit was cut by 5 per cent (although this was later made good); earnings-related supplement was abolished; and the value of National Insurance children's additions went down. Moreover, the transfer from the Department of Health and Social Security to the local authorities of rent and rate support in the form of the new unified housing benefit led to chaos, with many local councils bewildered and overwhelmed by the scheme's complexities and unable to get the money to claimants. And then on top of that the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced in his autumn statement of 1983 that housing benefit was to be substantially cut.

One might imagine that the remorseless severity of the assault upon the living standards of the poor means that the Government is possessed by a moral indignation about the fecklessness of those at the bottom of the pile. This attitude may be true of some individuals. But the truth is probably more prosaic—and thus perhaps even more shocking. The Government is simply obsessed by the need to reduce public borrowing. The social security budget is its largest single expenditure, about one quarter of the total. Therefore, goes the logic, it must be reduced. But because it is actually rising overall, individual benefit must be reduced. Thus you see at the same time an increase in social security spending, and a decrease in the living standards of the poor. Unemployment has distorted social priorities.

The Government says that the country must begin to live within its means, but the fact remains that it is the less well off who have shouldered a disproportionate part of the burden. The level of tax-free income for a two-child family fell between 1979 and 1982 from 44.7 per cent to 41.4 per cent of average earnings. As a result, more people were brought into the tax system and low wage earners now pay tax on a larger proportion of their income. This, along with the cut in the real value of child benefit, has widened the poverty trap.

What, though, has been the impact of such measures on the poor and on public life? The strangest aspect of it all

Health and Personal Social Services

Analysis by broad economic category

£ million cash

	1978-79	1979-80	1980-81	1981-82	1982-83	1983-84
<i>Pay</i>	4,109	5,024	6,556	7,263	7,768	8,135
<i>Other current expenditure on goods and services</i>	2,878	3,372	4,136	4,686	5,265	5,564
<i>Subsidies and current goods</i>	27	37	42	53	65	71
Total current expenditure	7,013	8,433	10,735	12,002	13,097	13,770
<i>Gross domestic fixed capital formation</i>	411	464	624	747	779	833
<i>Capital grants, loans, etc</i>	1	2	2	2	4	4
Total capital expenditure	412	465	627	749	782	838
Total programme	7,425	8,899	11,362	12,751	13,879	14,608

Education and Science

Analysis by broad economic category

	£ million cash					
	1978-79	1979-80	1980-81	1981-82	1982-83	1983-84
<i>Pay</i>	4,771	5,315	6,577	7,313	7,778	7,640
<i>Other current expenditure on goods and services</i>	977	1,269	1,402	1,498	1,754	1,736
<i>Subsidies and current goods</i>	1,515	1,777	2,219	2,421	2,544	2,657
Total current expenditure	7,263	8,361	10,198	11,231	12,076	12,033
<i>Gross domestic fixed capital formation</i>	366	413	515	409	353	332
<i>Capital grants, loans, etc</i>	125	173	188	188	198	195
Total capital expenditure	492	586	703	597	551	527
Total programme	7,755	8,946	10,901	11,828	12,628	12,560

All the tables are taken from *The Government's Expenditure Plans 1983-84 to 1985-86, February, 1983.*

is surely the quiescence with which these cuts have been received, both among the poor themselves and among the rest of the population. True, the Government has stopped short at directly cutting unemployment and supplementary benefits upon which the unemployed depend. And there is no doubt that it is nervous about its reductions in social security benefits—nervous about the political reaction, and about the possibility of civil disorder if benefits sink too low.

Nevertheless, there has been remarkably little public outcry. The poor have no political voice and the more well-off, however concerned they may profess to be about the level of unemployment, do not seem to worry very much about how the poor live. So the endless juggling of food, fuel, clothes and rent bills goes on ever more desperately. Lack of money for the basics of life, together with the impact of long-term unemployment, forces more and more claimants to call upon the increasingly beleaguered social services and, say some experts, causes more of them to fall ill and put even greater pressure on the health service. Yet apathy and despair, rather than resistance and revolt, appear to be the bedfellows of poverty and unemployment. And as long as folk are not actually starving, or roofless, or their children barefoot, society appears to shrug its shoulders at their plight.

The state of the health service is rather more complicated. The Government maintains, with some justification, that it has managed to increase spending on the NHS. And indeed, compared with other social programmes, the NHS has been relatively protected. Spending has increased by about 7 per cent between 1979 and 1984. At the same time, hospital wards and even whole hospitals have been closed, services have been reduced, people requiring minor operations wait months and years for treatment and kidney patients needing renal dialysis are turned away to die. The explanation for this apparent contradiction is quite simple. The NHS needs extra money each year just to stand still. Estimates vary, but according to the

Government's own figures the NHS requires about 1.2 per cent more money each year just to meet the extra requirements presented by an aging population and advances in medicine. Apart from the family doctor service, which is not cash-limited and spends as much as it requires, the health services have not received enough money to meet those extra demands.

In addition, since 1976 a system of redistributive justice has been operating under which "rich" health regions lose money to "poor" ones. But since in the NHS there are no really rich regions because the whole service has always been fairly strapped for cash, and since the global sums are diminishing, and since the formula used for the exercise is extremely crude, the cries of anguish from the "rich" milked regions—mainly London and the south-east and Oxford—have been genuine calls of distress, meaning reductions in needed services.

The sense of crisis in the NHS is further exacerbated by the Government's own attitude towards it. There is Treasury-induced talk of the need to rethink the whole basis of the NHS on the grounds that, unless the economy grows, we simply cannot afford it. And there are fears that the Government intends to "privatize" health by encouraging a two-tier system of private and state funding.

But how realistic are these fears?

There has been persistent talk since 1979 that the Government intends to destroy the NHS by moving over to an insurance-based system. But it has not yet happened, and it is extremely unlikely that it will happen. For the truth is that the NHS is actually extremely good value for money. No other health-care system takes such a small proportion of GDP. Its administrative costs, despite the Government's perennial war on its managers, are very low. Why, therefore, should the Government want to replace it by a system that is more expensive and less efficient? In addition, the private sector is far from healthy; the private insurance companies are themselves in the red. So it is more likely that the NHS will continue to stagger along as it is at present, rather the worse for wear in places and unable to meet all the demands being made upon it, but still providing a good service, free at the point of use, to those patients who urgently need it. Political attention tends to concentrate upon the hospital services, where the spending cuts have bitten. But the GP system at its best provides an integrated service that is still unrivalled elsewhere in the world.

If the health picture is confused, what about education? Here, a similar ambivalence prevails. In 1980 Government announced that education spending was planned to fall by 9 per cent between 1979 and 1984. But since edu-

cation spending is decided by local authorities the overall picture is patchy, with many local councils protecting their education budgets. And because of the fall in the school population, the pupil-teacher ratio has fallen to record levels. Thus the Government can boast that it has achieved what used to be the sacred goal of education—bringing down the pupil-teacher ratio. And it can also argue that fewer schoolchildren means that less need be spent. But it does not work out as simply as that.

As the reports by the Schools Inspectorate have pointed out, the combination of spending cuts and falling rolls has created an often chaotic situation, resulting in a narrowing of the curriculum, a reduction of subjects and a squeeze on teaching for the most and the least able. Spending on books and buildings is down, the value of the student grant has been cut and the reduction in the universities has meant that many bright children are failing to get a university place. But possibly more important than all this is the impact of massive youth unemployment on the education service. Teachers say that their very function has been undermined. They no longer know what education is for, if at the end of the day their pupils are going to leave school to sign on the dole. Should they be teaching them to cope with unemployment? Should they be teaching them for education's own intrinsic sake? And meanwhile the queues for private schools get longer and longer.

In all these areas—social security, health, education—it would be wrong to say that the Welfare State is collapsing. Overall, the services still exist. But for an increasing number of individuals, these services are failing to meet the increased need for them. Social security benefits have been chipped away. Health services are not keeping pace with increased demand. Schools are becoming less sensitive to their pupils' needs. The fabric of welfare has not been unpicked, but in a number of places it has become distinctly threadbare and even worn right through.

Melanie Phillips is a leader writer on *The Guardian* newspaper.

Social Security

Analysis by broad economic category

	£ million cash					
	1978-79	1979-80	1980-81	1981-82	1982-83	1983-84
<i>Pay</i>	370	424	537	589	652	657
<i>Other current expenditure on goods and services</i>	332	377	429	570	652	785
<i>Subsidies and current goods</i>	15,729	18,608	22,445	27,332	31,160	32,950
Total current expenditure	16,432	19,410	23,411	28,491	32,463	34,392
<i>Gross domestic fixed capital formation</i>	6	7	10	23	14	25
<i>Capital grants, loans, etc</i>			38	-4	-4	-23
Total capital expenditure	6	7	48	20	10	2
Total programme	16,437	19,417	23,458	28,510	32,473	34,394

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For more information about Mobil's environmental activities, simply telephone (01) 828 9777 Ext. 2608 or write to Room 210, Mobil House, 54/60 Victoria Street, London SW1.



At loose in the brain of mankind

by John Wells

The London Library is running out of space in which to house the outpourings of the publishing industry. It will shortly be seeking funds with which to expand internally—if planning permission is granted. A well known literary gent assesses the history and charms of this unique institution.

Photograph by Clive Boursnell

I think my only contribution to preserving the London Library, suitably enough coming from a lavatory humorist, may have been to argue with the present Librarian, Douglas Matthews, against pulling down the gents' at the top of the stairs during rebuilding work in the early 1970s. Whether my voice was heard above weightier opinions let fall in that grave debate I shall never know, but there the dear old lav still stands, in marble and mahogany, brass taps and Adamsez' Vitreous Enamel: venerable hair-brushes that may once have disciplined the thinning hair of T. S. Eliot; well polished, comfortable, dimly gleaming seats that have seen not only better days. They could, I like to fancy, have played host to Mr Gladstone, Henry James, Lawrence of Arabia, E. M. Forster, Lord Longford and Sir Roy Strong, though probably not all at the same time.

It is this old bouquet of continuing tradition, in the 15 years I have belonged to the London Library, that has delighted me most: the sense it gives, or rather, discreetly sells, of being a member of a club; "not typically English," as E. M. Forster wrote, "but typically civilized". In the north-west corner of St James's Square, possessing an atmosphere more exclusive than White's or the Athenaeum, blessedly free of great red-faced trumpeting bores, used car dealers on the make, spies or gay bishops, it offers an amazing haven from the confusion outside. Unlike many other clubs it has no waiting list, no faceless committee to which those wishing to join can be anonymously denounced as unsuitable. Unless you are a convicted pyromaniac all you have to do is walk up the steps, go through the swing doors with the polished brass handles, fill in a form and pay a year's subscription.

Presuming you can get through the throng of distinguished living authors and much loved old television personalities who make the issue hall into a kind of cautiously animated waxworks

hall of fame, you will, after a brief word of welcome and introduction from a kindly librarian, be allowed to climb the red-carpeted stairs, hung with portraits of Kipling, Leslie Stephen, Thackeray and others to whom this once was home, past the Muse-haunted gents' on the landing, and will find yourself, beyond more brass-handled doors, in the gently soporific gloom of the so-called reading room, lit by high windows that overlook the Square. And there, at the end of the room, edged in silvery light and deep in their ancient leather armchairs, slumber the members.

Others, notably Lord Norwich, have seen it differently: to him "the very air is full of industry", and it would be dishonest of me, in painting a word-picture of this windowed womb in which to while away the afternoons, if I failed to include the books. There are nearly a million of them; lining the walls of the reading room from floor to ceiling, with a ladder and a gallery to reach the upper shelves, more books in cases in the middle of the room, more under the Periodicals: *Analecta Bollandiana*, *The Illustrated London News* and *Novii Mir*; huge encyclopedias in German, Spanish, French and English, fat concordances and heavy dictionaries, who was who in the ancient world, who was who—bound in the leather of calves that died long before the Revolution—in 18th-century France. More books above, more books beyond the gents', more books in the basement. Books 3 feet across, bound copies of *The Times* reporting the first confused news of the battle of Waterloo, tiny books on dolls' houses and calligraphy.

The London Library allows free browsing: you either look up the particular book you want in the index or catalogue in the issue hall and then set off to find it, or you go off at random and hunt for it. Subjects are classified, and shown on a bewildering cross-section map of the building, under such headings as *Science and Miscellaneous*, then subdivided on the shelves them-



selves into *Windmills, Wine, Witchcraft, Women* and *Yachting*. Such categories probably reflect the mind of Charles Hagberg Wright, Librarian from 1893 until just before the Second World War: on holiday in Rome he was observed buying a life of Saint Elizabeth of Portugal and a treatise on silica and other minerals, and "reading them alternately, one page of each".

It is possible to spend hours up there, crouched on the iron grating, lost in the mysteries of Witchcraft when whatever thought lured you up in the first place has long been forgotten. Wine, Women or Yachts, until the hand bell comes ringing round to announce closing time. Frank Muir complains of falling over N. F. Simp-

son engrossed in some such agreeable distraction; what N. F. Simpson thought or said about being fallen over by the pink-bow-tied bibliophile of the panel games is not preserved for posterity. Edna O'Brien dreams of being "locked in for the night with all the books and all the good ghosts that inhabit that great place".

The Library has been described as being "more like a private house crammed with books", and round the fireplace in the reading room that may be true; but up there among the book stacks it is unquestionably eerie. I stress "up there" because of the iron gratings you clank along in the half-dark between the musty-smelling shelves, filled with ranks of books from the

grating at your feet to the grating above your head: down below, through the lower grating, you can see the narrowing perspective of the stacks beneath; above, through the upper grating, as if in a vista of mirrors, the same shelves receding towards the roof. Light, if you can find it, comes from little neon tubes, turned on, occasionally at the cost of a mild electric shock, by pulling a string at the end of each bookcase, and which putter and flicker before settling down to cast a limited local glow. The impression, on a dark winter's afternoon, when other people are on other floors, each in their own circle of light, is filmic but probably impossible to photograph: galaxies hanging in space,

remote and mutually inaccessible; a universe of book-towers, structured with iron grilles. "Looking upwards and downwards through the half-transparent bookstack," Raymond Mortimer wrote, "I feel inside the brain of mankind."

The London Library was founded 140 years ago by Thomas Carlyle, partly from philanthropic motives—his friend Monckton Milnes argued at an early meeting that if Gibbon "had not relied on his £7,000 spent on books his history would not have been written"—and partly from irritation at the reading room in the British Museum when he had to wait hours for books to be brought to him and then could not take them home. Its first premises, in 1841, were in two rooms underneath the Travellers' Club and in 1845 it moved to its present home, then no 12, St James's Square, and known as Beauchamp House. The freehold cost £21,000. There was a 17th-century "bathing place" in a garden room at the back. The house was heavily panelled and had known numerous private tenants before it was bought by Lord Cadogan in 1780. Robert Adam had made designs for a new house on the site in 1776 but they were never carried out, though an Adam fireplace was given to the library in 1933. The present façade dates from 1896.

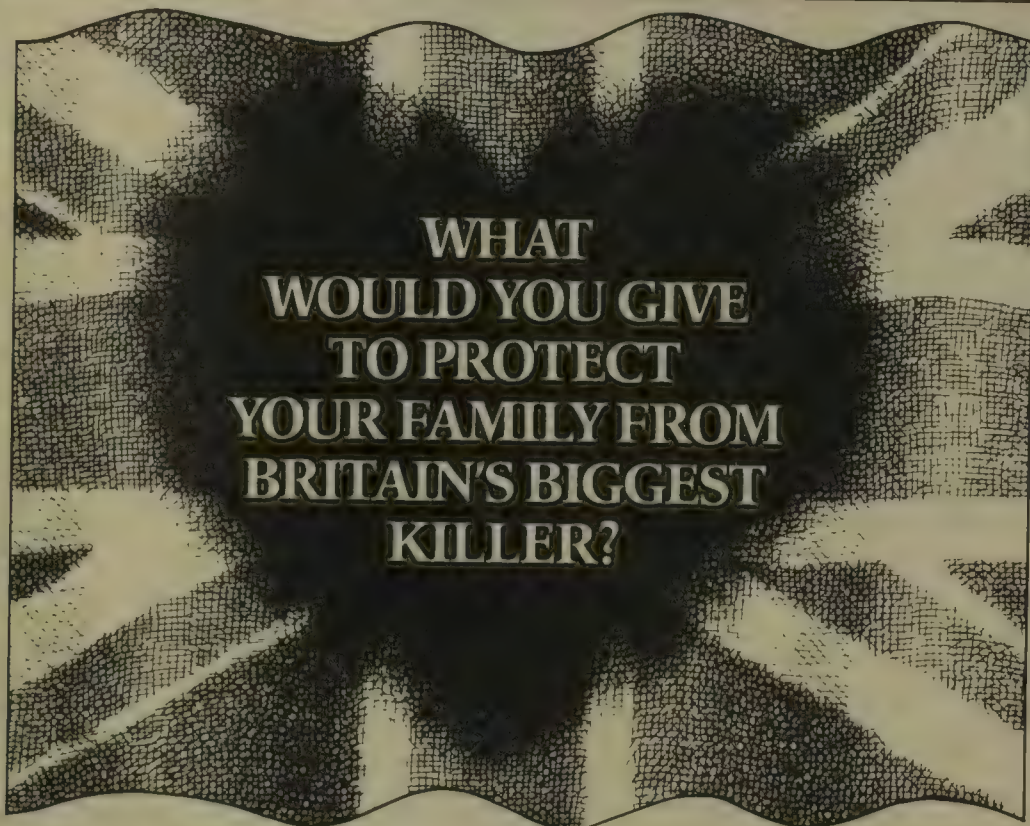
Dickens, one of the Library's first subscribers, borrowed two barrow loads of books to prepare himself for writing *A Tale of Two Cities*, and since then its volumes, with their easily recognizable labels on the front, have become required set-dressing in any writer's home. Country members can still have 15 books sent by post and keep them until another reader asks for them; London members may have 10.

George Gissing borrowed books from the Library and was still remembered by old Mr Cox at the issue desk in the 30s: "Grey man. Grey clothes, grey hair, grey face." Sherlock Holmes borrowed books, books were blown up in the trenches, sunk at the Battle of Jutland, the Library itself was hit by a bomb in 1944. "Well, Ma'am, you see," old Mr Cox told a lady in 1951, "it was not what one was accustomed to." Since then James Bond has borrowed *Burke's Peerage*.

But London Library loyalty is never simply to the books: Dorothy M. Partington, in a recent London Library issue of the magazine *Adam* edited by Miron Grindea, to which I am indebted for many of the lines I have quoted above, praises the unchanging Library, regretting only the new lift. She says it lacks excitement. The old one "took members by surprise". Many members," she writes, "whiling away the half hour or so spent suspended between Religion (Floor 5) and Biography A-LOV (Floor 4) have become firm friends." No such mood of unbridled fraternization, I am glad to say, is to be found in the gents', whose facilities are still in perfect working order, and I should be mortified if anyone ever modernized them ●



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British Heart Foundation,
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Why the French love their bomb

by Alexander MacLeod

In most Nato countries the debate on nuclear weapons is coloured by anti-Americanism. France's nuclear arsenal is made at home, not in the USA. It remains blessed with a unique degree of national support.

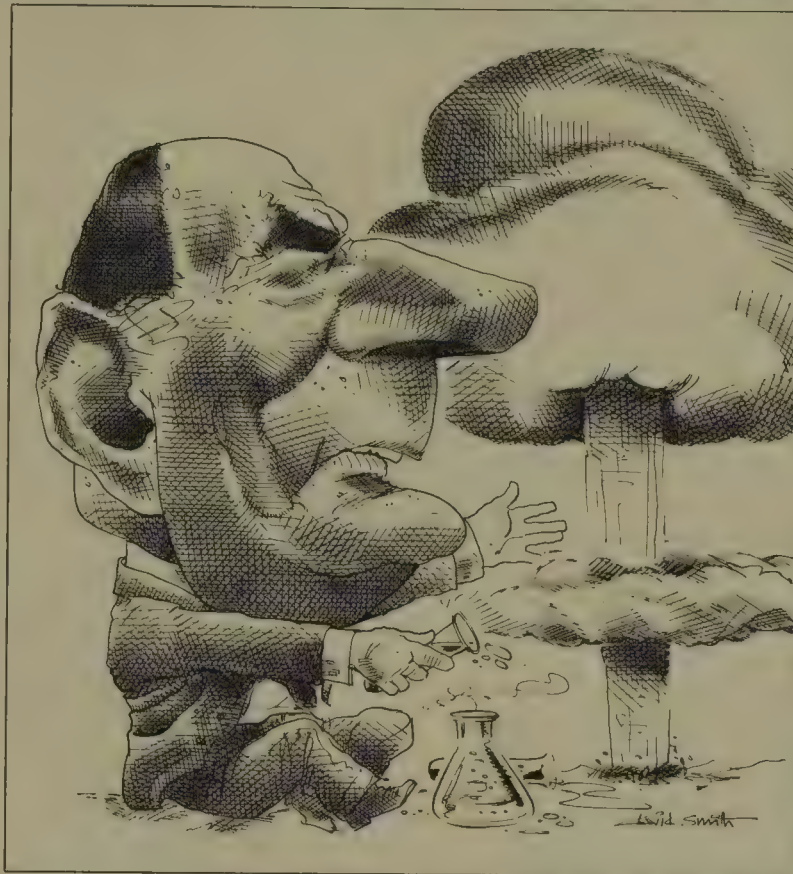
In nuclear defence, as in so much else, the French exhibit a self-assurance which foreigners have little trouble in mistaking for arrogance. They sustain their case for a truly national deterrent force with arguments so dependent on ambiguity as to be irritating to those outside France called upon to accept them. Nonetheless, the *force de frappe* is as independent now as it was when Charles de Gaulle invented it more than 20 years ago.

The Socialist President François Mitterrand, as recently as 1972 a foe of his country's independent deterrent, today finds himself discreetly congratulated by opponents on the Right for being very nearly a "pure Gaullist" in his commitment to the bomb. Meanwhile the *force de frappe* (or, for those with a nose for nuance, the *force de dissuasion*) goes from strength to strength as new weapons are added to the French nuclear arsenal. In Moscow, Washington and London its strategic credibility is acknowledged. De Gaulle's dream of making France self-reliant in nuclear defence has been handsomely realized, and the policy is supported by a national consensus against which the French anti-nuclear peace movement raises little more than an occasional squeak of dissent. Why do the French so love their bomb? And how is it that their affection has proved so durable?

The *force de frappe* was partly a response to the Americans' failure to take France as seriously as de Gaulle took it himself, partly also a reflection of lingering humiliation at having been occupied by the Germans in the Second World War. De Gaulle's solution, adopted at a moment when the potential horrors of nuclear warfare had yet to be fully considered, rested on the assumption that only Frenchmen could be trusted to defend France against an enemy, and on the fear that in certain circumstances the United States, though an ally, might not find it convenient to defend Western Europe by nuclear means.

France was thus conceived of as a national sanctuary which had to be made proof against the vagaries of enemies and friends alike. Unlike the British who relied on US Polaris missiles, the French under de Gaulle made certain that the national deterrent was in all essential respects home-made. For a citizen of France to criticize the *force de frappe* was to oppose a patriotic response to threats from outside. With few exceptions, only Communists and fellow-travellers espoused the anti-nuclear peace movement.

By not depending on the USA for



DAVID SMITH

nuclear systems and by relying exclusively on French-made weapons, governments of France have side-stepped most of the pressures exerted by the protest movement in other West European countries. They also pre-empted the anti-Americanism behind which European neutralists and pacifists tend to shelter.

Under de Gaulle's successors, Georges Pompidou and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, the French nuclear consensus became so powerful that eventually the Communist Party felt obliged to join it. Today the party leader, Georges Marchais, suffers the exquisite agony of being required to argue that nuclear weapons are wicked if they come from America but benign if they are made in France. The *force de frappe*, in short, is largely beyond criticism, protected by a taboo. De Gaulle's strategic priorities chimed with his countrymen's high regard for themselves and their distrust of others. The recipe remains acceptable to the majority of Frenchmen to this day.

The acute sensitivity of the French government establishment to any suggestion that the nuclear consensus is less than total was illustrated last July when Michel Pinton, secretary-general of the Union de la Démocratie Française, one of the main opposition parties, used the newspaper *Le Monde* as the launching pad for a strategic

heresy. Pinton said he was doubtful whether the *force de frappe* would in fact safeguard the territory and people of France. He wrote: "In 1871 and in 1940 the French public supported those who asked for negotiations as soon as it was known that the battle was lost and our professional armies destroyed. Why should we believe that it would not act in the same way again? The Socialists are ready to place France behind the illusory security of a new Maginot Line called the strategic nuclear force."

It was as if a member of the National Academy had announced that after mature consideration he was no longer certain that the Earth was round. The Prime Minister, Pierre Mauroy, was "aghast", the Foreign Minister, Claude Cheysson, "appalled", the Defence Minister, Charles Hernu, "alarmed". Michel Pinton's senior colleagues in the UDF jumped on his neck. Before the furore subsided, Charles Hernu's officials decided that it was prudent to remind citizens of the power and modernity of their country's nuclear forces.

Compared with the early days when they consisted of a handful of Mirage jets equipped with crude atomic bombs they are indeed formidable. Under this year's *loi de programmation militaire*, a sixth nuclear submarine will go into service in 1985 and a seventh soon

thereafter. Each submarine will be equipped with 16 missiles with six warheads and a range of 2,500 miles. The land element of the nuclear force consists of 18 nuclear missiles in silos beneath the foothills of the Plateau d'Albion near Avignon. By the 1990s many of these weapons will be replaced by mobile missiles. In the air, the present force of 34 Mirage-4 jets is to be superseded by Mirage-2000 bombers.

Following the unfortunate M Pinton's loose talk about a new Maginot Line, M Hernu did not rest content with listing the components of a nuclear arsenal which will soon be eating up 30 per cent of France's defence equipment budget. He took the unprecedented step of inviting 30 foreign journalists, including a Communist Chinese, to the nuclear submarine base at the Ile Longue near Brest, and to the ground silos in southern France. The correspondents were tossed morsels of information of varying succulence: such as that matelots aboard the missile submarines sleep 12 to a cabin and are each allowed to drink $\frac{1}{4}$ litre of wine with their meals. They also gleaned that the firing button for the entire *force de frappe* is almost certainly located in a basement beneath the Elysée Palace in Paris, where the President alone has the authority to press it.

French strategists are delighted that Charles Hernu has given both his countrymen and the outside world a glimpse of what the *force de frappe* consists of, but they insist that its virtue and indeed its remarkable popularity rests on what Dominique Moisi, editor of the influential journal *Politique Etrangère*, calls a "certain ambiguity". "In France," he says, "we believe that the survival of the consensus on the defence issue depends on doubt as to whether our deterrent would be used to defend France alone, or perhaps one or more of our neighbours. International considerations may draw us away from ambiguity towards open support for an ally, but for domestic reasons ambiguity must be maintained because it is that very ambiguity which is at the root of the consensus we enjoy."

Faced with circular arguments deployed with such Cartesian zeal the foreigner is left to interpret them. First, it seems that the key to deterrence, French-style, is to keep everybody guessing. Second, it is tempting to deduce that the French are best pleased with their bomb when it protects them, but that brandishing it on behalf of others would lessen the

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Why the French love their bomb

pleasure—in other words, that little has changed since de Gaulle. However, under President Mitterrand attempts are being made to modify French defence policy and to reduce reliance on nuclear weapons.

Pierre Lellouche, director of the Institut Français des Relations Internationales, notes that under the new defence policies published last year an effort will be made to separate the strictly nuclear defence of the national sanctuary from the conventional defence of West Germany by French army units. The aim is to develop a rapid deployment force which could help to defend the Federal Republic without resort to nuclear weapons. Last year President Mitterrand and Chancellor Helmut Kohl of West Germany decided to begin a deep and secret examination of how they could develop the 1963 friendship treaty to include greater co-operation on defence. These talks, which can hardly avoid dealing with nuclear strategy, are continuing.

M Lellouche also considers that President Mitterrand's support for the stationing of American medium-range missiles in Europe may help to strengthen anti-nuclear sentiment in France and thus weaken the national consensus. In September the pro-Socialist trade union, the Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail, for the first time threw its support behind the European campaign for nuclear disarmament and opposed the deployment of US missiles in Europe. The CFDT apparently took this step because it feared that its Communist rival, the Confédération Générale du Travail, was making political capital of its role among rank-and-file workers as the champion of peace.

Whether or not the taboo against criticizing nuclear weapons is beginning to fade, French attitudes to their bomb remain robust and not lacking in sheer relish at the destructive power President Mitterrand or a successor could unleash if ever they had to take the lift to the Elysée basement and push the button.

France's strategic nuclear weapons, Charles Hernu is fond of pointing out, are trained on centres of Soviet population. President Mitterrand has yet to order mass production of the so-called neutron bomb, but French scientists have tested one at Mururoa Atoll in the South Pacific, and the new Hades tactical missile (the French have a talent for the vocabulary of terror) is likely to be equipped with the warhead which kills people but leaves tanks and buildings intact. An officer at the Ile Longue submarine base remarked to reporters that the boats would fire all 16 of their missiles in a single continuous series. "We wouldn't send them sausage slices. They'd get the entire sausage," he said. The missiles on the Plateau d'Albion would be used in the

same way.

Such blunt language in the mouths of the custodians of the *force de frappe* hints at an unstated assumption about the role it is intended to play in the context of western defence as a whole. Its use as a defensive weapon in its own right seems less evident than its function as a "trigger" for ensuring that France will never stand alone in a nuclear holocaust. Anthony Cordesman, a leading US strategist, suggested last year that France's chief aim in retaining its own independent deterrent is to make it impossible for the US to avoid using its nuclear weapons in the defence of Western Europe, including France. When seven French nuclear submarines are in service, all their 200-plus warheads would be likely to survive a Soviet first strike—enough, Cordesman believes, to force the Soviet Union to launch a general war against the US and Europe and to oblige the Americans to respond in kind.

Britain's fleet of four Polaris submarines currently deploys 64 warheads. When the Royal Navy's Trident fleet becomes fully operational in the late 1990s, it will be able to carry as many as 528 warheads. By the end of the century France aims to have up to 672 sea-launched warheads, though with about half the range of Trident.

Dominique Moisi thinks there is another reason why reliance on an independent nuclear force is likely to remain a central plank of French defence policy for years to come. "It has been a tradition in our defence programmes," he says, "that what was sacrificed for economic reasons was always conventional capability, leaving the nuclear arm untouched. The *force de frappe* has always enjoyed priority when hard choices had to be made.

"The French government has ambitious plans for conventional defence, but there are heavy pressures on the defence budget at a time of slow growth and high inflation. We may not in the end be able to pay for the amount of conventional defence called for under current plans. Some people believe that because of economic restrictions France will end up being more, not less, nuclear in its defence. Remember, nuclear weapons are the least costly, and their retention is probably the least divisive in political terms because of the prevailing consensus."

This argument, used by many French commentators, suggests that President Mitterrand is likely to run into serious defence problems if his Socialist economic policies are ineffective. The likelihood of heavier reliance on nuclear defence in future is one reason why he is so hostile to having France's deterrent involved in East-West disarmament negotiations. The success of French governments in perfecting the *force de frappe* and persuading the rest of the world to take it seriously has reinforced the convictions of most Frenchmen that it is a good and necessary thing ●



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To tea with P.D. James

by Julian Critchley

The award-winning novelist talks about her work and the fascination of crime fiction.

The novelist P.D. James (Mrs Phyllis White) is famous for her detective stories, and I cannot help calling to mind the old adage, *Ars est imitare naturam* ("It is art to imitate nature"), when I think how true to life, or rather to human nature, are her writings.

Seven of her novels are in the classic tradition, with the widower policeman, Adam Dalgleish, as the principal figure. But her favourite, *Innocent Blood* (which we may or may not recognize in film form since 20th Century Fox have bought it) has nothing in common with familiar whodunnits. It is true that it has a real Grand Guignol ending but it is the credible characterization of the people in the book which puts it in the first rank of modern English fiction.

Innocent Blood is the story of an 18-year-old, well educated, adopted girl determined to discover her real name and parentage; her attempt, against all advice, to make a home for a murderess mother, released from life imprisonment, and the tragic end of the attempt; her disillusionment and the return to a life of intellectual promise. *Innocent Blood* is, in a sense, the product of P.D. James's experience in the Police Department and then the Criminal Policy Department of the Home Office. It is a graphic illustration of what she feared would happen as the result of the Children's Act of 1975, which gave boys and girls of 18 who had been adopted the right to obtain a copy of their birth certificate, regardless of the wishes of their adoptive parents.

I took tea with P.D. James at her house in Bayswater. She is an elegant woman of 62 with a pretty wit who sits surrounded by choice Staffordshire figures (some of which turn up on the mantelshelves of her characters) and commemorative jugs. She was born in Oxford, the daughter of a tax-gatherer who moved first to Ludlow in the county of Shropshire and later to Cambridge. But she did not go to the university. "I would have loved to have gone. But there wasn't the money. There were no grants in those days."

It was as a working woman that P.D. James made her name as a novelist. When her husband, a doctor, came home from the war mentally ill but with no pension (he died at the age of 44), she had to work to keep him and their two daughters. She got a job as a clerk in the National Health Service, becoming qualified in Medical Records and Hospital Administration, which no doubt provided some of the background of her *Shroud for a Nightingale*, made into a film by Anglia TV, which is set in a training school for nurses. After her husband's death she



P.D. James has won two Silver Daggers, presented by the Crime Writers' Association, for her books.

took and passed an examination for the Administrative Grade of the Civil Service and went to the Home Office. There she held down a full-time job until she retired in 1979, writing her detective stories in her spare time.

Now she aims at a new book every two years. She works mostly in the mornings. Revision she finds possible in the evenings but not any really new work. P.D. James is the latest in the line of great English detective story writers, and is full of admiration for her predecessors.

I asked her to recommend six detective novels. She put Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone* first. Then the Conan Doyle short stories, particularly *The Speckled Band*. Some of Agatha Christie's tales had quite unbelievable solutions, but she would include *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* in the list because it was so clever. Margery Allingham is a favourite and *Tiger in the Smoke* would be the first choice of her books. She was enthusiastic about Dorothy Sayers when she was a girl

and puts her work among the best of the period novels which many people like nowadays. *Murder Must Advertise* is a marvellous description of life in a City advertising agency in the early 1930s. She would also include one of Edmund Crispin's novels: "Very few people can write them with his kind of panache and make them really witty entertainment."

I told her that I was not really all that interested in solving the crime in a detective novel. She is of the same mind. "My own interest, when I read one," she said, "is not primarily the puzzle—I only read detective fiction where I can be interested in the characters and the background." What makes her own work so fascinating is her capacity to create in the reader's mind living images of her *dramatis personae*, each so different in outlook, age, history, weaknesses and circumstances. Not that her plots are not ingenious—they certainly are. She says of her latest publication, the paperback edition of *Skull Beneath the Skin*, "It is

almost a return to the classic formula of the detective story."

Why do detective stories have such a hold upon so many? And why are women so good at writing them? P.D. James pondered my questions. "We do not write sadistic thrillers or the novel of espionage . . . women are interested in what I call 'Malice Domestic', the effects of people having to work and live together. I think it more cerebral. Women have a great eye for detail, and if you are clue-making you must have an eye for detail." Of this kind of detective fiction and its place in life today, she added, "It is a reassuring genre both to read and write . . . we live in an age which is not (as were the 60s) an age of optimism, and in which people are beginning to think there may be problems, both economic and social, which they are unable to solve. But here is something which has a problem at its heart, a problem which is going to be solved, not by any supernatural means but by human intelligence and human ingenuity. It encourages." ●

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The romance of islands

Islands offer infinite variety—peace or excitement, tropical heat or freezing snow, skiing in the morning and sea-bathing in the afternoon. The 10 islands described here have individual and unique appeal, though Jan Morris suggests that the bewitched imagination has something to do with it.

The English language, in its subtlety and long experience, should have evolved two very different words to define the quality appertaining to islands. On the one hand "islandness" could express the grandeur and fascination of the condition, its defiance, its mystery. On the other "insularity" speaks of narrowness, pokiness, and that brand of arrogant provinciality summed up in the celebrated (but alas apocryphal) headline of *The Times* of London: "Violent storm in the English Channel. Continent isolated."

Nothing in travel is more compelling, more beckoning, than the looming silhouette of an island on the horizon—mist-blurred perhaps in cold northern waters, or blue and Gauguin-esque in the south—with surf clamouring in a white fringe around its rocks, or a snowcap of nesting seabirds, or smoke drifting from its volcanic summit, suggestions of champagne villas along its beaches, fishing-boats epically pounding through its breakers, or hydrofoils flashing, all plume and glitter, tantalizingly out of sight around its wooded promontory . . .

But when you get there, having routed the local boatman from the pub, queued for the excursion boat with "souvenir stall on board", or jumped the fretted schooner on its slow passage among the atolls, it may prove

The romance of islands by Jan Morris

Jamaica by Michael Watkins

Madeira by Elisabeth de Stroumillo

The Shetlands by David Tennant

The Seychelles by David Tennant

Penang by Charles Allen

Madagascar by Barbara Wace

Symi by Hazel Evans

The Bahamas by Margaret Davies

Ibiza by Alex Finer

The Faroes by Dudley Wilson

Facts and figures by David Tennant

very different. Islands are ambiguous and misleading things. They are not to be trusted. Humped islands are not, as one tends to suppose, necessarily circular, flat ones are not always slender, while all too often those promising white pleasure-villas turn out to be the disused shacks of goatherds.

Insularity is inclined to be exaggeratedly how you expect it. Your standard tropic island, for instance, is almost

preternaturally tropic. The palms slant stagily over the golden beach; smiling natives race crabs on the sand or indulge in immemorial customs to do with coconuts; the picturesque headman's village, made apparently of fibrous matting, stands authentically among its ramparts of prickly pear on the headland. A whine of Polynesian flageolets is almost certain to serenade you as the chefs prepare your *buano*

fish over the flambeau, and the former High Commissioner's residence, a pretty prodigy of Victorian gingerbread, is now guarded by eight dark-spectacled soldiers with Russian automatic rifles.

Expect no surprises either from your classic northern island, the one you can stop off at for a night while the steamer goes on to the Faroes or the Aleutians. It matters not who lives there, Eskimos or Finns, Japanese or Hebrideans. A smell of fish will greet you anyway, as your ship ties up at its stained and battered quay. A supercilious black sea-bird dries his wings on a bollard. Behind the tight-cluttered town (blue-painted clapboard with cracked double-glazing, or lumpy granite with smoke-blackened chimney-breasts) a landscape bare but for a few stunted trees extends to the other shore, where you can just make out the radar dishes of the naval base and the prefabricated township built for the off-shore oil workers. The lady at the hotel wears carpet-slippers and says dinner is at 6.30 sharp. *Close Encounters* with sub-titles is on at the local cinema, and when you walk into the town tavern a deathly silence, as of frozen cod, greets your appearance. The ship sails again at five the next morning, and that bird still glowers from the bollard as you climb ➤➤



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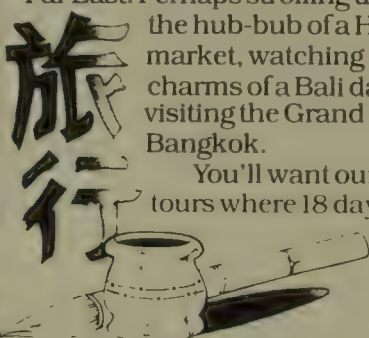
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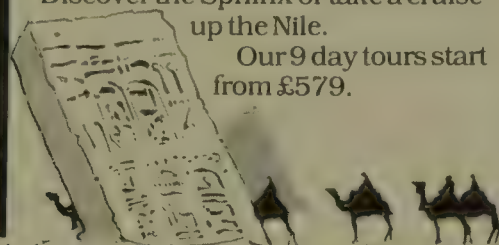
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THE ROMANCE OF ISLANDS

the gang-plank in the half-light.

On the other hand islandness never ceases to astonish. Could anything be more astonishing than the fact that Napoleon died on St Helena, that ocean speck a million miles from anywhere? Could anything be more thrillingly dreadful than the thought of the Emperor Tiberius hurling his victims from the sea-precipices of Capri? Are there any mists so amazingly haunting as the mists of Newfoundland, whispering into the Atlantic with their news from nowhere? Is there anywhere odder than Venice?

The most majestically astonishing of islands is Crete, which is only 120 miles long, and never more than 40 miles wide, but which bears itself like a continent. Mighty are its little mountains, bottomless its gorges, and it contains within its sea-girt confines a furious world of its own. Nowhere could feel much less provincial, and your true Cretan seems to think all the rest of creation ancillary to his own particular 2,500 square miles of land completely surrounded by water.

Or there is that bewildering essence of island, Jamaica, where the Rastas and the reggae come from—an idea as much as a place nowadays, whose coast is fringed with posh resorts, whose villas really do flow with champagne, but whose inner spirit, hidden away among the slums and the scrub-mountains, is fathomlessly pungent. Few sounds of our time are as strangely moving as the beat of reggae reaching you from the shambles of a Jamaican township, as your boat approaches the island in the dusk: as though the mingled misery and merriment of mankind itself has chosen this one plot of land, there in the warm dark water, to erupt into the open.

And for the island state at its most terrific, where else but Manhattan? Ah, the towers of New York, when first you see them across the wide polluted bay! What promises they offer you! What force they represent! What a time you are going to have, when you have unpacked and taken a shower to-night! The minute you set foot in the streets of Manhattan you are in a different, separate, more brilliant state of being. It makes you feel taller and quicker than yourself: and this is the greatest power of the island condition, that by hemming you in with water, and pinning you within such narrow confines, it gives you some of its own intensity, heightens all your perceptions and makes the blood run faster.

But whatever kind, you cannot trust them! If you buy an island for yourself, heroic off the Norwegian coast or idyllic in a Hawaiian backwater, sooner or later you are going to be driven half mad by the logistics of it. If you just go visiting, believe me, that perfect beach palls presently, you come to feel you never want to taste mango cider again, and the evening stroll around the flower-scented coast road,



so intoxicatingly liberating at first, becomes in the end a kind of prison exercise. Even Manhattan eventually has you fidgeting to get over a bridge somewhere. Even Napoleon abandoned St Helena, if only posthumously, for Les Invalides.

You can never be sure of islands. Take my advice, and leave them to the romantic fancy, or to the vicarious voyages of this feature. Let them stay out there on the horizon, let the smoke stream from their craters without you, let the drums beat and the beach-fires sizzle, and resist the temptation to climb that gang-plank, when the island steamer hoots. Better the islandness of the bewitched imagination than homesick insularity!

Jan Morris

Jamaica

Jamaica was my first Caribbean love. First love and other sorrows. It was a moody island, luminously beautiful, where I had friends. There were Errol Flynn and his wife Patrice, who started the rafting craze along the Rio Grande and built Castle Comfort high on a hill

outside Port Antonio, where Patrice still lives. At Port Maria, in a house called Firefly Hill, Noël Coward perched in his mountain eyrie, bandaged in cigarette smoke. "Dear boy," he once said to me, "pour me a ginger ale—simply riddled with brandy." Close by is Oracabessa where, at Golden Eye, Ian Fleming created James Bond and where, said Coward, the sofa cushions were stuffed with iron filings.

We swam in bottomless Blue Lagoon, watched John Crow, the carrion vulture, wheel above the jungle forest, carried on the Undertaker's Wind. "Duppies"—ghosts—lived in cotton trees; and the obeah-man still worked in magic potions. We ate swordfish and ackee, pumpkin pie and cho-cho and drank heady Appleton's rum punch, sniffing the scent of hibiscus, listening to the tree-frogs and the slap of dominoes in midnight bars.

Trouble came then, death too, and the pretty little girls in Kingston town were afraid. Michael' Manley, Prime Minister at the time, was accused of being a power-crazed totalitarian bent on delivering Jamaica into the commu-



Tropical fruits are among the many delights of Jamaica. Left, the Rio Grande, where the bold may shoot the rapids.

nist camp. Tourists fled.

They are back again now, have been since Edward Seaga came into power three years ago and the Jamaicans smiled again. "Smile," ran the full-page pro-tourism advertisements in the *Daily Gleaner*, "it makes you better looking." So it does. With the smiles returned the "boonoonoonos" way of life: "delightful", "marvellous" in Jamaican talk.

Yes, the tourists are back, avoiding—and with good sense because a city is first a city, after all—the capital, Kingston, and heading straight for the north coast, the golden thread that unwinds from Negril to Montego Bay, from Ocho Rios to Port Antonio. Negril is for the young, for the experimenters who do not care for *table d'hôte*, air-conditioning and off-the-shoulder dinner jackets, preferring to do their own thing which means, presumably, behaving outrageously. Montego Bay is "sophisticated"; it has Doctors Cave, with wall-to-wall sunbathing and a few tired women killing time. There is a fine hotel, the Half Moon Club; you will find none better.

And if you did, it would be a toss-up between the Plantation Inn and the Jamaica Inn, within a shout of each other in Ocho Rios. Both are patrician, understated and unpretentious; both offer sea, sun, sand and sedation. Yet my heart always returns to Port Antonio, where nothing much has changed in the 20 years I have known it. Even the tower clock at Christ Church still stands at 4.30 all day long. The breezes from the sea carry the godliest of smells known to men, and people still walk with the swinging grace of panthers.

Jamaica is maddening, demanding, urgent and as unreliable as a

THE ROMANCE OF ISLANDS

woman in love. "Soon come," they say when you need your laundry/airline ticket—which never comes at all. The telephone rings 2,000 times before anyone replies; then it is the wrong number. There are insects. "No-secums" and "Mompums"—small aeronautical creatures designed by God to make us think better of mosquitoes.

Like a woman, Jamaica has hurt me, infuriated me, bewildered and baffled me, intrigued and haunted me. And yet I can never have enough of her, can never escape her; she will remain my first Caribbean love until she behaves dishonourably—and I cannot see her doing that.

Michael Watkins

Madeira

Madeira has to be near the top of anyone's list of the world's prettiest islands. However you approach it, your first sight of it is incredibly dramatic: spiky volcanic peaks clothed in forest, crowned with puffs of cloud and anchored in an apparently limitless ocean.

If you come by sea, the ship rounds one of the tall capes that shelter Funchal and there is the capital, prettily terraced up the green hillsides and looking almost unreal. Arrive from the airport at dusk, along the high cor-

rie road, and Funchal lies spread out below you like a heap of jewels on dark velvet, the hundreds of tiny fishing boats just offshore looking like hosts of fireflies.

Amazingly, Madeira manages to live up to that stunning first image. Over the years new buildings have gone up in and around Funchal and traffic has swollen to clog its narrow streets, yet despite this often uncomfortable growth its charm survives.

Those colour-washed old houses with their dark stone window-surrounds still bewitch the eye and if you walk up the hill away from the waterfront, past the cathedral with its carved and inlaid ceiling and past the fine old Bishop's Palace, the 20th-century hubbub recedes and Funchal's charm reasserts itself. You come to the Municipal Museum with its little aquarium, the lovely convent of Santa Clara and a belvedere just below the Quinta das Cruzes museum gardens where the views, across the low dome of the English church, are tremendous.

Away from the capital, as a change from swimming in pools carved out of rocky cliff-edges, walking is one of Madeira's chief pleasures. Whatever the season, there always seem to be masses of flowers in bloom—huge hydrangeas, gorse and brooms, heathers and thousands of smaller flowers, all best appreciated on foot.



There are stiffish climbs for the experienced, but plenty of gentle walks, too, particularly along the *levadas*. These are ancient irrigation channels, hundreds of miles of them, carved into the hillsides and still carrying water to farms and villages all over the islands, and they are bordered by wonderfully peaceful, wooded footpaths.

Levada walks sharpen appetites, which is just as well because eating is another Madeiran pleasure. Fish, especially, is superbly there, and in Funchal market you will see it spread out in artful arrays that rival even the fruit and flower displays. Move on to the equally attractive Wine Lodge, where

Funchal, Madeira's capital, first settled in 1421, lies on the sunny south coast in an amphitheatre of mountains.

local wines are available for sampling.

There are plenty of good restaurants both in the town itself and in the many hotels, from the peerless Reid's downwards. This palatial establishment is part of Madeira's history, but it has moved with the times and is now as popular with young families as with its more traditional clientele.

Madeira is no longer principally for the middle-aged and well off; it has succeeded in broadening its appeal and I have met people of all ages and tastes

there who were equally enthusiastic about it and keep coming back. Whether it is the climate, the food and wine, the beauty of the place, the niceness of the people or the excellence of the local handicrafts (basketwork, furniture and hand-sewn linen in particular), it seems to be an addictive island.

Elisabeth de Stroumillo

The Shetlands

I lay on a grassy bank at Esha Ness, the spectacular cliffs on the westernmost part of Mainland. This is the largest by far of the hundred and more islands making up Shetland, the northernmost outpost of the United Kingdom.

Shielding my eyes from the sun, I watched the intricate aerial ballet of the seabirds—gannets, razorbills, guillemots, shags, a few storm petrels and a multitude of gulls—wheeling and soaring in the air currents. Their cries were strangely muted, just the occasional piercing note blending with the crash of the waves 250 feet below at the bottom of the cliffs. These were encrusted with birds, many sitting on eggs, others protecting their recently hatched young and yet others returning with food. A handful of puffins with their characteristic large beaks of orange and black sat conversing and nodding vehemently on a ledge.

The bank on which I lay was soft and colourful with the June wild flowers in full bloom and the air was mild. I felt totally removed from the late 20th-century world of technology, of electronic gadgets and of industrial advance. Yet no more than 11 miles away was Europe's largest oil terminal, Sullom Voe. It might have been on another planet.

The Shetland archipelago is much larger than most people imagine, being over 75 miles from north to south with 3,000 miles of some of the finest coastline in the British Isles. The scenery is on a grand scale, with great stretches of moorland and outcrops of smooth hills, the highest of which rises to nearly 1,500 feet. Although you are never more than 3 miles from the sea, the islands are dotted with freshwater lochs rich with trout, and the long fjords or "voes" provide shelter for ships and are ideal for sea angling.

Trees and woodlands are few, but in summer the countryside is lush, its green scattered with the many colours of the wild flowers, including several species of orchid. The shaggy Shetland ponies roam about freely and sheep farming is an important part of the economy. Seals are usually to be seen around the coast but I have never had a sighting of the elusive otter.

Not the least fascination of the islands is the archaeology, with many

THE ROMANCE OF ISLANDS

well preserved "brochs"—solidly built towers nearly 2,000 years old. The best is Chikimin Broch on the edge of a small loch no more than a mile from Lerwick, Shetland's capital. The finest of all the archaeological sites is Jarlshof, virtually in the flight path of Sunningburgh Airport. Here are the remains of various civilizations, from the Bronze Age to the late Viking period. A visit to the Lerwick Museum with its collection of relics covering three and a half millennia is a must.

Shetland is now associated with North Sea oil. However, apart from the huge terminal at Sullom Voe (seen only when you are almost on top of it) and the harbour extensions at Lerwick, the alterations are not obvious, especially to the first-time visitor. Affluence has brought improvements such as better roads, new houses and the modernization of older ones. But the traditional lifestyle continues, with fishing, on a considerable scale, high quality knitwear made from fine local wool, crofting not only with sheep but also the cultivation of oats and potatoes in tiny fields, and the still extensive use of peat as a fuel. There has been a renaissance of crafts such as silversmithing, the working of semiprecious stones (of which the islands have a considerable number), pottery and sheepskin cuning for the fine soft rugs which are now much in demand.

For the keen ornithologist all of Shetland, and the coastline in particular, is a paradise, while the trout fishing in the many lochs and in the sea is acknowledged to be among the best in Britain—and the cheapest, at about £3 for a permit.

The Shetlands are not for the mass market, but for those who want to have a holiday in a totally relaxing atmosphere, and tourism is again being actively encouraged after having been allowed to lapse in the 1970s. Probably some 20,000 visitors spent a holiday in Shetland in 1983. During my visit last summer I was impressed by the high standard of the accommodation and equally satisfied with the cooking which was to be among the best in a mainland establishment to shame. The Busta House Hotel at Busta Voe about 25 miles north of Lerwick is a charming place with parts dating from the late 16th century. It is the oldest continuously inhabited house in Shetland but it has been discreetly modernized, all bedrooms having an adjoining bathroom or shower and lavatory. Surrounded by a lovely garden and trees (unusual on Shetland) it certainly deserves the British Tourist Authority commendation which it received last year, not least for its food and elegant furnishings.

The St Magnus Bay Hotel at Hills-wick, a hamlet in a dramatic

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The St Magnus Bay Hotel at Hills-wick, a hamlet in a dramatic

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situation in the west of Mainland, has maintained its high standards and homely comforts, and the Westings Hotel 9 miles from Lerwick is another family-run small hotel with the comforts and amenities of a much larger establishment. It claims, rightly, to have the best views in Shetland.

David Tennant

The Seychelles

The Seychelles, that scattering of 100 islands spread out in the equatorial Indian Ocean 1,000 miles east of Kenya, were left undiscovered by man, apart from the occasional explorer or pirate seeking a lair, until the 18th century. Thus nature developed many species and strains of fauna and flora found nowhere else. Even when the settlers came—a mixture of French, African, Indian and later British—the islands remained largely outside the main stream of commerce. Their language is still a lilting Creole, even if English is the “official” tongue with French a close follower.

The islands’ music is unique: the melodies of rural France blend into the

A typical Shetland scene: sea, sky, sheep, space—and peace.

rhythms of Africa and are heightened by the sharp resonances of India and at times are strangely evocative of contemporary country-and-western. The Creole cooking specializes in fish and chicken, often served with rich, tangy spices and tropical fruit.

The scenery is tropical with lush vegetation stretching to the tops of the highest peaks which are dramatically rugged on the larger islands, while the shorelines boast wonderful beaches of the purest silver sand.

The islands were reached only by sea until the international airport opened in 1971. Now it takes 12 hours to fly there from London via Frankfurt. And what a splendid introduction it is to descend with the sun glinting on the indigo and turquoise sea, which is dotted with golden and bronze coral reefs, and the multitude of greens of the islands themselves.

Mahé is the largest, although no more than 16 miles by about 4 at its widest. The capital, Victoria, is indeed the only town, in and around which live the majority of the islands’ 65,000



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inhabitants. It is a remarkably tidy place, much of it hidden by abundant trees. The colourful old quarter has a lively open-air market, two Roman Catholic cathedrals, a rash of new government buildings, a clock tower like a mini Big Ben, a harbour and fascinating botanic gardens. In the last there is a colony of flying foxes, large bronze-bodied bats whose membranous wings can have a 3 foot span.

The scenery on Mahé is largely mountainous (the highest point is just under 3,000 feet) with great outcrops of rock that look as if they have been carved. The roads are well paved but twist and turn so that a mile on the map becomes three in reality. Exotic blooms cascade everywhere—some indigenous, others brought in during the last two centuries.

I stayed at two places on Mahé: the Coral Strand Hotel, a modern, comfortable if rather undistinguished hostelry on Beau Vallon Beach, arguably the finest on the island and ideal for water sports; and the attractive and superbly designed Barbarons Beach Hotel set in magnificent gardens. Here again is another good beach although swimming is essentially for the strong

La Digue and, top, Mahé, two of the islands in the Seychelles archipelago.

as the currents can be fierce.

A cruise on a large motor launch operated by an Australian emigré, a lively character with a considerable knowledge of the islands, took us along the Mahé coast. We stopped at several of the coral reefs for snorkelling and at one of the tiny off-shore islands for swimming. And we saw flying fish, turtles and dolphins.

But it was visits to three of the outer islands that were outstanding. It took only 20 minutes in an Air Seychelles small plane to reach Praslin, second largest of the group. Here is the Vallée de Mai where more than 4,000 giant coco de mer palm trees grow. They are native to the islands and some are 800 years old. The huge double nuts produced by the female tree have become collectors’ items and their export is now controlled. It was this valley which General Gordon described as the “original Garden of Eden” when he visited the Seychelles in 1880. The island is the home of many exotic plants and birds.

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slow



quick



quick



slow



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took us only half an hour by ferry. From the tiny pier we were driven in ox-drawn carts across the little island past several plantation houses, a cinnamon factory (in effect two sheds), a small yard where fishing boats were being built and more superb beaches. At one spot we saw giant tortoises for which the Seychelles are famous.

Bird Island could not be better named for here between May and November about one and a half million Sooty Terns breed. I was surrounded by several hundreds of thousands of them, some on the wing spiralling up to the blue sky and others on the scrub with wings stretched out to catch the cooling breezes. It was one of the most extraordinary experiences I have ever had.

The island is tiny—1 mile by $\frac{1}{2}$ mile—of coral and entirely flat, ringed by wide silver sand beaches edging into an ocean of the most translucent turquoise imaginable. Here you can go deep sea fishing, surf-casting, snorkelling or just swimming and floating in the eternally warm waters. A chalet style hotel with a good restaurant provides accommodation and the flight is just half an hour from Mahé. For the ornithologist this really is a paradise.

David Tennant

Penang

The guide books talk about the "Pearl of the Orient" and "Gateway to the East" but Penang Island resembles nothing so much as a large green whale basking off the Malayan peninsula. Its name means betel nut, and when you catch a sharp whiff of cloves through the open door of a warehouse or smell the sweet odour of coconuts drying in the sun you are reminded that here is the first of the great spice islands of south-east Asia, and that spices were the lure that drew successive waves of Portuguese, Dutch and English traders to these waters for profit and adventure. Each of these Western cultures has left its mark but in Penang there is no mistaking the British *chop*. Mainland Malaysia is essentially Malay, Singapore is unmistakably Chinese but Penang, even though its population is largely Chinese, still carries the stamp of Empire.

While it is not short of revolving restaurants and luxury beach resorts, especially along the stretch of coast known as Batu Ferringhi or Foreigners' Rock, where the first galliasses and pinnacles put in for fresh water, for me one of the chief attractions of Penang Island lies in its failure to keep up with the local equivalent of the Joneses—the Lees or Chins perhaps. Like the English wool towns that were bypassed by the Industrial Revolution, Penang remains set in its past, relatively unscathed by the bulldozing, concreting, demythologizing vehicles of progress that have rolled through



Singapore and Kuala Lumpur.

It may no longer be the first town of the Straits Settlement of Penang and Province Wellesley, but George Town, first settled in 1786 after Captain Francis Light had fired off his famous cannon-load of silver dollars into the trees to speed up the clearing of the jungle, is still unmistakably George Town. Queen Victoria's statue has yet to be bundled away into some dark godown or warehouse and continues to gaze imperiously across the cricket ground upon which the self-proclaimed "Queen's Chinese" play their weekly games of cricket. Shaded by bougainvillea, blue jacaranda and *angsana*—"golden rain" trees, its avenues still bear the names of those who built them or lived in them and not the names of dubious politicians: Macalister Road, Madras Lane, Weld Quay, Armenian Street, Jalan Campbell, Kampong Java—each name an angelus to the past.

True, Penang has its share of the exotically oriental. It has its Chinese operas, its open-air night markets, its boat village, its Hindu, Moslem, Christian and Chinese festivals dotted through the year—most memorably, Chinese New Year, spread over 15 days in January and February. It has its mosques, temples and shrines, of which the most impressive are the dragon-tiled Khoo Kongsi clan temple in George Town itself and, a little farther afield, the outrageously vulgar Ten Thousand Buddhas Precious Pagoda. It has, too, its quota of Eastern fragrances: joss-sticks, sea-squid, drains, *sateh* sticks grilling over charcoal, camphor, pepper, the starchy smells of bolts of cotton being unrolled in Indian drapers' shops and, in season, the overpowering durian fruit, whose flavour has been likened to a mixture of rotten onions and fresh strawberries and cream. And it has its street-cries: hawkers pushing their bi-

Aspects of George Town, Penang: the waterfront and Khoo Kongsi, temple of the Chinese Khoo clan whose ancestors migrated from Fukien Province.

cycles and peddling their wares with shouts of "*Nasi lemak!*" (rice cake), "*Ba-cha-cha!*" (green coconuts) and "*Chee-cheong-fan!*" (pigs' guts cake).

But to my way of thinking those are the side-shows, part of the hodge-podge of cultures that is the mixing-bowl of south-east Asia. What sets Penang apart—and makes it so fascinating a place for anyone with an appetite for British imperial remains—are its houses. Not the great public buildings, of which Penang has none to boast of, unless one can include the old British cemetery, but the private ones. At one end of the spectrum are the Malay *kampongs* with their elegantly simple wooden huts on stilts which, some argue, provided the model for the raised bungalows of the British Raj in Bengal. At the other are the extravagantly ornate mansions of the Chinese dollar millionaires in their own Millionaires Row, Edwardian Côte d'Azur in style and period, each set well back in well tended gardens but not so well as to prevent covetous eyes from getting a good view through barred gates, each with its own success story that begins in almost every case with a young man stepping off a junk with not much more than the shirt on his back to call his own.

Caught somewhere in between these two extremes are the homes of the British, the *tuans* and their *mems*. Even the original Writers' Building survives—as part of a nunnery—although the real gems are the elegant little villas that were

probably owned by the first traders, solid buildings with stucco walls and no verandas. Then comes Victorian expansion, the laying out of Civil Lines to accommodate the British officials and two-storey bungalows cheaply built by engineers, all roof and veranda, the oldest looking a little ramshackle now. And lastly houses from the period of consolidation; notably, those of the *tuan besars*, bosses of the great trading houses of Bousteads, Guthries, Harrisons and Crosfields, and the banks, solid and cool and a little unfriendly, even arrogant—the pride before the fall of December, 1941, when the *tuans* fled and the Japanese took over. Great architecture it may not be but history it certainly is.

But the developers have already moved in and the old bungalows in their avenues of jacaranda and bougainvillea are fast being reduced to heaps of timber and rubble. Colonial Penang will soon be gone, so see it while you can.

Charles Allen

Madagascar

Shaped like a huge left foot about 1,000 miles long, Madagascar lies 200 miles off the coast of Mozambique, crossed in the south by the Tropic of Capricorn. But the world's fourth largest island is not like Africa. It has none of that continent's large, fierce animals with the exception of boars and crocodiles. Here you find the gentle lemur, butterflies, moths, chameleons, bats and insects, many unique to the island. Although much of the rain forest has been destroyed, many species of trees and bushes remain while among the flowers there are nearly 1,000 species of orchid. Shells and semi-precious stones abound.

I had been reading about this treasure-house on the long flight from Paris but the scene of confusion at Antananarivo airport on my arrival drove these delights from my mind. Queues for strict customs checks mingled with queues for visa clearance, while another line of tired travellers frantically filled in detailed currency forms. As I finally slumped into the rather shabby airport bus for the 10 mile ride to the Hilton Hotel in the capital, I wondered whether Madagascar would be worth all this hassle. But next morning when I saw across the lake the old town climbing the high cliff, and the turrets and steep roof of the ancient palace which crowns it, I knew it was.

It was Friday and the stalls of the Zoma market sprawled under white umbrellas down the city streets, selling everything imaginable from vegetables to jewelry. Later I climbed the narrow stepped streets lined by red-brick and pastel-washed houses showing French colonial influence. On the way to the *rova* (the palace), now a museum, I passed the open-pillared Judgment

Hall, the cliff from which one queen had Christian converts thrown to their death, and various churches, one within the palace itself and built by another queen who was converted to Christianity.

Next day I drove along the high plateau (the capital is 4,300 feet above sea level) to Ambohimanga, cradle of the Merina monarchy which came originally from Indonesia. After passing red-walled villages and terraced rice plantations, I came to the old gate at the top of the village beside which is a great stone which needed 40 men to move it. On the way to the little wooden palace I saw the tree where the zebu humped cattle are still sacrificed in ancestor worship. In a modest room in the palace is the narrow bed where King Andrianampoinimerina (yes, that was his name) slept, 8 feet above the much larger one for his wives.

Using Air Madagascar's wide-ranging services I flew south to Fort-Dauphin, founded by the French in the 17th century, and stayed in a comfortable small hotel owned by the son of a French settler, Jean Haulme, who refused to leave when most of his compatriots returned to France after the Revolution. I explored little coves and beaches, drove to a sisal plantation and factory, and visited a nature reserve at Berenty where the lemurs have no fear of humans at all.

Another short flight took me across the island to Tuléar, a lively port with a fascinating market for shells. As at

Fort-Dauphin, a town founded by the French in the 17th century, on the south-east coast of Madagascar.

Fort-Dauphin, seafood was delicious. Lutheran influence is strong here and I shall never forget the congregation in a crowded church singing hymns in Malagasy to familiar tunes. Fewer spoke French here and the tribesmen seemed more primitive, with long spears for herding cattle. Driving over atrocious roads I saw tombs decorated with zebu horns and carved posts depicting the lives of the departed.

The nearest thing to a western-style resort is Nossi Bé, a small, delectable island off the north-west coast, fringed by white sands and blue sea, with a Holiday Inn and several small hotels. I sailed over to Nossi Comber, an islet lemur reservation where completely tame animals climb over visitors to snatch bananas. The air inland is sweet with spices and the perfume of the ylang-ylang flowers. Sugar cane sways in the wind and there are a few old rum distilleries and a narrow-gauge railway for transporting the cane. From the mountain-top I looked down on deep crater lakes, sacred, mysterious and much involved in taboo.

I also sampled train travel from Antananarivo to Tamatave on the east coast, a memorable journey down steep cliff-sides and through the rain forest whose foliage you can almost touch from the corner seats of the carriage. They say Tamatave has two

seasons—the wet and the very wet. Hot and steamy, the climate changes abruptly and continuously, sunshine alternating with rainstorms, creating vivid rainbows.

Though no longer a busy port, Tamatave has an attractive, raffish atmosphere where pretty girls displaying French chic walk along the broad seafront between the showers while disco music blares forth from the hotel bars. There is something about this coast that smells of coffee, vanilla and cloves, which makes you appreciate why so many pirates, ship-wrecked sailors, explorers, freed slaves and assorted adventurers decided to settle there in bygone times. Barbara Wace

Symi

A blast of bouzouki music shattered the early morning calm of the sleeping harbour, bouncing off the walls of the houses and the scrubby hillside beyond. It was our first introduction to Easter, Greek style. Later the celebrations would start in earnest with a call at the police station for a celebratory drink followed by spit-roasted lamb at the local taverna. We would exchange brightly painted hard-boiled eggs, eat little cinnamon-flavoured pastries and become Greeks for a day.

We were staying on Symi, one of the lesser known islands of the Dodecanese, not far from Rhodes, and we had rented the Villa Fouray, the most imposing house in town. It was owned by one of Symi's oldest families, a member of which still lived downstairs, an old man whom we called the minotaur because of the ferocious bellows we heard coming up from below, when he harangued his housekeeper.

Symi is caught like a fly in amber, way back in time. Seen from the Rhodes ferryboat that takes two hours to reach it, ploughing its way through a navy blue sea, the harbour looks one-dimensional, like the picture postcard. The houses appear to be painted stage scenery, honey-coloured, with the faded blues and greens of the moored fishing boats in the foreground, and the mountains of the Turkish mainland etched in the far distance. It has stayed very much the same since the days when it was a prosperous sponge-fishing centre with a population larger than Rhodes. Now the mere 3,000 inhabitants still outnumber the tourists by 10 to one, for Symi is waiting to be discovered. The sponge merchants' warehouses that line the harbour sell Symiot weavings in vivid colours.

There are few cars on Symi, so you go around on foot or hire the donkey man to give you a ride. The small sandy beaches are not really accessible by land, but that makes it all the more fun: you grab a picnic lunch—some feta cheese, pitta bread, fruit and a bottle of wine—and get a fisherman to take you to the beach in his boat.



BARBARA WACE

THE ROMANCE OF ISLANDS



Left, the Greek island of Symi. Centre, icons painted by a local artist and worry beads are souvenirs that attract tourists.

On Symi you can live like a king for very little. We breakfasted on freshly baked bread spread thickly with butter and quince jam, bought our fresh fish from the covered market, and feasted on aubergines and olives. Then, in the evening, an aperitif at the marble-topped tables of the Bar Alouvia was followed by a meal at one of the tavernas near by, at a cost of less than £2 a head, with all the wine we could drink.

There are few roads on the island, though there are plenty of steps to take you through the jigsaw puzzle of streets to the upper town. Hugo, an enterprising Englishman (who is, surprisingly, a computer consultant in London during the winter) lives here with his Greek wife, and will take you around Symi's 32 square miles on one of five walks.

We chose to go monastery-hopping, across the top of the island, through the shrubby thyme, oregano and sage that perfumes the air, along a craggy path that is marked "road of motorway standard" on the map. At the monastery of Michail Kourouniotis we sat under the shade of pomegranate trees with their lipstick-red flowers, and were brought glasses of cool fresh water to quench our thirst. At another monastery where bougainvillea and lemon-scented geranium spill over the white walls, the monks gave us cheese and bread. We zig-zagged our way finally down through the pine forest to the farther shore, where lunch had been spread out for us on the sea wall, and a *caiique* was waiting to bring us back to the main harbour.



CHRIS EVANS

Icons, just like those on view in the monasteries, can be seen at the studio of Sartzetakis Manoli, a local painter. We stood in rapt attention, scarcely daring to breathe, as he lifted the fragile sheets of gold leaf and laid them on the gesso ground. As he dipped his brush into the tempera, following a centuries-old tradition, he told us sadly that he would really like to do abstract art, but icons sell and modern paintings do not. So another icon went up on the wall, ready for the tourists to buy.

Hazel Evans

The Bahamas

If you ever feel a longing to sample life on a desert island, there are places in the Bahamas where you can combine the bliss of solitude with the reassurance that rather more than the basic necessities of life are within easy reach. Of the 700 islands and cays that make up the 550-mile-long chain, only 30 are inhabited and the rest have not changed since Columbus made his first New World landfall at San Salvador, the nearest of the Bahamas to Europe, in 1492.

It was from a Spanish word, *bajamar*, meaning shallow sea, that the Bahamas took their name. Flying over them in daylight you get a vivid picture of the shallows which lie between the islands, the submarine banks and the reefs which presented such hazards to the early explorers.

Present-day explorers coming from Europe will no doubt arrive, as I did, at the capital, Nassau, on New Providence Island, the gateway to the Family Islands as the rest of the



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History and tradition in the Bahamas: left, the 18th-century town of New Plymouth in the Abacos Islands; above, straw weaving in George Town, Exuma.

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THE ROMANCE OF ISLANDS

group are known. The main inhabited ones are served by Bahamasair flights or can be reached by boat. Each one has its own attractions—fishing on Acklins and Bimini, scuba diving on Andros and Cat Island, golf on Eleuthera, yachting in the Exumas, and Inagua has one of the largest flamingo colonies in the world—and all have uncrowded beaches and enjoy a climate ranging from a winter minimum of 60°F to a summer maximum of 90°F. In the course of a week I visited two: Abaco and Exuma.

The Abaco group lies due north of Nassau and can be reached in 65 minutes. We flew over a dense forest, the haunt of wild boar, and landed at Treasure Cay, an area on the east side of Grand Abaco where 30 years ago only mangrove and thick brush flourished, now transformed into an elegant resort. Fringing the 3½-mile-long silvery beach in a verdant setting is Treasure Cay Hotel where we stayed, a complex of garden villas, beach villas, garden apartments and waterfront apartments overlooking a marina which provides full boating facilities. Visitors have access to tennis courts, an 18-hole golf course and water sports.

Two hundred years separate Treasure Cay from New Plymouth, an 18th-century New England-style town on the delightful and diminutive Green Turtle Cay which lies about 3 miles off Grand Abaco. Pastel-painted clapboard houses, picket fences and neat streets are a reminder of the loyalists who fled to these accessible islands during the American War of Independence. It is sad that the green turtles which must have been around when the settlers arrived are now rare.

Island-hopping in the Bahamas is complicated by a lack of inter-island air connexions and to reach the Family Islands south of New Providence we had to return to Nassau. It was worth the detour. The flight from there to Exuma afforded a spectacular view of the whole Exuma chain which begins 35 miles south-east of Nassau and extends for more than 100 miles. There is a string of 365 cays of varying size leading like stepping stones to the two main islands, Great and Little Exuma, all set in a sea whose colour ranges from dazzling emerald and bright turquoise in the shallows to dark indigo as the depth of the water increases. The plane was routed via Crooked Island and landed on an airstrip so close to this rainbow sea that in 30 seconds we could have plunged into it from a deserted beach such as Robinson Crusoe might have found himself on.

But our destination was George Town, capital of Great Exuma, where we landed at another minuscule airport and had the good fortune to encounter Kermit, the local Mr Fixit, who combined the roles of taxi driver, restaurateur, tourist guide and local historian. He took us on a tour of Grand and Little Exuma—which are linked by a

bridge—and regaled us with stories of the islands as he showed us the ruins of the old plantation at Rolle Town, called after the plantation owner who left his lands to his freed slaves and their descendants, many of whom also adopted the name of Rolle.

George Town boasts five hotels, a few guest houses, a few shops and a pleasantly uncommercial atmosphere which is reflected in the unconcerned attitude of the ladies who weave straw hats and bags and display their wares beneath the branches of a giant fig tree in the centre of the town.

We stayed on the outskirts of George Town at Out Island Inn which is situated on a promontory giving every room a view of the sea. Stones from the old drystone walls which formerly criss-crossed the island were used in the construction of the single-storey buildings which stand just above the water line, so that guests can step out of the glass doors that form one wall of their rooms straight on to the beach. Bicycles can be hired from the hotel to make the short trip to George Town or for more adventurous excursions. And if you feel like playing the desert island game a boat will take you across the water to Stocking Island and leave you for a day to indulge your dreams, secure in the knowledge that it will be back to collect you in good time for dinner.

Margaret Davies

Ibiza

The 1912 edition of the Thomas Cook *Traveller's Handbook for Spain* passed a harsh verdict on the Balearic island of Ibiza. "The islanders are a savage primitive stock. . . It must be as difficult to make yourself happy at Ibiza as at any spot on or off our planet."

These days the only source of sadness is the island's rocketing popularity. This hippy haven of the early 1960s has become a major Mediterranean package destination with 100,000 tourists swamping the 40,000 native population in peak season.

Yet Ibiza, just 25 miles long, 12 miles across and 220 square miles all told, has defied colonization by all foreign invaders since the Carthaginians. The Ibicencos preserve a dignity and charm. The rugged and sparsely populated hilly country in the north and north-west remains off the beaten track.

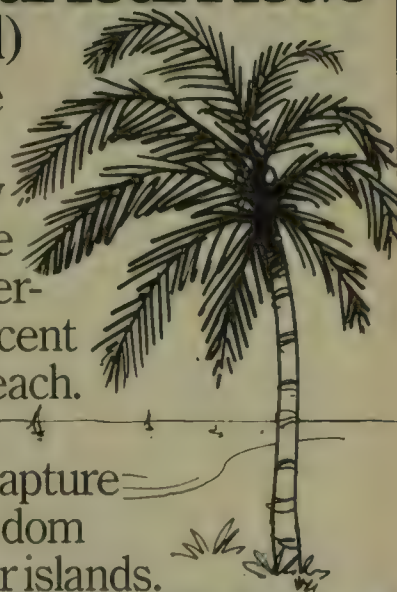
My best moments have been in springtime bumping along cart tracks through olive, fig and almond trees or strolling in a botanist's paradise of wild flowers. Poppies redden the landscape. Farmers walk behind hand-held ploughs drawn by oxen across patchwork fields. A woman milks a goat under the shade of an orange tree. At the coast, the craggy granite cliffs plunge into shimmering blue water.

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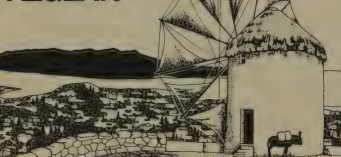
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THE ROMANCE OF ISLANDS

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The one necessity is a car, which costs about £15 a day inclusive of tax and insurance. Try the capital one night if you are feeling strong enough. The narrow 12th-century streets below the cathedral are awash with rock music and outrageous fashions. Nightclubs start at 2am.

My preference is for lazy days away from the hordes. At Cala d'Hort, for instance, reached by a long dirt track, you can enjoy an afternoon's sun, a beachside fish supper and the raw beauty of Vedra, a towering hunk of limestone which seems to rise from the sea, its jagged spine arching into the sunset, as the shadows lengthen.

Inland, eat at Can Gali (on the terrace at lunchtime). *Aloli*, a garlic mayonnaise consumed with bread and olives, spit-roast sucking pig or grilled baby rabbit, and good Spanish wine will cost about £12 for two.

Order a *hinterbo* (local liqueur) on the café terrace in the villages of San Carlos, Santa Gertrudis or San Juan Bautista and work out the secret of Ibiza's appeal. There are the old bi-benno women in their black shawls who have never travelled the few miles to Ibiza town. There are aging hippies living among them in white-washed, flat-roofed villas. Each thinks the other a little mad but accepts the contrast of lifestyle. Ibiza can absorb extremes.

Alex Finer

The Faroes

I am drawn to northern lands which darken a grey horizon. The group of 18 islands half way to Iceland known as the Faroes or Faroer, familiar in weather-beaten reports, famed for pullerers and fish, attract me over a dully glimmering North Atlantic.

Unexpected to anyone familiar with brown Orkney is the variety of bright colours on Faroe. The benign Gulf Stream moistens the air, and the grass is fresh green. Astonishingly, this verdant drives even on basalt cliffs rising sheer from the ocean. Faroe is often cloud-capped, a feature which long kept it from discovery and which still disrupts air traffic today. Irish monks in leather boots came first bringing sheep – Faroese gold they say – which



Ibiza town is dominated by the ramparts and cathedral of its medieval city. Right, the verdant grass of the Faroes thrives even on sheer basalt cliffs.

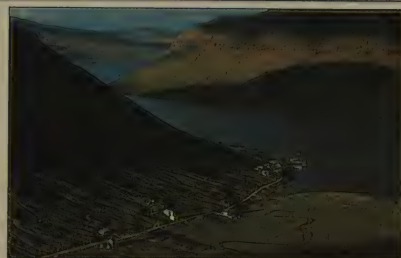
produce those desirable woolies and the delicacy of wind-dried lamb. Norse Vikings colonized the islands and their descendants' houses, gaily painted yellow, blue, red or green like tiny Monopoly units in awesome settings, represent a triumphant assertion of life flourishing on remote rocks. Fancifully, I see this delight in colour inspired by the rainbow-buffed puffin which so characterizes Faroe.

I admire and like the Faroese. Their lives have been spent fishing (today using the latest technology on deep-sea trawlers), whaling when schools enter their fjords, fowling and in agriculture, and in these occupations they have overcome isolation and austerity to enjoy their current prosperity.

And it is no exaggeration to speak of Faroese culture. Folk, individuals all, join hands in slow-moving chain dances to ballad and drum accompaniment in communal celebration. Faroe boasts an ancient Saga of her own and modern literary brings remarkably high levels of book-buying, newspaper-reading, creative writing and a comparable richness in painting. Faroe is the islands' principal language.

Such vigour is reflected in Faroe's near-complete independence. Direction of affairs is held mainly in the islanders' hands while there are continuing benefits from Denmark, proving that small (population 42,000) can be strong as well as beautiful. I mention such matters because visitors to Faroe who come to marvel at dramatic scenery or observe myriad birds thronging mighty cliffs stumble into no tourist trap.

In 1789 a party of young British students, led by John Stanley, sailed north, and their diary accounts un-



nily parallel my own discovery of Faroe – landscape, people and customs. Sailing into Thorshavn and hearing the oyster-catcher's silly cheer. I quietly exit at my return to Faroe. I find the capital endlessly delightful. Turf-roofed, wooden buildings cluster on Tinganes peninsula, site of arguably Europe's oldest "parliament". Disarmingly modest, government ministers' roost on rocks which make ideal vantage points for observing the cross-harbour boat races marking St Olav's Feast (a national holiday on July 29). Faroe, often in national dress, silver buckles on their shoes, arrive in Thorshavn for festivities in streets echoing to sermons, bands, processions and fairground fun with national flags displayed everywhere.

I take my car to Faroe to use the marvellous inter-island ferry system and excellent roads. These are now mostly smooth-surfaced, crossing mist-drawn moors, swooping down valleys, skirting fjords and plunging into tunnels. Walks over fell tracks are rewarded with gulps of the cleanest air on earth – but beware the sudden dangerous descent of fog.

Faroe is above all a land of working

boats. I have chugged out with inshore fishermen aligning church tower and headland to locate the best cod; and have bobbed round terrifying Eimberg precipice to reach the ledges where fowlers net puffin. I have sailed past the slim, jagged pyramids of Trindholm en route to fabled Mykines. Faroemen know their seas and their boats; their seamanship can be trusted.

Farthest north lies Videregje, where the hotel owner dishes up roast puffin for dinner and the views from his rooms extend to mountainous outcrops and a trio of 2,000 foot capes. Kirkjubour is serenely medieval of the past with its unfinished redolent cathedral, whitewashed church and carved wood farmhouse. Here, against a magical backdrop of humpbacked, green isles, farmers in an otherwise thoroughly mechanized Faroe still gather hay with wagon and long-manned pony in a seemingly timeless idyll. Stanley wrote that travellers to Faroe "find much amusement, gratification of curiosity, an acquisition of many new ideas and the sight of a bold character of country". I found it so on my first trip and with every subsequent stay.

Dudley Wilson

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Trinidad & Tobago

Facts and figures

JAMAICA

Getting there: British Airways fly three times weekly to Kingston via Bermuda, once weekly to Montego Bay. Alternative route via Miami (daily) with connecting flights by Air Jamaica. Fares: 1st class, £1,962; club class, £954; full fare economy £804-£924; Advance Purchase Excursion (APEX) 21 days in advance, £431-£517. Air Jamaica fly once weekly (Fridays) to Montego Bay.

Sample holidays: A week (seven nights) with room only or half board; choice of four top hotels in Montego Bay and Ocho Rios, £615-£981. Also available for two or three weeks, British Airways flights (Sovereign). A week with half board; choice of four first-class or *de luxe* hotels at Montego Bay, another at Ocho Rios, £598-£1,057; additional weeks, £196-£515. Stay two weeks and a third week (room only) is given free (Kuoni). A week (seven nights) in a *de luxe* apartment, sleeping two to four adults, £490-£569 per person (Speedbird). Other operators also offer inclusive holidays in hotels and villas.

Further information: Jamaica Tourist Board, 50 St James's Street, London SW1A 1JT (01-493 3647). British Airways, PO Box 10, Heathrow Airport (London), Hounslow TW6 2JA (01-759 5511); Air Jamaica, Sabena House, 36 Piccadilly, London W1V 0BU (01-437 8732).

MADEIRA

Getting there: By air. Air Portugal operate from London (Heathrow) to Madeira either direct or via Lisbon. Current fares: Full economy, £600, Eurobudget, £502, monthly excursion, £372, Advance Purchase (one

month in advance), £159-£171. By sea. The *Black Watch* sails fortnightly from Tilbury and calls at Madeira *en route* to and from the Canaries. Departures on Thursdays from February 2 to April 26 inclusive. Stopovers in Madeira can be arranged from three days up to the last sailing. Fares: London to Madeira return, £450-£1,280 according to cabin. Inclusive holidays for 13 days (five nights at hotel on Madeira) range from £663-£833; also for 27 days with 14 nights on Madeira, £1,099-£1,539 (Fred Olsen Cruises).

Sample holidays: More than 25 UK tour operators offer inclusive holidays to Madeira by air. Two examples are a week half board at Reid's Hotel, the island's finest, with flights from Luton, £372-£433; two weeks, £574-£642 (Thomson); a week with bed and breakfast or half board, choice of nine hotels, flying from Gatwick, Manchester or Heathrow, £167-£416; two weeks, £199-£683 (Enterprise).

Further information: Portuguese National Tourist Office, New Bond Street House, 1/5 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0NP (01-493 3873). Air Portugal, 19 Regent Street, London SW1Y 4LR (01-839 1031). Fred Olsen Travel, 11 Conduit Street, London W1R 0LS (01-409 2019).

THE SHETLANDS

Getting there: By sea. P & O Ferries operate an overnight (14 hours sailing) service from Aberdeen to Lerwick, three times weekly (Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays), returning on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Passenger rates, £44-£99 according to accommodation; cars, £79-£100 according to size. Current rates; possible increase to be announced. By air. British Airways operate flights from Aberdeen (connecting

flights from Glasgow and London); and from Inverness via Kirkwall (connecting flights from Glasgow). Current return fare from London, £264.

Sample holidays: 10-day holiday (seven nights in Shetland, one each way on the ferry) on a dinner, bed and breakfast basis, share of a two-berth cabin and transfers between ship and hotel, ranges from £178 to £255 according to hotel. Special rail-fare rates available from all BR stations to Aberdeen. At Busta House Hotel there is a special inclusive rate for travel from London by rail (1st class), car hire on Shetland plus seven nights half-board accommodation and sea travel as above, for £350.

Further information: Shetland Tourist Information Centre, Market Cross, Lerwick ZE1 0LU (0595 3434). P & O Ferries, PO Box 5, Jamieson's Quay, Aberdeen AB9 8DL (0224 572615). Any British Airways office.

THE SEYCHELLES

Getting there: Air Seychelles fly weekly, departing London (Gatwick) Wednesdays at 15.30, arriving Mahé 07.00 the next morning, stopping *en route* at Frankfurt. Fares: Pearl class (business class), £1,476; special excursion fare, £949; Advance Purchase Excursion (APEX), must be booked 30 days in advance, no changes, minimum stay 14 days, maximum three months, £588.

Sample holidays: Two weeks at Coral Strand on half board, £894-£1,055 (Trade-winds). Seychelles Island Hopper—Mahé, Praslin, La Digue, Bird Island (16 days)—half board, but full board on Bird Island, £1,132-£1,170 (Kuoni). One week (seven nights), choice of three hotels on half board, £560-£768 (Speedbird). One week (seven nights), choice of four hotels including Barons Beach, £506-£621 with bed & break-

fast or half board (Wings). Other companies offering Seychelles holidays include Abercrombie & Kent and Hayes & Jarvis.

Further information: Seychelles Tourist Board, PO Box 4PE, 50 Conduit Street, London W1A 4PE (01-439 9699). Air Seychelles, Agents British Caledonian, Crawley, West Sussex RH10 2XA (0293 27890).

PENANG

Getting there: Malaysian Airline System (MAS) fly from London (Heathrow) to Kuala Lumpur and then by local internal services to Penang. Fares: 1st class, £2,776; business class, £1,218; Advance Purchase (APEX), £529-£599, according to date.

Sample holidays: More than 20 UK operators include Penang in their long-haul programmes. Ten-day holiday with seven nights in Penang, choice of two first-class hotels, bed and breakfast, £633-£777 (Wings). Sixteen-day Malaysian tour with two nights in Kuala Lumpur, four in Kuantan on the east coast and six in Penang, £890-£1,022 (Kuoni). Twenty-one-day grand tour of southern Thailand, Malaysia and Singapore, with three nights in Penang, fully escorted, most meals included, £1,995; departures February 16 and September 20 (Swan Hellenic).

Medical requirements: None compulsory, but TABT (typhoid and tetanus) and cholera inoculations recommended if touring, also anti-malarial precautions.

Further information: Tourist Development Corporation of Malaysia, 17 Curzon Street, London W1Y 7FE (01-499 7388). Malaysian Airline System, 25 St George Street, London W1R 9RE (01-499 6286).

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More light on Roman London

by Harvey Sheldon and Laura Schaaf

New evidence about the sitings of Roman crossings of the Thames and of the first Roman base in London is emerging from excavations in Southwark. Two staff members of the Museum of London describe some of the major discoveries.

Since the 17th-century discovery of a mosaic floor which, according to Sir Thomas Dugdale, was in the form of "a serpent very lively expressed", numerous Roman structures and objects have been recorded in Southwark which lies across the Thames from the City of London. The first excavations were undertaken by Dr Kathleen Kenyon, who worked on five bomb-damaged sites between 1945 and 1947, but it was not until 1972 that enough funds were made available to establish a full-time archaeological team. These resources were needed to enable investigation of the extensive historic remains which were about to be destroyed by large-scale commercial redevelopments. Excavations during the last decade have provided much detailed information about the origin, appearance and development of the 40 acre Roman town.

An important part of the archaeological work has been to reconstruct Southwark as it was at the time of the Roman conquest in AD 43. The modern suburb is protected from the Thames by a river wall, but it can now be shown that in the first century the only dry land consisted of a few sandy islands standing above mudflats and separated by minor channels of the Thames. It would therefore have been much more difficult than was hitherto believed for the Roman armies to have consolidated the land and built roads.

It was necessary to ascertain whether, and to what extent, the area was inhabited at the time of the Roman conquest. This is still unclear, but at a site in Southwark Street currently being excavated (Site A), shallow gullies, probably parts of buildings, have been recorded. They contained Iron Age flints and pottery and may have been contemporaneous with the grave of a young man recently discovered on another island some 180 metres (197 yards) to the south.

The earliest Roman activity in Southwark seems to have been connected with the construction of two major roads, which necessitated draining the land. This was accomplished by digging ditches across the higher ground and erecting revetments of oak posts and planks, or oak and willow hurdles, along the banks of the streams. The roads were built of

gravel, and where they crossed marshy ground oak and alder logs were laid as foundations. The course of the road to London Bridge (Road 1), a continuation of Watling and Stane Streets from the Kent and Sussex coasts, has now been established. Road 2, an unexpected discovery, may have linked crossing points of the Thames near modern London and Westminster Bridges.

The alignments of the two roads have provided the first secure evidence on the south bank of the location of the Roman bridge between Southwark and the City. They point to a place on the modern river bank some 20 metres (22 yards) downstream from the present London Bridge, suggesting that Roman bridge lay either in the same position as, or just upstream from, its medieval successor.

One interesting result of the archaeological work is that it indicates a later date for the origin of Roman London than is usually accepted. Finds which belong to the period AD 43-50 are rare in Southwark, and this, together with the difficult nature of the terrain, could indicate that the invading armies first crossed the Thames elsewhere. Indeed the centuries-old observation that Watling Street, both north and south of the river, is aligned to Westminster has long posed a problem for those who believe that the original crossing point was at the City. Our evidence would support the view that it was up-river and that the first base on the Thames might be in the Westminster area.

During the 40 years or so which it took the Romans to conquer Britain, the maintenance of communications and supplies would have been vital. Southwark and the future Londinium were probably established at an early stage in these campaigns, because they lay at the place nearest the mouth of the Thames which could be reached by roads from the major entry points on the coasts, and where it was possible to provide a harbour and build a bridge.

Pottery, including fine imported wares, and coins of AD 50-70 have been found in deposits filling the ditches and channels alongside the roads. Comparison of this material, particularly the coins, with that from sites elsewhere in Britain shows similarities to known supply bases such as Richbor-

three times weekly from Paris to Antananarivo via Djibouti. The excursion fare (14 days minimum, 75 days maximum stay) from London is £1,162 return.

Sample holidays: The most convenient way to see Madagascar is to take a conducted tour. Twickenham Travel, the long-established specialists in unusual destinations, are running a series of 17-day Wildlife and Cultural Tours to the island; first departure from London is on March 5 and there will be seven more thereafter in 1984. Inclusive cost from London is £1,945, to cover all travel, tours within Madagascar, most meals and services of guide-courier. They have also organized a special 20-day tour to Madagascar, Réunion and Mauritius, departing from London on November 19 and costing £2,250. Air Madagascar also arrange tours within the country.

Medical requirements: Cholera and TABT inoculations are strongly advised. Also anti-malarial precautions are necessary.

Visas: If going independently you must apply early to the Visa Section, Malagasy Embassy, 1 Boulevard Suchet, 75016 Paris.

Further information: There is no Malagasy Tourist office in the UK but the Honorary Secretary of the Madagascar Society is Mrs Grace Hunter, Hobsons, Croft Road, Chalfont St Peter, Buckinghamshire. Air Madagascar-Tourisme, 7 Avenue de l'Opéra, 75001 Paris. Air France, 158 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0AY (01-499 8611). Twickenham Travel, 22 Church Street, Twickenham TW1 3NW Middlesex (01-892 7606). Hilton International, Information Office, Kensington Hilton, 179 Holland Park Avenue, London W11 4UL (01-603 3355).

SYMI

Getting there: Olympic Airways fly from London (Heathrow) to Athens and then onwards by domestic services to Rhodes. Current fares: Club class, £664; excursion economy, £248. In addition various charter operators offer flights to Rhodes from a number of airports including Gatwick, Luton and Manchester at reduced rates. But proof of accommodation must be given on arrival. Ferry from Rhodes to Symi costs around £5 return.

Sample holidays: The writer went with Beach Villas of Cambridge who have been operating to Greece and the islands for 18 years. For the coming season starting in April the cost for two weeks per person including flight from London (Gatwick) to Rhodes and on by coach and ferry to Symi ranges from £175 to £312, according to the type of accommodation and departure date. Flights are also available from Manchester at £12 extra. Special reductions for children. Cost includes maid service and initial supply of food. Manos Holidays also operate holidays to Symi including one in a family-run hotel with bed and breakfast, costing £299-£370 from London for two weeks.

Further information: National Tourist Organisation of Greece, 195 Regent Street, London W1R 8DL (01-734 5997). Olympic Airways, 141 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0BB (01-493 7262). Beach Villas, 8 Market Passage, Cambridge CB2 3QR (0223 350777). Manos Holidays, 65 South Molton Street, W1Y 1HH (01-408 2175).

THE BAHAMAS

Getting there: British Airways fly twice weekly via Bermuda, daily with connecting flight via Miami to Nassau. Fares: 1st class, £1,696; club class, £840; full fare economy, £704-£814; Advance Purchase Excursion (APEX) 21 days in advance, £369-£459. Bahamasair operate internal flights.

Sample holidays: Two-centre holiday, one

week each in Nassau and Exuma, £871-£970 (Speedbird). Two weeks (14 nights) at Treasure Cay on Abaco Island with room only or apartment, £842-£924, half board available at additional cost of £173 weekly (Tradewinds). Other tour operators include Wings, Bales Tours, Rankin Kuhn (part of Thomas Cook), Bahama Island Holidays, Kuoni and Club Méditerranée.

Further information: Bahamas Tourist Office, 23 Old Bond Street, London W1X 4PQ (01-629 5238). British Airways, PO Box 10, Heathrow Airport (London), Hounslow TW6 2JA (01-759 5511).

IBIZA

Getting there: Spanish Airlines, Iberia, fly from London (Heathrow) either direct or via Barcelona to Ibiza. Current fares: Club class, £316; economy excursion, £131-£215 according to date and type of ticket. In addition many charter operators including Thomson, Cosmos, Horizon and Intasun have "seat only" low cost charters to Ibiza.

Sample holidays: The Hotel Hacienda where the writer stayed costs around £30 a day for half board. Bookings can be made directly with the hotel. It is also included in the Thomson Holidays programmes with seven-, 10-, 11- and 14-night holidays on a half-board basis flying from Gatwick and Luton and eight other regional airports, costing from £268 in the low season for seven nights from Gatwick to £590 from Glasgow in the high season for 14 nights. And Ibiza features in around 60 company holiday programmes.

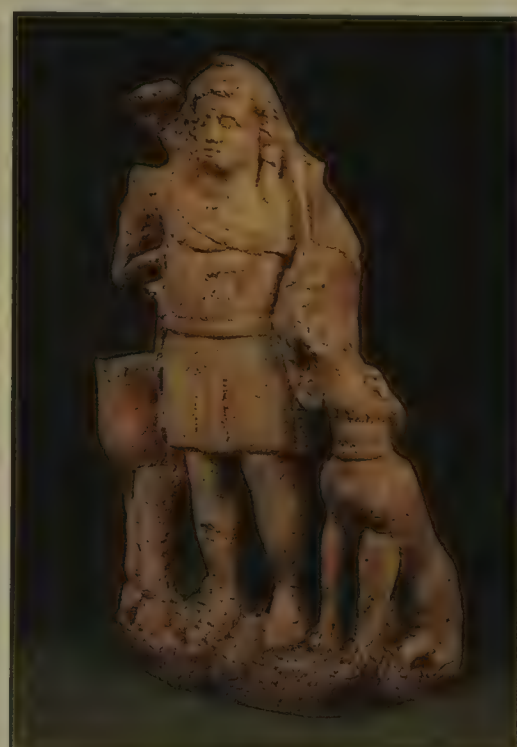
Further information: Spanish National Tourist Office, 57 St James's Street, London SW1 (01-499 0901). Hotel Hacienda, Na Xamena, San Miguel, Ibiza (010 3471 333046). Iberia, 29 Glasshouse Street, London W1R 5RG (01-437 5622).

THE FAROES

Getting there: By sea. The Smyril Line operate a weekly service from Hanstholm in Denmark (northern Jutland) on the 8,000 ton car ferry *Norrøna* which calls at Lerwick en route to the Faroe Islands. The sailing from Lerwick to Faroe takes 14 hours and the fare is likely to be around £130 return including a berth. The full journey from Denmark will be about £40 more. Full details of the service and rates were not available as we went to press but will be in early January. By air. The most convenient route is from London to Copenhagen and then on to the Faroes. SAS in conjunction with the Danish airline Danair operate a daily service in summer (twice or three times weekly at other periods) from Copenhagen to the Faroes. Fares for 1984 were not available as we went to press but are likely to be about £350 return on an APEX basis.

Sample holidays: Regent Holidays will be operating a nine-night holiday to the Faroes with one night in Copenhagen each way, seven nights in a first-class hotel in the Faroes on a bed and breakfast basis for about £450 from London. Sonicworld (UK) have plans for a three-centre holiday—Shetland (three nights), Faroes (three nights) and Iceland (six nights) costing between £500 and £600 from London. Full details available in late January.

Further information: Faroes Section, Danish Tourist Board, 169 Regent Street, London W1R 8PY (01-734 2637). Smyril Line, P & O Ferries, Jamieson's Quay, Aberdeen AB9 8DL (0224 572615). Regent Holidays (UK), 66 Regent Street, Shanklin, Isle of Wight PO37 7AE (098386 4212). Sonicworld (UK), 8 The Boulevard, Crawley, West Sussex RH10 1XX (0293 547755). Scandinavian Airlines System, 52 Conduit Street, London W1R 0AY (01-734 6777).



Above left, plan of the 40 acre Roman town, built on sandy islands, the only dry land for its foundations in the first century. Above centre, skeleton of a girl interred in the fourth century with jewelry and a pottery jar. Above, statue of the "hunter god", 29 inches high, found beneath Southwark Cathedral. Left, post holes show positions of timber piles that supported the stone walls of a late Roman cellar.



ough on the Kent coast. Early military equipment found in Southwark includes bronze fittings and ornaments worn by soldiers and their horses.

During the latter part of the first century Londinium grew rapidly as a port and government centre, and archaeological evidence shows that the settlement on the south bank was also expanding. By the early second century it covered more than 30 acres, with buildings around the southern end of the bridge and along the two roads. Most of the structures excavated had walls of clay and timber with floors of gravel, clay and occasionally mortar. Although no complete plans of buildings have been obtained, many were probably oblong blocks facing the roads, but a few seem to have been built around courtyards. Little evidence has been recovered from the buildings to suggest their functions. The majority were likely to have been residential in part, but traces of small-scale iron- and bronze-working have been found in some. Until recently no first- or second-century masonry structures had been discovered, but the

work at Site A has revealed a substantial stone courtyard building with timber foundations. Tree-ring analysis of the oak piles suggests that the structure was erected about AD 75. A public rather than a private purpose might be proposed for this building because of its early date, as well as its architectural style, size and location.

Many aspects of Southwark's economy in the first and second centuries are uncertain. Although wharves, warehouses, inns and shops have not yet been definitely identified, the area may have been a centre, as it was in later times, for those engaged in road and river transport of goods and for traders attracted to positions on the main roads to Londinium. Commercial activity is indicated by the discovery of writing tablets, weights and measures, and trade is represented by many imported goods including pottery, glassware and decorative stone. Local crafts have also left traces in the form of residues from metal, leather and bone-working. The presence of Roman field ditches up to 3 kilometres (2 miles) south of the settlement indi-

cates that agriculture was probably also important.

Towards the end of the second century the Southwark settlement seems to have entered a period of decline. The clay and timber buildings appear to have fallen into disuse or were demolished and not rebuilt. Although caution is needed, as medieval agricultural practices may have damaged the underlying Roman deposits, both features and objects of the period AD 180-250 are rare. There seems to have been a considerable decrease in the local population and large sites recently excavated in the western part of Londinium are producing evidence of a similar phenomenon.

Southwark appears to have recovered in the later years of the third century, though it seems to have changed in character. Buildings of the period were substantial stone structures usually with hypocausts and tessellated floors. As yet only limited areas of what were probably large complexes around courtyards have been investigated. At the Winchester Palace site (Site B) currently being excavated, a group of heated rooms with elaborately decorated walls may be part of a building which extends 50 metres (54 yards) to the west. In the medieval period a number of ecclesiastical and lay nobles who needed to be near the centre of government had residences in Southwark, and there may be a similar reason for the presence of the late Roman buildings. With one possible exception, all lie in the northern part of the suburb, and as no traces of contemporaneous clay and timber buildings have been found in other areas it seems likely that the

settlement had become smaller.

It is uncertain how long these buildings continued in use. Evidence of the destruction of one may be provided by an early fourth-century well found in 1977 beneath Southwark Cathedral, 100 metres (110 yards) east of Site B. Among much burnt structural debris which filled the well was a group of defaced and fire-blackened sculptures.

Better evidence of the demise of one of the later buildings exists on Site A where a number of fourth-century burials have been excavated. Some of the graves had been dug through the rubble fillings of the demolished wall foundations, and one contained a girl interred with jewelry and a pottery jar which may date to no later than the mid-fourth century. Another group of late Roman inhumations was recorded in 1982, 200 metres (219 yards) to the east of those on Site A, and as burials do not normally occur within built-up areas the settlement may again have been contracting, or indeed have been largely abandoned. The recent discovery of a late Roman wall built along the riverside of Londinium could indicate that the City and its suburbs were at risk from seaborne raiders. If so, Southwark may have become unsafe for civilian habitation.

Work during the last decade has allowed us to propose the above historical outline but it is based on excavation of only a small part of the settlement. Sites of unprecedented size covering several acres in the eastern and western parts of the suburb are scheduled for development in the next few years. They will provide the best opportunity to achieve an adequate understanding of Roman Southwark ●

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A most responsible duty

by Louis Heren

Most of us are more likely to appear in court as jurors than as accused. Here the former deputy editor of *The Times* describes how he recently played his part in dispensing justice, British-style.

The summons from the Lord High Chancellor was accompanied by an explanatory leaflet which said that jury service was one of the most responsible duties the individual citizen could be called on to undertake. The high reputation British justice enjoyed for fairness, honesty and impartiality depended on each juror trying persons accused of offences with understanding and without any trace of bias for or against the accused.

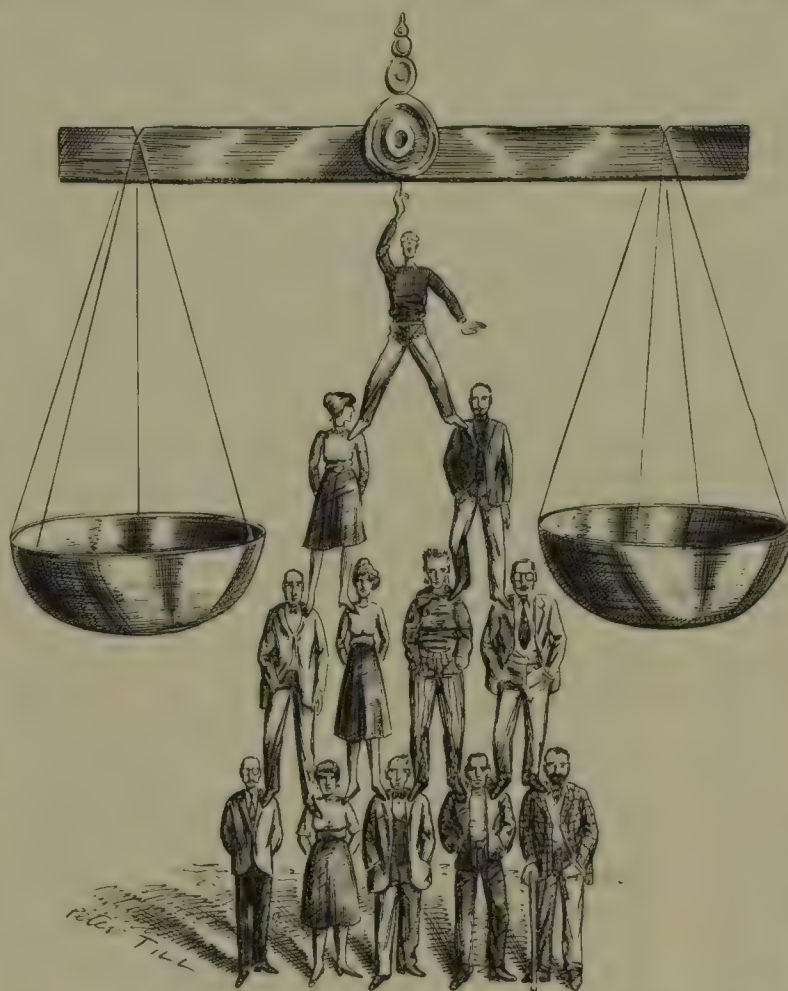
The tone was admonitory, and when I reported to the Inner London Crown Court one Monday morning it was clear that my fellow jurors felt that the reputation of British justice did indeed depend upon them. Some looked apprehensive, all serious and expectant. They numbered about 200: men and women of different ages, backgrounds and race. The accents were equally various, and I doubt that a more representative group of Londoners could be found anywhere.

Behind the classical portico, the old Sessions House in Newington Causeway was an architectural mess. Some of the newer courts looked like schoolrooms with their rows of hard benches, and others were housed in prefabricated huts in a side street. There was not nearly enough room for the waiting jurors, lawyers, policemen and witnesses.

A dignified decorum was nevertheless maintained, and once inside one of the 16 courts we were instantly made aware of the majesty of the law. A few of the jurors looked overawed at first, but the judges, many of them assistant recorders, were almost excessively polite and the ushers deferential. For a fortnight we, the jurors, were made to feel very important persons.

My first case was presided over by a lady judge who looked like everybody's favourite aunt, but she exuded authority. The prosecuting and defending counsels, also women, as were the clerk of the court and usher, were ticked off more than once; but the accused, an Irishman more feckless than most, was treated with unexpected if occasionally exasperated kindness. He had failed to return a hire car, and would probably still be driving it if he had not been stopped by a policeman. His defence was that the hire firm said he did not have to return the car immediately—but four months seemed excessive. He was homeless and unemployed, and could not pay the accumulated hire charge of more than £1,100.

In the jury room someone suggested that we should select a woman chairman to maintain the sexual symmetry, and all eyes turned to a capable-looking



ing woman who had taken notes during the trial. She was elected by general acclaim before the usher came in to take orders for sandwiches and drinks. A preliminary vote established that the majority thought the accused was guilty, but a young West Indian girl was undecided. She said that whites did not know how policemen harassed young blacks. A middle-aged ironmonger from Streatham gently pointed out that the accused was neither black nor young, and we returned a unanimous verdict of guilty.

Altogether I helped to try six cases, and Solomon-like we found three guilty and three not guilty. The charges ranged from shoplifting to driving the getaway car after the robbery of a post office. The decorum and politeness were maintained throughout, no matter how trivial or serious the charge, and each judge and prosecutor warned us that we must find the accused not guilty if there was a shadow of doubt after we had heard all the evidence.

A member of the law-and-order lobby might have thought that the system was too lenient, but that was not my impression. For instance a

nurse charged with stealing a bottle of brandy was found not guilty, but not because she was a decent woman suffering an emotional crisis which might have made her act out of character. The evidence of the store detective was just not persuasive.

Some of the accused were what I would describe as the walking wounded of our society—not drop-outs, but men and women who for various reasons could not cope and behaved irrationally. Simple greed was another factor. Only one of the accused was an obvious villain, but we found him not guilty. The way we arrived at that verdict was a good example of how well the system works.

The accused could have come from Central Casting to play the part of a criminal in a courtroom drama. A witness for the defence was a male prostitute and transvestite, and one of his friends in the public gallery was a wild-looking woman with a disfigured face, probably the scars of a broken-bottle fight.

The man was charged with obstructing justice, and two detectives testified that he had disposed of some drugs wrapped in cellophane when they

entered a crowded pub to arrest the male prostitute. Neither the alleged drugs nor the cellophane wrapper were produced in court. The accused claimed that it was a trumped-up charge and that the police were "out to get him".

I was elected chairman, and a preliminary vote indicated a divided jury. Following the Lord Chancellor's advice each juror voiced his or her opinion and a general discussion followed. We were a mixed group, including a labourer and two youngsters who looked as if they were interested only in football and pop music, but I was impressed by their shrewdness and grasp of the evidence.

I also sensed, nothing more, that a few were inclined to accept the prosecution's case only because of their innate respect for the police, but as we went forwards and backwards over the evidence they accepted that it was remarkably thin. No juror tried to dominate the deliberation, and eventually 11 agreed that the accused was not guilty. The 12th had reservations, and was determined to air them. She was not the type to be bullied or go along with the majority, but having made her points she agreed that the accused was not guilty.

That was typical of the other juries of which I was a member, except one. A very determined woman entered the jury room claiming that the accused was guilty, and would not listen to others who thought otherwise. A majority verdict was eventually reached and allowed, and I think that justice was done.

This is not to suggest that the system is perfect. Some of the lawyers were obviously inexperienced or had not spent enough time on their briefs. Delay in bringing cases to court because of the crowded calendar meant that too much depended on fading memories. As a trained journalist I was not impressed by the notes made by policemen.

Then there was the time wasted by jurors. During my 10 days I spent more than half the time in overcrowded rooms and corridors waiting to be called. This was largely unavoidable. Each jury panel numbers 18 because six challenges are allowed, which means that one third will not remain in the jury box. There is no way of telling how long trials will last, and witnesses can fail to appear. My only advice to those called for jury service is to take a good book. Waiting is a small price to pay for helping to ensure, to the best of one's ability, that justice is done.

PETER TILL



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Europe's golf challenge

by Chris Plumridge

The achievements of Faldo and Ballesteros have given a new impetus to golf in Europe. This year they will be playing the US Tour, which will give a host of young European players an opportunity to strengthen the challenge on this side of the Atlantic.

Money is still considered a vulgar subject in some circles, but in professional golf it is a useful yardstick of success. Professional golfers on both sides of the Atlantic can seek no refuge in social politeness since at the conclusion of every tournament a list of money rankings is produced for all to see.

The 1983 Professional Golfers' Association European Tour witnessed, for the first time, the passing of a monetary milestone when Nick Faldo won more than £100,000 from official money tournaments, which are those events counting towards the final money-ranking list and not including limited field or invitation events. If these tournaments, such as the Suntory World Match-Play Championship, were included then Faldo's earnings from actually playing golf were more than £140,000 for the year in Europe. Add on the £40,000 he won in America and you have a final figure which is somewhat more than mere loose change. With prize money rising annually on the European Tour (in 1983 it reached a record £2½ million) it was only a matter of time before someone cracked the £100,000 barrier, but how did Faldo do it so convincingly?

Ever since he burst onto the scene by winning the English Amateur Championship as a raw-boned youth of 18, Faldo has been marked as an exceptional talent. His transition into the professional ranks was swift and sure and when he marked his Ryder Cup début in 1977 by defeating Tom Watson in the singles, Britain had a new golfing hero who could possibly emulate the feats of Tony Jacklin by winning the Open Championship.

Like many other British professionals before him, Faldo felt that the only way he could judge his progress in world terms was to play on the American Tour, so for the past three years he has spent the early months of the season in America and returned to Europe in early May. Although Faldo has yet to win on the US Tour, the experience has given him an extra competitive edge, a hardening of resolve which he emphatically demonstrated on his return to Europe in May last year. In his first tournament, the French Open, Faldo tied with Spain's

José-Maria Canizares and won the play-off; the following week he tied again with the luckless Canizares in the Martini International and won that as well. The week after he achieved three victories in a row by taking the Car Care Plan International.

Throughout the season Faldo continued to challenge in every tournament he entered, and when the Open Championship at Royal Birkdale came round in July he was carrying the hopes of the nation on his shoulders. It was a burden that proved too much as, tied for the lead after nine holes of the final round, he suddenly felt the full crushing pressure of the occasion and succumbed to Tom Watson's brilliant inward nine holes. But Faldo's spirit was not broken by his Open experience, for the very next week he was back on the winner's rostrum when he captured the Lawrence Batley International, firing a final round of 62. A remarkable season culminated in the Swiss Open when he made up seven strokes in two rounds on his great rival, Sandy Lyle, to tie and then win the play-off to pass the £100,000 barrier.

In spite of Faldo's dominance of the money rankings, he could not lay claim to the title of the best player competing in Europe. That accolade must surely go to Severiano Ballesteros who, in most people's opinion, is the best golfer in the world. Ballesteros's achievements are measured on a global scale which means competing and winning in America. In the past the American Press has tended to regard Ballesteros as a "lucky" player, an assessment based on his 1979 victory in the Open Championship when the Spaniard was rarely on the fairway, and on the 16th hole of the final round played his second shot to the green from a car park. His victory in the 1980 US Masters was similarly strewn with waywardness, but in the past two years he has matured both as player and individual.

His victory in the 1983 US Masters was founded on straight driving coupled with his flair for making things happen on the golf course, which he demonstrated by birdies at three of the first four holes in the final round to



Left, Britain's Nick Faldo, who dominated the European money rankings in 1983. Top, Severiano Ballesteros of Spain, perhaps the best golfer in the world. Above, Paul Way, an up-and-coming British player.

establish a lead he never lost. He returned to Europe for the Italian Open where he audaciously chipped in on the final hole to tie the lead before losing the play-off to West Germany's Bernhard Langer. At the end of May he won the PGA Championship at Royal St George's, a course he manifestly dislikes for its lack of definition. He returned to America to prepare for the US Open which included victory in the Westchester Classic.

In the US Open at Oakmont, a course made excessively narrow by the encroachment of extremely thick rough, Ballesteros finally dispelled the "lucky" myth by challenging for the title and finishing fourth. He had a subdued Open Championship over the course where he had first catapulted to

fame in 1976, but was back to his winning ways in August when he took the Carrolls Irish Open. When he also won the Lancôme Trophy at the beginning of October there was a remote chance he could catch up with Faldo on the money list. That opportunity vanished, however, when he got 'flu during the World Match-Play Championship, and when he made his final attempt to beat Faldo in the Benson & Hedges Spanish Open he was exhausted.

The achievements of Ballesteros over the past seven years have given a new impetus to European golf. His example has been followed by his countrymen Canizares and Manuel Pinero, and has encouraged players of all nationalities to pit their skills against him.

Ten years ago it would have been unimaginable for a golfer from Germany, where the game is the preserve of the very rich, to emerge as one of the leading players, but Bernhard Langer has done just that. The leading money-winner in 1981, Langer joined Faldo, Ballesteros and Scotland's Sam Torrance as a multiple winner on the 1983 European Tour, capturing the Italian Open, the Glasgow Classic and the Tournament Players' Championship.

Europe used to be regarded as an easy touch for established American players. Now the competition here is so fierce that only the very talented can expect to win. While Faldo and Ballesteros will both concentrate on the US Tour in 1984, their departure will not mean a slackening of interest in

Europe. There are a host of young players such as Paul Way, Ian Woosnam, Michael McLean and Gordon Brand Junior to follow in their path.

The prospects for 1984 are therefore extremely exciting and while the US Tour must still be regarded as the first division of world golf, Europe is not so very far behind. The clearest indication of how much the gap has narrowed came in last year's Ryder Cup match in Florida when the European team came within a whisker of defeating the Americans on their own soil. The sight of American captain Jack Nicklaus and his team in a state of extreme agitation as Europe drew within a point of winning was a tribute to the strides we have made on this side of the Atlantic ●

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Leukaemia is a form of cancer which affects the blood and, until twenty years ago, was usually fatal. After two decades of painstaking and dedicated work, doctors can now stem its progress in about nine out of ten cases. Fifteen years ago this little girl would certainly have died as a child. Now given the proper facilities, she has a real chance of being cured.

Finding that cure, together with providing the sophisticated and intensive treatment for victims of this dreadful disease will take time, special facilities and, above all, money. The **Elimination of Leukaemia Fund (ELF)** is a major new medical charity whose first aim is to raise the necessary funds to set up and run specialist Leukaemia Units in London and provincial centres.

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MOTORING

The Jaguar tradition

by Stuart Marshall

Jaguar will leap into 1984 with a confidence that would have been unthinkable only three years ago. As the 1970s ended, Jaguar was in a mess. The 10,000 people working at the Coventry factory were producing only 14,000 cars a year. Even at this low rate quality was not what it should have been. There were paint problems; poor reliability; lots of trouble from faulty components. The future of Jaguar, once the pride of the British motor industry, hung in the balance.

Enter John Egan, a 40-ish Lancastrian, trained in the skills of both engineering and business management. He ruthlessly cut away fat and inefficiency. The factory layout was changed, surplus personnel were got rid of and a reign of terror began among component suppliers. If one faulty switch or valve was detected, the whole consignment went back.

Quality began to improve straight away, and today only two-thirds of the workforce employed when Egan arrived are making nearly twice as many cars. Once again their standard of finish, care of assembly, attention to detail and reliability is a byword. Sales have leapt upwards. In the first half of 1983 they were 42 per cent better overall than in January-June, 1982, with the biggest increase—nearly 75 per cent—in the US market, where Jaguar had become a sick joke.

Jaguars are tradition personified. Their styling is British, not Italianate; their interiors are full of leather upholstery, polished veneer and deep carpet. By today's standards engines are big—straight-sixes of a minimum 3.4 litres capacity, magnificent V12s of 5.3 litres. The layout is classic—a front-wheel drive Jaguar is unthinkable—and the independent rear suspension has for years set a standard which all but a tiny handful of Jaguar's rivals can only look at with awe.

Discounting the Daimler models, which are Jaguars with crinkly dummy

radiator shells as a genuflection to history, there are two kinds of Jaguar. The saloons have four doors and four seats like club armchairs, the coupés just two seats (plus a couple of cramped emergency ones behind that are best used as overflow accommodation for luggage).

Over the years Jaguars appear to have changed little. The XJ range of saloons looks substantially the same as it did when introduced in 1969. There is not much difference between a 1984 XJ-S coupé and the first 1975 version. But there have been subtle alterations to the body panels to improve rear seat headroom and increase window area. The V12 engine has had a drunkard's thirst for fuel decreased substantially.

The biggest change in Jaguars for a generation is still some months off. A new model will be unveiled at the next Motor Show, to be held at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham, in October. At the moment no one outside the company knows what the new Jaguar saloon will look like, though rumour has it that the concept will not be radically different from the XJ of today. But the 1985 model Jaguar—for that is what it will be—will have better aerodynamics, weigh less and be more fuel-efficient. The engine, a six-cylinder unit derived from one cylinder block of the V12 and having a 24-valve cylinder head, is already here.

Last autumn Jaguar announced the XJ-S 3.6 coupé and cabriolet as supplements to the V12 XJ-S range. The engine produces 225 horsepower against the V12's 295 bhp but the coupé is still good for 145 mph and cruises at 120 mph and more. The ride comfort is unmatched for a sporting coupé; the fuel consumption, aided by very high overall gearing, is a more than reasonable 23 mpg. I did not much care for the manual gearbox and heavy clutch. A car of this class needs an up-to-date automatic with torque converter lock-up and an overdrive top. I will be surprised if the new saloon does not have one.



The Jaguar XJ-S 3.6, a sporting coupé with unmatched ride comfort.

Easing the gilt burden

by David Phillips

There are more than 90 different gilt-edged stocks—stocks issued by the government when it wishes to raise money—and although they are all safer than houses it is not always easy to know whether your own load of gilts is the best you could be carrying, given your particular circumstances. Your personal tax situation may have changed since you acquired them, or your ideas about when you want to sell them may be different. The Government is continually issuing new gilts, and these are often better value than the old ones.

Or you may have inherited gilts and may not even be sure about the difference between shorts—stocks with a life of up to five years—and undated stocks that the Government will probably never pay back, not to mention the gilts in between and index-linked gilts. And if you look under British Funds in the back pages of the *Financial Times* every day, the mysteriously abbreviated references to interest payable and yield to redemption will be likely to add to your inherited responsibilities rather than to diminish them.

There are some general rules—undated gilts are more speculative, if that word may be used of government stock—but even if you are well versed in them as a private investor you are unlikely to be able to monitor the entire gilt market to make sure you are getting the best possible return.

To deal with this problem a City firm, Barlow Clowes & Partners, has devised a new service for the private gilt holder. They look at your holding in the light of the after-tax income it provides, the date the capital is due to be repaid and the exemption from capital-gains tax that gilts enjoy.

A powerful computer is then pressed into service to calculate the future income and capital growth you will receive at maturity from the gilts you hold. But this is not all. The computer then scans the entire gilt market to discover whether there is a stock comparable with yours that is more attractive from your point of view. The computer also takes into account any ideas you may have about selling.

It then produces a schedule of the alternative income and capital growth you would receive if you decided to switch to another gilt.

Investors who count their negotiable assets in tens of thousands rather than in thousands and who are still interested in a safe fixed-interest investment may like to look at eurobonds as an alternative to gilts.

Eurobonds offer higher interest rates than gilts, and although they may not always be as safe I have it on good authority that there have been times

when Her Majesty's Government has had a lower credit status in the eyes of the major rating agencies than some of the borrowers in this \$18,000 million market—they include foreign governments and their agencies, international organizations and multinational corporations.

There is no tax at source on the interest payable on a eurobond—interest is paid free of tax on presentation to any of the banks listed on the bond certificate. But the most important difference between eurobonds and government stock from the investor's

point of view is that eurobonds are all in bearer form. In other words there is no record of beneficial ownership and no registration formalities are needed to prove title.

These two features—total anonymity and no withholding tax—have made eurobonds especially attractive to expatriate investors in general and tax travellers in particular, who often deposit them with an overseas bank.

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need a broker to buy on your behalf because any international bank can handle the purchase or sale of these bonds.

A selection of bond prices is published daily by the *Financial Times*, and the Association of International Bond Dealers produces a monthly supplement for the *FT* that contains around 2,000 bond prices and yields. But if you buy eurobonds, you should make sure your banker or broker can keep you up to date with price movements and any other changes that might affect your investment ●

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BOOKS

A biography of greatness

by Robert Blake

Ernest Bevin, Foreign Secretary

by Alan Bullock
Heinemann, £30

It can be said without hesitation that this third volume of Lord Bullock's massive trilogy brings to a close one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest biography written in the 20th century. It is a masterpiece of scholarship written with admirable clarity and lucidity. The book is more than the final volume of a biography. It is also a major study of British foreign policy from 1945 to 1951, carried out with a thoroughness and a grasp both of details and broad principles, which is unlikely to be emulated for many years to come, if ever. It is 23 years since the first volume was published and 16 since the second, but the delay has not been caused by any sloth or dilatoriness on the part of the author. He wisely decided that he could not deal adequately with Bevin's career at the Foreign Office before the relevant documents were released under the Official Secrets Act. Most of this book has been written in the last two and a half years, though Lord Bullock has of course been interviewing people and thinking about the problems long before that.

Bevin's career was extraordinary. Having built up the trade union "movement", as it is for some reason called, to a degree of cohesion and power unequalled in Britain's history, he would have been quite willing and indeed he fully expected to retire in 1941 when he reached the age of 60. The wartime coalition, however, made full use of his immense organizing ability as Minister of Labour. Then after the Labour landslide of 1945—an event which everyone now says was inevitable but which few predicted at the time—this illegitimate son of a Somerset working-class woman who died when he was eight became Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It was by no means a certainty that the office would come his way. He would have preferred the Exchequer. Only thanks to a last-minute change of mind on Attlee's part was he switched to the Foreign Office, Dalton becoming Chancellor. Attlee told Lord Bullock that his reason was that Bevin would be more likely to stand up to the Russians: the story of this volume is largely the story of how Bevin did this.

He was faced with a major ambiguity in Britain's attitude. In 1914 and in 1939 Britain went to war basically because the European balance of power which had more or less kept the peace since 1815 was threatened by the rise of Germany, a national state so powerful militarily and industrially

that no purely European alliance could check it. Germany's second defeat was final but it left a power vacuum in Europe. Unless a new balance of power was achieved, Russia would replace Germany and the whole object of British involvement in the two world wars, in which unlike all our major allies we had been fighting from start to finish, would be frustrated.

The difficulty for any post-war Foreign Secretary and especially for a Socialist was, as Lord Bullock points out, twofold. First, the British and American public had had the war presented to them as a moral crusade in defence of good against evil and freedom against tyranny; power politics seemed to be one of the very evils against which they were crusading. Second, the coalition government had taken great care to conceal the acute differences between the Allies; or to put it more bluntly the public had little ideal of how bloody-minded the Russians really were. The problem was the worse because of the rose-tinted spectacles through which so many Labour supporters surveyed one of the most ruthless and barbarous tyrannies the world has ever seen. From 1945 to 1947 Bevin was faced with these and many other problems—above all the status of Britain as by now the least important member of the "Big Three". In 1946-47 he was under heavy pressure to withdraw from the Middle East and the Mediterranean. He agreed about Greece and Turkey, but he held on elsewhere as long as he could.

The year 1947 saw the crucial turn-round in Washington. But for it Bevin could have done little. Thanks to belated US recognition of Russian hostility and need for a European ally—neither Germany, France nor Italy were then viable alternatives—Britain under Bevin's guidance was able to play a vital part in the Marshall Plan, the creation of the OEEC and the setting-up of Nato, including a rearmament West Germany. This framework for Britain's East-West relationship has lasted ever since. It is the greatest of Bevin's achievements.

He had no similar success in the Middle East. Bevin believed that Palestine could never be stably settled unless Arab as well as Jewish claims were taken into account. He hoped that this could be done with American support. Once he realized that the Americans would always in the end give way to the Zionists, he determined to pull out rather than make Britain responsible for imposing an unfair settlement on the Arabs. He also saw the mandate as a continuing source of Anglo-American friction. He was not anti-Semitic, merely realistic. If he failed, it was because the basis of success did not exist. But no one ever succeeds in all that he tries to do. Bevin's achievements far outweigh his failures. He will go down in history as one of the greatest foreign secretaries, and he is lucky to have had a great biographer.

Recent fiction

by Harriet Waugh

Coup de Grâce
by Marguerite Yourcenar
Aidan Ellis, £7.95
The Name of the Rose
by Umberto Eco
Secker & Warburg, £8.95
Good Friends, Just
by Anne Leaton
Chatto & Windus, £7.95
The Wolf
by Max Davidson
Quartet Books, £7.95

Coup de Grâce is the story of the unconsummated passion of a blighted couple that raises the protagonists to heroic dimensions. Marguerite Yourcenar (the grand old woman of French literature) placed the two—battling for containment on the woman's part and liberty on the man's—in the Baltic provinces during the Russian Revolution. The narrator and hero, Erick, a Prussian with Baltic connexions, is fighting for the White Russians against the Bolsheviks with his childhood friend, Conrad. Theirs is an "ardent friendship" in the Greek sense, embracing concepts of honour and comradeship and involving the mind, heart and their masculine beauty. The role of women in Erick's life has been relegated to the occasional use of whores and a feeling of mild disgust.

Unexpectedly the two friends find themselves defending Conrad's estate and living in his family home, now used as army accommodation. There Erick meets again Conrad's sister, Sophia, who has grown up into a beautiful, proud and complicated girl shamed by having been raped by a sergeant. Under their influence Sophia blossoms until Erick can no longer disguise from himself that Sophia loves him: "between Sophia and me an intimacy swiftly sprang up like that between victim and executioner". Erick is flattered by the violence of Sophia's passion; she grows in luminosity and stature as she tries to bridge the gap between them in degrading love affairs. Erick observes with a brutal honesty both himself and Sophia. It is a remarkable novel with a remarkable hero and a moving heroine; the end is desolating. I cannot recommend it too highly.

Another novel from Europe is *The Name of the Rose* by Umberto Eco. Already a huge international best seller, it has only recently been published in England in an excellent translation by William Weaver. A detective story set in the 14th century, it runs to 502 pages and concerns the violent deaths of a number of monks in an Italian abbey.

The narrator, an innocently puzzled novice, is under the direction of a

learned English Franciscan called Brother William of Baskerville who undertakes the task of uncovering a murderer. As deaths pile up he discovers an amazing assortment of unsavoury goings-on, but it is not clear that these are connected with the killings. Then there is the abbey library, the greatest in Christendom, in which only the librarian and his assistant are allowed to browse. The knowledge, heresies and ideas that it contains make it the centre of intrigue, while looming over the action are the power and terror of the Roman Catholic Church and the heresies that flourish as the hope of common men. Brother William not only has to investigate the secrets of the library, but also to expose as false the pathetic symbols that upheld 14th-century man before he accidentally arrives at the truth. In this way the author both tells an entertaining, instructive and exciting story and presents an essay on the thought behind post-structuralist thinking (of which he is an exponent) made amusingly accessible to the reader.

Good Friends, Just, a first novel by Anne Leaton, is a tidy American comedy about lesbian love. The heroine Maddy and the author Miss Leaton use the other characters as skittles in a bowling alley. Maddy bowls exceptionally well and the novel is lively, acerbic and witty. The story concerns four girls, two American and two Turkish, on holiday in Izmir. Maddy loves Georgia, although mainly her head and shoulders, while Georgia likes any man who is interested in her but also likes having Maddy in tow. Maddy is not happy about this and becomes increasingly enraged as she is dragged out on double dates with stupid, alcoholic, lascivious Turks from whom she has to rescue Georgia, or thinks she has to rescue her. The Turkish girls spend most of their time in tears which also adds to Maddy's exasperation. By choosing to set her novel in Turkey, Miss Leaton is setting up men as fairly easy targets for contempt but the novel is fun and comedy, in any case, is rarely fair.

The Wolf by Max Davidson is a promisingly funny first novel concerned with a young man shortly before his marriage to a liberated woman. The hero plays the part of mate for a modish feminist, but as their wedding-day approaches a chauvinist wolf emerges out of his sheep's clothing. Although the comedy is limited to sexual politics, Mr Davidson's sharp, rumbustious humour makes you look forward to his next novel.

London Tales

Edited by Julian Evans
Hamish Hamilton, £8.95
A collection of short stories by 18 writers, some well known and others not, who were asked to contribute stories inspired by particular parts of London. The result is variable but the level is generally high.

The smell and gusto of London

by James Bishop

The London Encyclopaedia
Edited by Ben Weinreb and Christopher Hibbert
Macmillan, £24

There is no satisfactory bibliography of London because so many books have been written, and continue to be written, about the place. Some deal with individual boroughs as they were a century or any number of centuries ago, or as they are now, or as people think they ought to be; other books describe the river, the railways, the roads, the sewage system, the buses and taxis, the police and the other services; yet more are written about the buildings (or any one building), the churches, statues and monuments, the museums and galleries, the shops and offices, theatres and cinemas, the clubs (of Soho as well as Pall Mall), the prisons; there are books advising us where and what to eat and drink, how to hire a Rolls-Royce or a nanny or a camel, which street or market to go to to find Art Deco cocktail cabinets or Victorian commodes cut down into coffee tables, and where to go to see a cow being milked or the head of Lady Jane Grey's father (cut off in 1554 for his complicity in the plot to make her queen). The flood of such books continues year after year, and there seems to be no publishing equivalent of the Thames Barrier capable of checking it.

Clearly there is as much to be written about London as there is about life. To try to encompass it within the covers of a single book, even one of 1,000 pages, must seem presumptuous, but Ben Weinreb and Christopher Hibbert have in *The London Encyclopaedia* proved that the effort was worth while and the result by no means superfluous.

Their book is not the first attempt at such a daunting project. The Elizabethan chronicler and antiquary, John Stow, who worked originally as a tailor in Cornhill, first published his *Survey of London* in 1598, and revised and enlarged it five years later. Since this great original there have been many other surveys and histories, most notable among them being Peter Cunningham's *Handbook for London*, first published in 1849 but eventually revised and substantially enlarged, updated and improved after Cunningham's death by H. B. Wheatley and published in 1891 as *London Past and Present*. This was the model for the new *Encyclopaedia*, but as 90 more years have to be recorded and a great deal more ground covered this is not a revision but a new work.

There is no one-volume book in print that carries so much valuable information on London and its history.

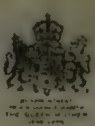
The most detailed current work is the *Survey of London* now published under the auspices of the GLC and already comprising 58 volumes, with as many more to come. There is also Pevsner's *Buildings of England*, of which two on London are currently in print with two more in preparation. *The London Encyclopaedia* is not exactly comparable with either. It is neither as detailed as the *Survey* nor as precisely concerned with architectural style and technique as Pevsner. But it is undeniably more comprehensive and wide-ranging than any other book on London now available, and it combines scholarship with a liberal and entertaining use of anecdote designed, the editors inform us, to illustrate their accounts with "the smell and gusto" of the times.

The editors describe themselves as chroniclers recording facts rather than historians concerned with their cause and consequence, "compressing within a paragraph that which has sometimes been the subject of a book", and setting down concisely and in plain words "what is generally known and held to be true".

There are some 5,000 entries, from Abbey Lodge (built by Decimus Burton in 1824 or 1825 and demolished in 1928) to Zoological Society of London (founded in 1826 in gardens laid out by the same Decimus Burton). Each is well written and there is not much to quibble about in the information provided, though inevitably there are some oddities. Centre Point is not given an entry, but is referred to twice elsewhere, without explanation, as the "building which lay empty for so long".

A more serious limitation derives from the decision to exclude people from the alphabetical list of entries. The emphasis is on streets and buildings. Thus there are entries for Gough Square, for Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, and for Johnson's Memorial House, but none for the doctor himself, nor for James Boswell. There is an entry on the Embankments, but not for Sir Joseph Bazalgette, the man who built them and who also designed the capital's main drainage system. The Adelphi has an entry, but not the Adam brothers. People certainly arise triumphantly from the text in almost every entry, but it is odd that even those who so clearly stamped their character on London are relegated to an "Index of People" at the back of the book—where John Stow, for example, has no fewer than 92 page references.

The problem, no doubt, was size. Like London itself, books about the place tend to grow beyond expectations and on occasion to sink beneath the weight of their own pretensions. This *The London Encyclopaedia* most successfully avoids, and its particular achievement is that so much of the life of London emerges from the constraints of a rather forbidding format.



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THE SKY AT NIGHT

Illuminating quasars

by Patrick Moore

Radio astronomy began in the early 1930s when a Czech-born American radio engineer, Karl Jansky, made the fortuitous discovery that radio waves were coming from the Milky Way; but he never really followed up this pioneer work, and it was not until the end of the war that the importance of radio astronomy was realized.

Early radio telescopes suffered from poor resolution: they could not fix the positions of cosmic radio sources at all precisely. Some galaxies were strong at radio wavelengths, but other sources did not appear to be associated with any particular objects. Many of these were contained in the third Cambridge catalogue of radio sources, compiled in the early 1960s. One of the most powerful, 3C-273, lay in the constellation of Virgo.

Then came a stroke of luck. 3C-273 is so placed that it can be hidden or occulted by the Moon. This happened on August 5, 1962, and was observed by the Australian radio astronomers Hazard, Mackey and Shimmins. Of course the radio waves were cut off as soon as the Moon passed over the source; since the position of the Moon at this moment was known, the exact position of 3C-273 could also be found. The information was sent to the Palomar Observatory in California. The source seemed to coincide in position with a faint blue star of magnitude 13—but when Maarten Schmidt used the 200 inch Hale reflector to examine the spectrum of this object, astronomers were taken by surprise. 3C-273 was not a star at all, but something much more dramatic. It was the first "quasar"—a convenient abbreviation of "quasistellar radio source".

Stellar spectra may contain bright emission lines and dark absorption lines. If the lines are shifted towards the long-wave or red end of the spectrum, as compared with spectra obtained in the laboratory, the inference is that the object is receding—and the greater the shift, the greater the recession (the well known Doppler effect). 3C-273 showed emission lines so strongly red-shifted that they indicated a velocity of recession of almost 40,000 kilometres per second, which meant that the distance must be 2,500 million light-years. It followed that the quasar must be incredibly luminous, though it looked very small compared with a galaxy.

More and more quasars were found, almost all of them with still greater red shifts. Some of them appeared to be more than 100 times more luminous than the most powerful galaxies, and they were variable over periods of a few days or even hours, so that they could not be very large. Astronomers had to explain how so much energy could be contained over a volume of

space no larger than the Solar System.

Another curious phenomenon became evident. As well as the bright lines, the spectra of quasars showed dark lines—but these showed different, small red shifts, and altogether the spectra were so confusing that many astronomers came to the conclusion that the red shifts were not Doppler effects at all, so there was no need to assume the quasars to be so remote and so luminous. Now, however, this mystery seems to have been cleared up by Boksenberg, Sargent and their collaborators. The dark lines do not belong to the quasar, but to clouds of material lying between the quasar and ourselves. Each cloud produces its own set of absorption lines and these are superimposed on the spectra of the quasars.

Not all quasars are radio sources. It seems that many quasars show "jets" of material, and we detect strong radio emissions only if we are so placed as to be looking almost along the axis of the jet. By now most astronomers are coming to the conclusion that a quasar is nothing more nor less than a galaxy with a Black Hole in its centre. If this is very small its effects will not show up. If it is very large it can swallow whole stars "at a gulp", and again the effects are not marked enough to show up. But a medium-sized Black Hole will act differently. As an unfortunate star spirals towards the boundary it will be literally torn to shreds, and a large fraction of its mass converted into radiation before the star is completely destroyed. This would explain the powerful energy-source of the quasars.

No quasars lie anywhere near the Solar System. The most remote quasar so far discovered is PKS 2000-330, found at the Parkes radio astronomy observatory in Australia. It is thought to be about 13,000 million light-years away and to be receding at 91 per cent of the velocity of light.

Does every galaxy go through a "quasar" stage at some period in its evolution—and is there a Black Hole at the core of our own Galaxy? So far we do not know. Nor have we a precise knowledge of the extent of the observable universe. The farther away a galaxy (or a quasar) lies, the faster it is receding, so that the entire universe is expanding. If this rule holds good, we will eventually reach a distance at which an object is receding at the full velocity of light, so that we will be unable to see it.

Because quasars are so powerful they can be seen over distances at which ordinary galaxies would be undetectable, and this is one reason why they are so important to cosmologists. Before 1963 they were not only unknown, but also unsuspected; now it seems that they give us our best chance of learning more about the extreme limits of the observable universe.

Wild Things at the National

Oliver Knussen's fantasy opera, *Where the Wild Things Are*, based on the children's book by Maurice Sendak, will receive its first complete staged performance at the Lyttelton Theatre on January 9. The production is being mounted by Glyndebourne and marks a new collaboration between Glyndebourne and both the National Theatre and the London Sinfonietta which will play for the performances, the majority of which will be conducted by the composer. The director is Frank Corsaro and the designer Maurice Sendak.

Where the Wild Things Are is Knussen's first opera. It was commissioned by the Brussels National Opera to mark the Unesco International Year of the Child and the initial version had its première at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in November, 1980. A concert version was performed by the London Sinfonietta in March, 1982. Between the two, the composer, who admits to being a "permanent tink-

er", tightened up the score in a number of places; the forthcoming London production will include a considerable amount of new music, namely an orchestral passage for the "wild rumpus". This derives from three double-page spreads of pictures depicting Max, the small boy who is the central character, and the five Wild Things swinging from trees and generally letting rip.

Composition from pictures should give rise to a close fusion of sound and image. Knussen suggests a parallel with the function of the music in an animated film or offers a closer comparison with the Diaghilev ballets on which Ravel and Stravinsky worked in collaboration with Bakst. He acknowledges the advantage of having a librettist who is also the designer. The libretto has in this case involved some expansion of the original 300-odd word story but the whole work runs for only 40 minutes.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY GRAY ETI

Maurice Sendak and Oliver Knussen. Right, Sendak's designs for two of the Wild Things with their "terrible teeth" and "terrible claws".



MAURICE SENDAK



The Wild Things in process of creation by Paul Fowler (centre). They will be animated by the choreographer, Jonathan Wolken (right).

French vintage retrospective

by Peta Fordham

On the wall of my workroom hangs a chart of some 150 years of Bordeaux vintages—a timely reminder, if needed, of the perennial anxiety, joy or sorrow which culminate in those early autumn days that set the seal on the success or failure of a hard year's work. The vine is a hard taskmaster and the vineyard worker must work at all seasons and in all weathers: he can look with satisfaction on the swelling, colouring grapes of late summer, but a sudden change in the weather can rob him, even during the vintage, of a cruel proportion and sometimes almost all of his work.

In fact the Bordelais, cautious by nature to the verge of gloominess, have had a pretty successful decade or so; they have also been helped in the vinification of their wines by a bounding increase in technical improvements.

Looking back, you see that the 1970 vintage is now approaching its top, although the First Growths will certainly be more backward. 1971 was a year of less obvious virtue, the wines being altogether more subtle, attractive more to those who could search out what they wanted than to the general public. 1972, written off by those in a hurry to buy or sell, turned out in the

hands of those who could wait and had proper storage conditions to have developed very nicely. To quote from a recent conversation with Berry Bros & Rudd, "The early acidity has developed into bouquet and the old roughness and lack of harmony have been ironed out, producing distinctive clarets at reasonable prices." 1973, an abundant year, soft and rather light on the whole, is now ready for drinking if it can be found at a good price.

1974, a wet vintage, has repeated to some extent the history of 1972, in that care in maturing has rescued much of what lacked charm at the vintage in the less esteemed growths; and the Classified Growths are now beginning to drink extremely well, and should continue to do so for at least another five years. Then came the famous 1975, one of the "greats" of the century (as in 1875, whose wines were abundant, good and elegant). 1976 wines have a higher than usual proportion of Cabernet in them and are long-life wines, although they were ready more quickly than expected. 1977, with a gloomy forecast following severe spring frost and indifferent weather, was rescued by the summer, with results that we should now begin to enjoy. 1978 was another fine vintage, up-graded by a magnificent autumn, which produced

wines for drinking at the turn of the century; and the decade ended with a slightly less good vintage, rather light wines predominating.

Meanwhile, what of the 1983 vintage, now in slow maturation? The dramas of 1982, with their brimming vats, have been succeeded by an easier fermentation: there is more acidity and it is the first time since 1947, 1948 and 1949 that Bordeaux has had such a run of three major vintages. The colour is excellent, the crop is of average good size and the wines should have long life. There is also good report of the white Bordeaux wines, the weather having produced a fair amount of beneficial rot, though some wines have suffered because the must reached rather too high a temperature during fine-weather fermentation.

With Bordeaux in such a happy position, it is worth adding a postscript of some comfort to those who predicted ruin for much of Burgundy, where there was a nasty visitation of hail. "Exaggerated" say my informants. "There has obviously been damage, but there is Vougeot!" The quality is good overall, the acidity balance is right and an average crop should show longer life than some recent ones. The whites also look good, but here there is a possible loss of some 30 per cent

through rot, particularly in the Sante-nay district.

Chablis presents a picture of good wine but with a much reduced crop, rot having attacked the region. The wines are said to resemble the 1981s, having more acid than in 1982; prices we hope, are stabilized. With the Beaujolais very good indeed and a stunning report from the Rhône ("Terrific," said a particularly reliable source, "no rain at the vintage and wonderful colour!"), French wine seems well prepared for the moment to meet the challenge of some of the newcomers in the market—and that is quite formidable. The 1983 vintage supports the growing belief that Rhône wine is likely to take an increasingly large share in the market of fine wines, as the overall quality continues to improve steadily, while wine from this region is well known for its enduring life.

Wine of the month

The star of the Lay & Wheeler annual wine-tasting was a wonderfully rich yet delicate 1979 Gevrey-Chambertin Les Cazetiers, from Domaine Armand Rousseau. Costing £12.36, this special occasion wine comes from some of the most prestigious *climats* in Gevrey-Chambertin and Morey-Saint-Denis. Available from 6 Culver Street West, Colchester (tel 0206 67261) ●

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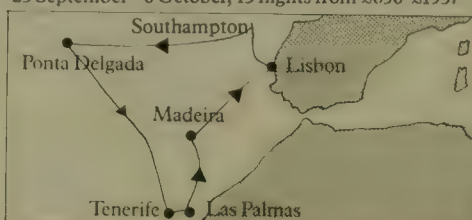
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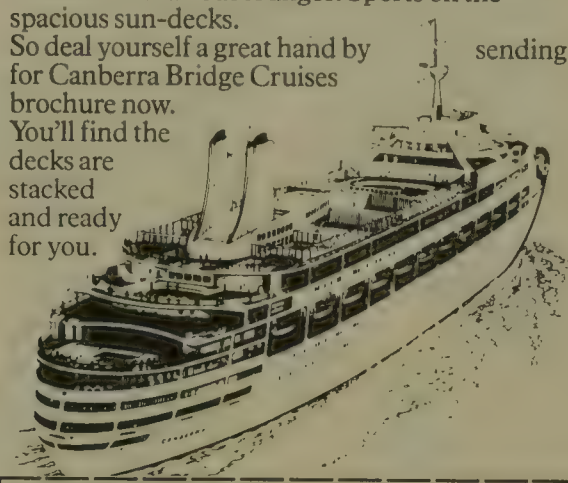


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Only second best

by Jack Marx

On days when even the stars in their courses seem to be fighting against you, slam bidding in particular can be a heart-rending enterprise. You have rightly judged a slam to be worth bidding, but you find, when dummy appears or early in the play, that you are only in the second-best contract.

This is a hand where North-South could take some pride in having bid very creditably to Seven Spades, even though Seven No-trumps is a marginally better contract.

♠ K Q J 5
♥ 9 6
♦ A Q 10 7
♣ K Q 3

Dealer East
East-West Game

♠ void
♥ K Q 8 5 4 3
♦ J 5 4 3 2
♣ 8 2

♠ 10 8 7 3 2
♥ J 2
♦ 9 8 6
♣ 10 9 5

♠ A 9 6 4
♥ A 10 7
♦ K
♣ A J 7 6 4

2♦ 3♠ 4NT 6♣ 7♠

North
South

1♣ 2♠ 4♥ 5♣ 6♦ No

South's Five Clubs is the response to Roman Blackwood and affirms either three Aces or none. Four Hearts, Six Clubs and Six Diamonds are self-explanatory cue-bids. At the point of final decision North knows of every high card in his partner's possession except the Jack of Clubs. Without that card South's suit might be ruffed good if it breaks badly, so North chooses a grand slam in spades rather than in no-trumps.

However, whatever the clubs are doing, South soon discovers that it is his vital trump suit that is behaving badly. He won West's lead of Heart King, and the blow fell when West pitched a heart on the lead of a small trump to dummy's King. In one sense he was having a little luck, since the five trumps were not lying with West, when there could be no hope at all. As it is, there is at least a faint chance, granted certain conditions; obviously East must hold at least three clubs and three diamonds.

At trick three South unblocked his Diamond King, then played Club Ace and a small club to dummy's King. He continued with two top diamonds and pitched his two losing hearts. At this point a view has to be taken over East's holdings in the red suits. East must not be permitted to discard his third club, if he holds it; on the other hand, it would be wise for dummy's club honour to be retained as a return route to dummy for the purpose of ruffing its second red-suit loser. There being no reason to place the silent West with seven hearts, South chose to ruff dummy's second heart at this point rather than a diamond, and was delighted to be able to return to dummy with a club.

♠ Q J 5
♦ 7

♥ Q 8
♦ J 5

♠ A 9
♣ J 7

♠ 10 8 7 3

♠ A J 8 6
♥ K J 7 3
♦ A J
♣ 8 6 4

Dealer North
Love All

♠ 4
♥ 9 4
♦ K Q 10 8 6 5
♣ A J 7 2

♠ 5 2
♥ Q 10 8 5
♦ 7 4 3 2
♣ Q 10 9

♠ K Q 10 9 7 3
♥ A 6 2
♦ 9
♣ K 5 3

One North opened One No-trump (12-14), South forced with Three Spades and North cue-bid his Ace of Diamonds, accepting spades as trumps. South disowned slam ambitions and against his Four Spade contract West led Diamond King. Alive to the risk of losing too many club tricks, South allowed West to hold the trick. On the diamond continuation South discarded a small heart, drew trumps in two rounds, cashed two top hearts and ruffed a third round in hand. However, the Heart Queen did not appear, so as the cards lay West had to lose three clubs to go one down.

At the other table North opened One Heart, South responded One Spade and West countered with Two Diamonds. North raised the spades to Two and South jumped to Four. Again the lead was Diamond King, but South this time had had a specific warning about the likelihood of Club Ace being with West and took steps to make the contract a certainty. He won the first trick with Diamond Ace, drew trumps, cashed the two top hearts and threw the third on dummy's Diamond Jack. The position became:

♠ J 8
♥ J 7
♣ 8 6 4

♦ 10 8 6
♣ A J 7 2

♥ Q 10
♦ 7 4
♣ Q 10 9

♠ Q 10 9 7
♣ K 5 3

West is end-played and can only give South a ruff and discard or concede a trick to the King of Clubs. If by chance West has a heart to lead, South may make his 10th trick with the last heart in dummy ●



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

London's Orbital Road

From Mr R. P. Mayes

Dear Sir,

Tony Aldous needs to be challenged on some of the statements he makes in your November issue. He should be aware that increased speed of a road vehicle increases the specific fuel consumption and wear and tear on both vehicles and drivers. Why else was it that during the fuel crisis vehicles were restricted to a top speed of 50 mph?

On the aspect of energy it should have been pointed out that the UK absorbs one fifth of its energy on transport, that is, twice as much as it uses on manufacturing the wealth of this country. This situation does not exist in any other country—hardly a credit to our Department of Transport.

Tony Aldous implies that at Epping the D of T had second thoughts that caused them to cover the M25. The facts are that this land is owned by the City of London and their statutes do not allow them to dispose of any part of Epping Forest without a Parliamentary Act. The City fathers—being more responsible and civilized than the D of T—would not initiate the Act of Parliament until they had received an assurance from the D of T that they would cover the M25 at Epping. After the Public Inquiry Report the Minister of Transport agreed to extend the length of covering.

With regard to Leatherhead your correspondent neglected to report that the route of the M25 was changed from the south to the north of Leatherhead to run parallel with a four-lane by-pass. This results in 10 lanes of traffic with two interchanges all within 500 metres of 15 schools, one of which has to withstand noise levels higher than that recommended by the Surrey County Council or the GLC.

Two government witnesses on lead pollution at the Public Inquiry, Drs Baltrop and Needleman, said respectively, "It is a matter of common sense that motorways should not be built through school playing fields" and "no way would I send my children to these schools". This evidence fell on the deaf ears of the Inspector and therefore the D of T, and of course the Mole Valley Councillors could not care less.

Perhaps Mr Aldous should be a little more circumspect when he reviews propaganda from the D of T, and he should try and make contact with the professional opposition to ensure he is capable of presenting a balanced case.

R.P. Mayes
London

Tony Aldous writes: An orbital motorway running 120 miles round the edges of London is bound to damage the environment. The key question is "Do the gains—environmental, economic and other—outweigh the losses?" If the answer is "Yes", then we need to

ask about each particular stretch: "Are the road planners doing everything they reasonably can to minimize damage?"

I believe the answer to the first question is broadly Yes. The answer to the second varies, though my own view is that, despite improvements, the Department of Transport is still mostly not prepared to pay enough to get an acceptable environmental answer.

Two specific points in Mr Mayes's letter: 1 Of course road vehicles travelling at 70mph are fuel guzzlers, but from an environmental and an economic point of view 70mph on the M25 is preferable to 5mph in Holloway Road or the Old Kent Road. However, we could, and should, do more to encourage water and rail freight. 2 Regarding Leatherhead, 10 parallel lanes of traffic are appalling, yes. But would four lanes north of the town and six lanes south of it really be better?

Correction

We regret that in the maps accompanying the article on London's Orbital Road the Dartford Tunnel was wrongly identified as the Blackwall Tunnel.

The secret of Ultra

From Mr Nigel West

Dear Sir,

John Winton's article on *The secret of Ultra* [ILN, November, 1983] has perpetuated many of the myths concerning wartime signals intelligence, and in particular the exploitation of information obtained from the Enigma coding machine.

His statement that "so valuable was the intelligence obtained—from early in the war the British knew of almost all the radio transmissions between German high command and headquarters in the field—that it was given a special security classification" is incorrect. The term "Ultra" was introduced only in June, 1941, the same month in which Bletchley successfully broke into the current German naval Enigma traffic. Your correspondent's claim that "the flow of Ultra increased to a flood early in 1941" is an astonishing exaggeration. Although the first significant breakthrough took place in January, 1940, with the discovery of some (but by no means all) the current keys for the Luftwaffe's Enigma, the German army keys resisted decryption until April, 1942.

As for the precautions taken by the Admiralty to safeguard their source of high-grade signals intelligence, John Winton says "it was forbidden even to mention the word Ultra". This is true, but not for the reasons stated. The Royal Navy used their own code-word, "Hydro", for signal material prior to June, 1941.

John Winton concludes that German Intelligence demonstrated "amazing stupidity" about the "unbreak-

ability of their cyphers". Evidently he is unaware that the Allies failed to break a number of the Enigma keys, including one of the two used by the German navy to communicate with vessels in distant waters. Indeed, for the first two years of the war the Germans actually succeeded in breaking several of the supposedly impregnable British naval cyphers!

Nigel West (Author of *M16: British Secret Intelligence Service Operations 1909-45*)

London SW10

John Winton writes:

Mr West's confident tone suggests he is quite sure he is the sole fount of true wisdom on Ultra. But he is much more eager to criticize my text than to read it carefully. For instance, the phrase "amazing stupidity" was not mine but, as the inverted commas might have made clear to him, a direct quote from the British naval staff.

For the rest, Mr West is merely deploying his own opinions or insisting upon details which doubtless he himself would have included had he written my article for me. I simply did not have the space for the ups and downs of crypto-analytical successes on both sides, nor for such niceties as the difference between Ultra and Hydro. I was writing in general terms, and I was strictly rationed for space, and I stand by what I wrote.

I feel that if Mr West ever does have any relevant comments to make he would do much better to address himself to my main theme which was, after all, the terrible risks the Allies ran of betraying the secret of Ultra through carelessness or an excess of zeal.

King Leopold and Hitler

From M Jean-François Fontaine

Dear Sir,

The caption to your photograph of the national funeral of our ex-King Leopold III [ILN, November, 1983] mentioned that he was blamed "for surrendering to the Nazis in 1940 and for meeting Hitler during the Belgian government's exile in London".

May I rectify this interpretation? The defeat and surrender of the Belgian army on May 28, 1940—but only at this date—after having warned the allies, made it possible for quite a number of your compatriots to embark from Dunkirk and so, indirectly, to help you win the "Bataille d'Angleterre".

The King said he met Hitler at Berchtesgaden in November, 1940 with real disgust, and did so only to help his soldiers who were prisoners in Germany, and to relieve his people from becoming too oppressed.

I hope this will help to show the King's tragic life in true perspective. He was deeply loved by his people.

Jean-François Fontaine
Overijse, Belgium

Opening innovations

by John Nunn

It is traditional to divide chess games into three phases: opening, middle-game and endgame. Of these, players of all levels put most effort into studying the opening. The justification lies in the argument that you may not survive long enough to demonstrate your end-game skill if the opening goes badly. Attitudes to opening preparation vary; some players regard it as a necessary evil while others find it the most interesting part of the game.

With the present proliferation of chess literature, especially opening books, players of all levels have more access to opening information than ever before. The standard of opening play has undoubtedly risen as a result, but this is not enough to improve general playing standards unless it is balanced by study of the other phases of the game. The reverse of the above argument applies here; it is pointless gaining an advantage from the opening if your endgame play is not good enough to exploit it.

Although most players are happy to keep up with the literature, grandmasters try to surprise their opponents with original discoveries made in home analysis. A good innovation can often

decide the game, since the innovator will have explored all the consequences at leisure, but his opponent has to do the best he can over the board with the clock ticking.

Chess history contains many romantic stories of opening innovations. One of the best known concerns the great American, Pillsbury, who, for a brief period at the turn of the century, was one of the world's leading players. At the 1895 St Petersburg tournament he lost with the white side of a Queen's Gambit Declined to Emanuel Lasker, who had become world champion a year earlier. After the game, home analysis convinced Pillsbury that Lasker's opening was flawed and if the world champion were to repeat the same line the result could be reversed. However the years went past and the opportunity never presented itself. Finally the two met again at Cambridge Springs in 1904 with Pillsbury white, and this time Lasker repeated his opening of nine years previously. Pillsbury was able to spring his innovation and even Lasker's ingenuity was not enough to save the game. Pillsbury was already ill by this time and apart from the one brilliancy he had a miserable result. Two years later he died aged 33.

This month's game features one of

the most important innovations of 1983. It was played in Hungary.

A. Groszpéter **A. Adorjan**
White Black
Nimzo-Indian Defence

- | | | |
|----|-------|-------|
| 1 | P-Q4 | N-KB3 |
| 2 | P-QB4 | P-K3 |
| 3 | N-QB3 | B-N5 |
| 4 | P-K3 | P-B4 |
| 5 | N-K2 | PxP |
| 6 | PxP | 0-0 |
| 7 | P-QR3 | B-K2 |
| 8 | P-Q5 | PxP |
| 9 | PxP | R-K1 |
| 10 | B-K3 | |

White has also tried 10 P-Q6, 10 P-R3 and 10 P-KN3, but 10 B-K3 enjoyed the best reputation until Adorjan unveiled his discovery.

10 ... N-N5

11 B-Q4 N-KR3!

Hitherto Black had played 11 ... P-Q3. The knight retreat prepares ... N-B4, exchanging White's important bishop.

12 P-KN4

A rather desperate attempt to prevent ... N-B4 which seriously weakens White's kingside. This encounter has an amusing sequel, for soon afterwards the game Lukov-Horvath from a Bulgaria-Hungary match reached exactly the same position. Evidently news of 11 ... N-KR3! had not percolated

from Hungary to Bulgaria and the unlucky Lukov could only lament the pace of East European postal services. He chose 12 Q-Q3 but lost even more quickly than Groszpéter.

- | | | |
|----|------|-------|
| 12 | ... | P-Q3 |
| 13 | P-R3 | P-B4! |
| 14 | Q-B2 | B-N4 |

White's king is trapped in the centre of the board since it dare not castle into the shattered kingside.

- | | | |
|----|----------|----------|
| 15 | B-N2 | N-Q2 |
| 16 | PxP | N-B3 |
| 17 | P-KR4 | BxBP |
| 18 | Q-R4 | B-Q2 |
| 19 | Q-N4 | B-B5 |
| 20 | K-B1 | B-K4 |
| 21 | BxB | RxB |
| 22 | QxQP | N(B3)-N5 |
| 23 | K-N1 | N-B4 |
| 24 | Q-N4 | NxRP |
| 25 | N-N3 | Q-B3 |
| 26 | N(B3)-K4 | N-B6ch |
| 27 | BxN | QxB |
| 28 | QxP | R-KB1! |

Black finishes forcefully with a bishop sacrifice.

29 QxB NxP

If now 30 R-R4 then 30 ... Q-K6! wins.

- | | | |
|----|---------|--------|
| 30 | R-R2 | NxN |
| 31 | NxN | RxN |
| 32 | Q-Q6 | R-N5ch |
| 33 | Resigns | |

Certain things
have always found favour
in high places.

Don't be Vague. It's always been Haig.

Model exhibition



by Ursula Robertshaw

Perhaps the best known of all Royal Doulton's products are its figurines—the ladies in crinolines, the child studies, the historic figures, the nursery rhyme characters. Many of these were modelled by Peggy Davies who has worked for the company for almost 45 years. Now, on the eve of her retirement in 1984, she has been given a retrospective exhibition, running until February 27, at the Royal Doulton International Collectors Club, Leather & Snook, 167 Piccadilly, W1.

More than 250 pieces in a range of bodies—porcelain, terracotta and *blanc de chine*—are on show, most of them made for Royal Doulton but including also commissioned works made in Peggy's own studio.

She was brought up in Burslem, one of the Five Towns which form the heart of the Potteries. Her grandfather, with whom she went to live as a young girl, was a senior engineer at a pottery and the scenes, characters and processes of pot-making became engraved on her memory. When she was 14 she was contracted to Clarice Cliff as assistant designer, where she learnt mould-making as well. She took up a scholarship at the College of Art in her "spare time".

Peggy then went to work as designer for Midwinters for six months, before joining Royal Doulton in 1939 at the suggestion of Charles Nokes. Her first

models were of small birds and animals, mostly with flambé glazes. Then in 1949 came her first figurine, the highly successful Minuet.

After the birth of her first child Peggy set up her own studio, though she continued to produce work for Royal Doulton. The figures of artisans on this page were all created in the 1970s. The terracotta splendidly shows the delicacy and detail of the modelling, some of which is always masked by the application of glaze. First of these to be produced was the thrower, inspired by Josiah Wedgwood's original wheel which Peggy used as a student at Burslem. A turner, a clay-weighing woman, a wedger and a mould runner will join the ware carrier, the thrower and the placer in this gallery of Potteries figures.

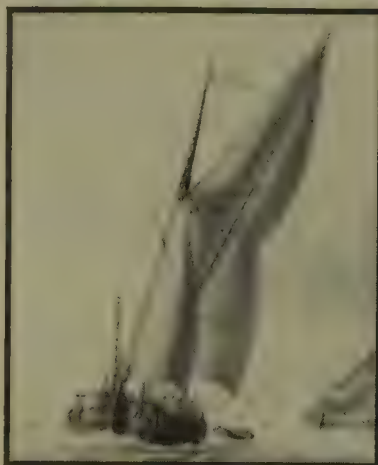
The model of the blacksmith, illustrated right, was commissioned by Mrs Mary Durose for her husband Roy's 60th birthday and the centenary of his Tunstall blacksmith business. It is a ceramic portrait of Roy Durose. The miner was commissioned by the North Staffordshire branch of the National Coal Board to be presented to Lord Robens on his retirement as national chairman. The cat enduring caresses by the miner's left hand recalls that in the last century pet cats were taken down the mines to kill vermin. These models sold at about £500.

Inquiries to Peggy Davies, c/o Royal Doulton, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs



Top, ware carrier, placer and thrower—three of a series of Potteries figures. Above, a blacksmith and a miner. All the artisan figures were created in the 1970s.

JANUARY BRIEFING



CALENDAR

Sunday, January 1

The Dark Crystal opens a season of animated films for children at the National Film Theatre (p80)

□ New Year's Day

Monday, January 2

The story of *Checkmate*: first in a five-part series on de Valois's ballet in rehearsal & performance on Channel 4 (p83)

Sales stay open at Simpson's, Moss Bros, Liberty's & Heal's (p86)

□ Bank holiday

Tuesday, January 3

Tennis: Barratt World Doubles Championships at the Albert Hall (p81)

Wednesday, January 4

Kiss Me Kate, the film of Cole Porter's musical, shown free at the V & A (p80)

Thursday, January 5

La traviata at the Coliseum (p83)
30th London International Boat Show opens at Earls Court (p80)
First day of sales at Lillywhites & Harvey Nichols (p86)

Friday, January 6

New films: *The Honorary Consul*, a screen version of Graham Greene's novel; & *Gorky Park* (p76)
Makers '84 opens at the British Crafts Centre (p85)

Animal paintings by the Detmold Brothers go on exhibition at the Natural History Museum (p82)
Harrods sale opens (p86)

□ Epiphany

Saturday, January 7

Rugby: England v The Rest (p81)

Sunday, January 8

Day of Ravel at the Royal Opera House (p78)

First in a new series of lectures: The Artist & the Place at the V & A (p80)
Last chance to see Dobson & Devis exhibitions at the National Portrait Gallery (p84)

Monday, January 9

Michael Hordern reads from Izaak



Marine sale at Bonham's, left: January 12. Timothy West as Stalin, centre: January 18. Detmold animal paintings at the Natural History Museum, right: January 6.

Walton at the Cottesloe (p80)
Park Lane Group Young Artists' series begins at the Purcell Room (p78)

Tuesday, January 10

First night of Caryl Churchill's *Softcops* at The Pit; International Mime Festival opens (p74)

Wednesday, January 11

First of two Haydn lunchtime performances by the BBC Symphony Orchestra at the Barbican (p78)
John Russell Taylor talks on *émigré* writers in Hollywood at the National Theatre (p80)

Thursday, January 12

Hakan Hagegard recital at the Wigmore Hall (p79)
Bonham's evening sale of marine paintings, maritime instruments & ships' models (p80)

Friday, January 13

Sidney Lumet's *Daniel* opens (p76)
Continuity in Architecture opens at the Warwick Arts Trust (p80)
Athletics: AAA & WAAA Championships at Cosford (p81)

Saturday, January 14

The Turn of the Screw at the Coliseum (p83)
Rebecca Horn exhibition opens at the Serpentine (p84)
Last night of *Blondel* at the Old Vic (p74)

Sunday, January 15

Hindemith memorial concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p78)

Monday, January 16

Alce Clifton-Taylor gives the first in a series of National Trust lectures at the Purcell Room (p80)
Thoughtcrimes: debates on issues from

Orwell's *1984* at the Barbican (p80)
Benjamin Luxon recital at St John's (p78)

Wozzeck at Covent Garden (p83)

Tuesday, January 17

Photographs of Billingsgate go on show at the Museum of London (p82)
Paul Crossley plays all Ravel's solo piano works at the Royal Opera House (p78)

Wednesday, January 18

First night of *Master Class* with Timothy West at the Old Vic (p74)
Chilingirian String Quartet begin their Beethoven cycle at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p78)

New exhibitions: Boudin & Jongkind at Noortman & Brod; Omega Workshops at the Crafts Council (p84)
Design Review '84 opens at the Design Centre (p80)

Thursday, January 19

Samuel Pepys at Music at St John's (p78)

Friday, January 20

Ravel/Varèse festival at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p79)

Saturday, January 21

The Rugby Home International Championship starts with Wales v Scotland in Cardiff, & France v Ireland in Paris (p81)

Sunday, January 22

Last chance to see Albert: His Life & Work at the Royal College of Art (p82)
Monte Carlo Rally starts (p81)
Pollini & the Chamber Orchestra of Europe at the Queen Elizabeth Hall; Julian Bream guitar recital at the Wigmore Hall (p79)

Monday, January 23



Agnew's Annual Watercolour Exhibition opens (p84)

Tuesday, January 24

Christie's South Kensington auction the costumes of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company at the Lyric, Hammersmith (p80)

Wednesday, January 25

The Capricious View, an exhibition of townscapes opens at the National Gallery, & work by Hans Haacke opens at the Tate (p84)
Songmakers Almanac at Greenwich Royal Naval College (p78)

□ Burns Night

Thursday, January 26

First night of *The Story of a Horse* directed by Michael Bogdanov at the Cottesloe (p74)
La Bohème at the Royal Opera House (p83)

Friday, January 27

Ravel/Varèse festival at the Festival Hall (p79)

Saturday, January 28

Last chance to see an exhibition of aerial views at the Photographers' Gallery (p85)
Sarah Walker recital at the Wigmore Hall (p79)

Sunday, January 29

Charles I Commemoration (p80)

Monday, January 30

Philharmonia Orchestra in Beethoven programme at the Festival Hall (p79)
Endymion Ensemble at the Wigmore Hall (p79)

Tuesday, January 31

Ravel/Varèse festival at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p79)
Up Helly Aa in Lerwick, Shetland (p90)

Briefing edited by Alex Finer

Researched by Angela Bird and Miranda Madge.

Information correct at time of going to press. See listings for further details.
Add 01- in front of seven-digit telephone numbers when calling from outside London.

THEATRE
JC TREWIN

Caryl Churchill: new play at The Pit on January 10.

CARYL CHURCHILL, who provided two of the most striking plays of 1983, *Top Girls* and *Fen*, has written a new one, *Softcops*, which opens on January 10 at The Pit. Here, exploring the theme of law and order, she has used the memoirs of two 19th-century French criminals.

□ An adaptation from Tolstoy, *The Story of a Horse*, comes to the Cottesloe on January 26. This, by Mark Rozovsky, is a play with music, a parable of the class system through the story of a horse and his master in 19th-century Russia. Michael Bogdanov is the director.

□ The second Old Vic production in Ed Mirvish's new theatre is entirely different from the first, *Blondel*. It is David Pownall's *Master Class*, opening on January 18, in which Timothy West appears as Stalin who is determined to teach Prokofiev and Shostakovich to compose "real" music.

NEW REVIEWS

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

Blondel

It is seldom that a theatre upstages its play; but in the interval of *Blondel* most people were talking of the extraordinarily elegant period restoration of the Old Vic under its new owner, Ed Mirvish. The foyer alone, a wide open space, must startle after the years when it was necessary to fight a way into the theatre. This, I agree, should be secondary to the pleasures of the play.

Blondel is an endearing all-singing musical. The anachronisms are deliberate. Tim Rice, the librettist, has enjoyed them immensely; so should we while *Blondel*, a figure from a legend nobody has ever verified, goes wandering in search of the imprisoned King Richard Coeur-de-Lion. Witty lyrics tell us what we wish to know, & our knowledge is invariably fortified by Stephen Oliver's music. I see no reason to undervalue the Rice-Oliver dexterity, even if the night does end with *Blondel* & his Blondettes in a cabaret turn.

Nothing need be taken seriously, from the first impact of the singing monks who act as commentators. We move on to the departure of Richard for the Crusades, the whole-hearted villainy of his brother John (David Burt in splendid form), & events in Austria after a European tour. For most of the time we are accompanied by a charming Assassin (Chris Langham, who seems to

open & shut like a folding rule). The principals are Paul Nicholas & Sharon Lee Hill. The toytown sets—Westminster Abbey & all—are Tim Goodchild's, & Peter James has directed. Don't go to the new Vic looking for *Hamlet*; clearly that will come one day; meanwhile, here is a gala night for a dear friend's return. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). Until Jan 14.

Dancin'

The Drury Lane stage is filled for 90 minutes or so with every kind of first-class dancing, swept along at a fantastic pace by Bob Fosse's American company. It is all stimulating, from the entire cast in "Dancin' Man" to Raymond Charles Harris in "I've Got the Feelin' Too Good Today Blues". The joys of this performance which, in spite of its impressive rally of composers, is not a "musical" in the customary sense, are the sheer good humour & matching expertise. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc).

Dear Anyone

Though I have the warmest admiration for Jane Lapotaire, this musical hardly makes proper use of an uncommon talent. As the agony aunt of a New York paper, she begins to wonder at last whether she is really giving her all to her correspondents. That is more or less the plot. If nothing really glib happens in and round Ralph Koltai's elaborate set, neither does anything very exciting. I waited hopefully for a revelation without any success, but have to concede that much of the production is efficient. Jack Rosenthal, the librettist, has insisted upon

an American setting; a pity, I think. Still, he & his associates, Geoff Stephens (composer) & Don Black (lyrics) manage to keep going. Besides Miss Lapotaire, there are performances of comparable efficiency by Stephanie Voss & Stubby Kaye. If only the night had a spark! Cambridge, Earham St, WC2 (379 5299, cc).

Dial M for Murder

I have never felt condescending towards Frederick Knott's old puzzle. True, it is more than 30 years old; true, it has been done everywhere, but did not Quiller-Couch say in quite another context, "The best is the best, though a hundred judges have declared it so"? I am not saying that this is the richest in its genre, but—allowing for its functional dialogue—it still holds an audience. Allan Davis has now directed as smoothly as one would expect: he has good players in Simon Ward, a man who wishes to murder his wife, & Peter Adamson, a police-inspector examining a different crime. Hayley Mills is the wife. If she finds the last scene difficult—so, I think, have most actresses in the part. Anyway, the heart of the matter is that the night does preserve its ingenuity. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9988, cc).

FIRST NIGHTS

Jan 10. Softcops

Caryl Churchill's new play (see introduction). The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891). Until Jan 25.

Jan 10. *International Mime Festival*. This year's events include *Foolsfire* at Riverside Studios, Jan 10-15; *Circus Fratellini*, Shaw Theatre, Jan 17-22; *Geoff Hoyle* at the Albany Empire, Jan 24, & Shaw Theatre, Jan 25-28; *Avner the Eccentric*, Cockpit Theatre, Jan 28-31. Festival ends Feb 4. Information from 434 3531.

Jan 18. Master Class

In David Pownall's play Timothy West plays Stalin (see introduction). Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

Jan 26. The Story of a Horse

Play with music by Mark Rozovsky, adapted from Tolstoy (see introduction). Director Michael Bogdanov. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

ALSO PLAYING

Shows particularly suitable for family audiences will be found under Christmas Shows.

Ain't We Got Fun

Lindsay Holiday in a musical about the life & times of a black American singer in the jazz era.

Hayley Mills: *Dial M for Murder* at the Vaudeville (see new reviews).

Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Jan 7.

The Business of Murder

Richard Harris has written a taut thriller that does its duty, with Eric Lander & Richard Todd. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc).

The Comedy of Errors

The trouble with Adrian Noble's production is its insistence on forcing the laughs. We do want some humanity to leaven the artifice &, frenziedly acted though the whole thing is, memory must rest with Joseph O'Connor's entirely straight delivery of Aegon. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc). Until Jan 28.

The Country Girl

Clifford Odets's play acted with fibre & credibility by Hannah Gordon, Martin Shaw & John Stride. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

Custom of the Country

Nicholas Wright's zestful "romantic comedy", set in Africa during 1890, acted with great expertise by such people as Sara Kestelman, Sinead Cusack & Josette Simon. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Daisy Pulls It Off

Denise Deegan's pastiche of the Angela Brazil world of school is top-hole, & Alexandra Mathie the most delightful heroine that ever wore a gym-slip. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

Evita

No weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

Glegarry Glen Ross

A sardonically accurate 'American comedy by David Mamet. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Hay Fever

Penelope Keith now moves through this Coward revival as to the manner born. It is all splendidly here as of old: mad tea-party, domestic histrionics and final breakfast-table absorption. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

Henry VIII

This strangely bleak revival, if redeemed by some of Howard Davies's ingenuities, is fortunate in the Katharine of Gemma Jones, but it is less fortunate in the treatment of Buckingham, whose farewell to the world is hampered by surprisingly unimaginative production. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. Until Jan 21.

An Inspector Calls

Alan Strachan directs J. B. Priestley's play, with Margaret Tyzack, Jenny Quayle & David Swift. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc). Until Jan 28.

Jean Seberg

Kelly Hunter & Elizabeth Counsell play the American actress at two different ages in a new musical by Marvin Hamlisch about her tragic life. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Julius Caesar

Peter McEnery's quietly truthful Brutus stands out from a competent production by Ron Daniels. It could do without the employment of a television screen in the Senate House & Forum. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. Until Jan 27.

Life is a Dream

17th-century play by Calderón de la Barca about a Polish king who shuts his son away on learning from a horoscope that the boy is destined to become a tyrant. With Miles Anderson, Lesley Duff & Christopher Neame. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc). Until Jan 28.

Little Lies

This new adaptation of Pinero's famous farce *The Magistrate* can be oddly tame at times, though it has the benefit of John Mills's resolute method as Mr Posket. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

Little Shop of Horrors

The musical, an acquired taste, about a plant, a blend of cactus and octopus, that grows into a terror. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc).

Lovers Dancing

A tiresomely artificial comedy, but Charles Dyer is lucky in his cast, particularly Paul Eddington & Colin Blakely. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

Master Harold... & the Boys

Athol Fugard's play, set in South Africa, is about an encounter between a white schoolboy & two black waiters. Deriving from the dramatist's memories of his own youth & splendidly acted, it develops after a slow beginning. Cottesloe.

Masterpieces

Return of Sarah Daniels's play about the effect of pornography on three women. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc). From Jan 6.

Measure for Measure

Adrian Noble's is, indeed, a most creditably unforced revival in a setting of 18th-century Vienna. There can be no finer Duke than Daniel Massey & I am sure that Shakespeare, had he known Peggy Mount was to appear as Mistress Overdone, would have amplified that tiny part. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. Until Jan 26.

The Mousetrap

Though now in its 32nd year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc).

A New Way to Pay Old Debts

Philip Massinger's Jacobean comedy-drama about an arrogant knight (played by Emrys James) who swindles his nephew (Miles Anderson) out of an inheritance. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon. Until Jan 19.

Noises Off

Everything that happens in Michael Frayn's enjoyable farce is during the performance of another farce, *Nothing On*, a wild helter-skelter touring business & the kind of thing that can breed catastrophe. John Quayle plays its director. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 930 9232).

No Sex Please—We're British

Good farces do not wane, & this one, directed by Allan Davis, does not after 12 years, more than 5,000 performances & innumerable cast changes. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

Pack of Lies

Hugh Whitmore's play, subtle & distinguished, is one of the prizes of the season: so, certainly, is the performance of Judi Dench as the quiet suburban woman in Ruislip who, with her husband (acted comparably well by Michael Williams) finds herself on the fringe of an espionage case. Barbara Leigh-Hunt is also redoubtably good. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc).

Poppy

The Royal Shakespeare's panto-musical, if that is the term, (the author is Peter Nichols) reaches the West End with Geoffrey Hutchings, Alfred Marks, Antonia Ellis & Nichola McAuliffe against the unexpected background of the mid-19th-century opium wars. It is a strange idea but the piece, directed by Terry Hands, is loyally performed & we shall be eager to know what Broadway makes of it later. Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc 930 9232).

The Real Thing

Tom Stoppard's comedy now with Susan Penhaligon, Paul Shelley & Judy Geeson. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

The Rivals

Peter Wood's fine revival has Geraldine McEwan as the best Malaprop I can remember, matched by Michael Hordern as Sir Anthony, in a joyful appreciation of Sheridan's text. Olivier.

Run For Your Wife

Ray Cooney has written & directed the fastest-moving farce for years in his portrait of a London taxi-driver who maintains two households, each unknown to the other. Now with James Bolam, Ian Ogilvy & Stratford Johns. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

The School for Scandal

The Sheridan revival, most successful at the Haymarket, with Donald Sinden's Sir Peter Teazle now returns (but to another theatre) for a season. Duke of York's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 5122, cc 836 0641).

The Sleeping Prince

Omar Sharif & the Chichester cast (with Judy Campbell) bring to the West End this elegant production of Terence Rattigan's comedy. Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

Song & Dance

Liz Robertson in song, & Graham Fletcher in dance, lead Andrew Lloyd Webber's "concert for the theatre". Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437



Bob Fosse's *Dancin'*: stimulating & good-humoured (see new reviews).

6834, cc 437 8327).

Special Occasions

Bernard Slade's play is about a divorced couple meeting at intervals over 10 years for important family events. With John Alderton & Jan Waters. Ambassador's, West St, WC2 (836 1171, cc 930 9232). Until Feb 4.

Sufficient Carbohydrate

New play by Dennis Potter, with Dinsdale Landen & Nicky Henson. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

Tales from Hollywood

This tragi-comic invention about war-time émigrés in Hollywood is one of Christopher Hampton's most potent plays; & his compère is grandly done by Michael Gambon. Olivier.

The Time of Your Life

American comedy of the 1930s, with Daniel Massey, John Thaw & Zoë Wanamaker. Howard Davies directs. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon. Until Jan 27.

Twelfth Night

The second title, *What You Will*, is a perilous invitation to any director; but John Caird never pulls the bitter-sweet comedy out of shape. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. Until Jan 28.

Y

A "musical spectacular" that is, in effect, a cabaret-revue. Dull patches aside, it should not be condescendingly undervalued. Arturo Brachetti is good fun. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

You Can't Take It With You

Seldom has there been a madder stage family than that in George S. Kaufman's inventive American comedy. The National Theatre company, especially Geraldine McEwan, Ronald Hines, Janine Dusitski & Brewster Mason, has a cheerfully romping time. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

CHRISTMAS SHOWS

Abbacadabra

Musical with Elaine Paige, Finola Hughes, B. A. Robertson & Sylvester McCoy; music written by the Swedish pop group, Abba. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Jan 21.

Aladdin

The Theatre of Comedy's first pantomime with Richard O'Sullivan, Jill Gascoine, Derek Griffiths, Tommy Trinder & Lynsey de Paul. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 6596, cc 930 9232). Until Feb 4.

Aladdin

Barbara Windsor & Christopher Timothy lead the cast. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781312). Until Jan 14.

Blondel

See new reviews. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). Until Jan 14.

Bugsy Malone

An unfortunate attempt at a stage version of the film of the same name. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 6606, cc).

Cats

Trevor Nunn uses stage & auditorium boldly for Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc).

Cinderella

The National's first-ever pantomime is a traditional Victorian affair. Janet Dibley plays Cinderella, Susan Fleetwood is Prince Charming & Robert Stephens & Derek Newark are the Ugly Sisters. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Cinderella

Carole Brooke plays Cinders, Dickie Henderson is Buttons & Jack Douglas is Baron Hardup. Orchard, Dartford, Kent (0322 77331, cc). Until Jan 21.

Dick Whittington

Roy Hudd heads the cast as Idle Jack, with June Whitfield, Honor Blackman, Hugh Lloyd, Richard Murdoch, Sarah Greene & John Hanson. Richmond Theatre, Richmond, Surrey (940 0088, cc). Until Feb 4.

Hansel & Gretel

Sheila Steafel plays the Witch in this new translation of Humperdinck's opera, adapted from the Grimm brothers' story. Bloomsbury, Gordon St, WC1 (387 9629). Until Jan 14.

Hello Dolly!

Danny La Rue plays the matchmaker, Dolly Levi, in a new production of this musical. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0846).

Hi-de-Hi!

Comedy based on a popular television series set in a holiday camp. With Simon Cadell, Paul Shane, Ruth Madoc & Su Pollard. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc). Until Mar 4.

Jack & the Beanstalk

Joe Brown plays Jack & Bryan Burdon plays Simple Simon. Theatre Royal, Windsor, Berks (95 53888). Until Jan 28.

Mother Goose

Traditional pantomime, with Norman Rossington in the title role. Shaw, Euston Rd, NW1 (388

7727). Until Jan 14.

Mr Cinders

An endearing musical comedy, with a score largely by Vivian Ellis, returns—in the words of its best song—to spread a little happiness. Denis Lawson is, engagingly, a male Cinderella. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

Mr Spoon on Button Moon

Black theatre techniques are used to animate the puppets, made from everyday household objects. Jeanetta Cochrane, Southampton Way, WC1 (226 5911). Until Jan 7.

Noggin the Nog & the Firecake

The King of the Nogs in a tale suitable for five- to nine-year-olds, by Oliver Postgate & Peter Firmin. Unicorn, Gt Newport St, WC2 (836 3334). Until Jan 15.

Oliver!

Dickens himself would be pleased at the durability of this musical, back for Christmas with Ron Moody as Fagin. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 836 0641). Until Jan 14.

Peter Pan

The RSC revives last season's popular production, this time with Mark Rylance as Peter. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891). Until Jan 28.

The Prince & the Mouse

The resident marionette company in a play based on Goldsmith's *The Citizen of the World*. Little Angel, 14 Dagmar Passage, N1 (226 1787). Until Jan 8.

Robinson Crusoe

With John Noakes, Peter Purves & Lance Percival. Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford, Surrey (0483 60191). Until Jan 14.

Sinbad the Sailor

Ken Dodd & the Diddymen with Michael Robbins. Wimbledon, The Broadway, SW19 (540 0362, cc). Until Feb 4.

Singin' in the Rain

Don't compare the stage version with the Gene Kelly film. This is a gentle joy in its own right, with Tommy Steele to take us through the worries of a Hollywood when the screen began to speak. Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc).

The Sleeping Beauty

Traditional panto by David Cregan. Joanne Whalley plays the princess. Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq, E15 (534 2178). Until Jan 21.

Snoopy—the Musical

Musical based on the American strip cartoon about Charlie Brown, his friends & the beagle. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc).

Snow White & the Seven Dwarfs

Singer Dana is in the title role. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 8611).

Sooty Builds his House

Matthew Corbett & his furry glove-puppet. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc). Until Jan 7.

Star Rider!

A space-age story, with magician Peter Petroff. Polka, 240 The Broadway, SW19 (543 4888). Until Jan 28.

Toad of Toad Hall

Kenneth Grahame's riverbank friends: Graham Chinn as Toad, David King as Badger, Graham Seed as Mole & newcomer Frank Vincent as the Water Rat. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc 836 0641). Until Jan 7.

Where the Wild Things Are

Clydebourne give a new operatic version, by Oliver Knussen, of Maurice Sendak's children's book (see p67). Lyttelton, Jan 9-14.

The Wind in the Willows

New musical adaptation of Kenneth Grahame's story. Ashcroft, Croydon, Surrey (688 9291, cc 680 5955). Until Jan 14.

The Wizard of Oz

Charlie Drake plays the Cowardly Lion, Fenella Fielding is the Wicked Witch of the West & Celina Duncan is Dorothy. Churchill, Bromley, Kent (460 6677, cc). Until Jan 21.

Cheap tickets

Half price ticket booth, west side of Leicester Square. Unsold tickets for that day's performances on sale for half price plus 75p service charge. Personal callers only, no cheques or credit cards. Mon-Sat 2.30-6.30pm, matinee days noon-2pm.

Fringe box office

Booking facilities for over 50 fringe theatres. Duke of York's Theatre foyer, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (379 6002, cc).

BRIEFING
CINEMA
GEORGE PERRY



Lindsay Crouse & Mandy Patinkin: on trial in Sidney Lumet's *Daniel* from January 13.

SOME AMERICAN CRITICS are angry that Sidney Lumet's *Daniel* (reviewed below) offers no views on the guilt or innocence of the Rosenbergs, who went to the electric chair in 1953 for divulging nuclear secrets to the Russians. Some have even accused the left-wing Lumet of committing a whitewash job. The film-maker adamantly refutes this: "These people are not the Rosenbergs. Their story was merely a springboard. The only part of the film that we actually researched in connexion with them was the scene in the execution chamber."

□ Traditionally, British studios have tended to be on the western edge of London, a legacy of the coal fires of silent days, when the prevailing wind kept the leafy suburbs on that side free from the sulphurous fogs for which the city was renowned. Times change. At Rotherhithe the small but thriving Sands Studios are operated by Richard Goodwin, and a few weeks ago Limehouse Studios, Britain's biggest independent production base in film and television, opened on the opposite side of the river.

□ Paul Scofield's screen appearances have been relatively few, so it is doubly cruel that on the first day's filming of Alan Bridges's *The Shooting Party* he should be injured in an accident when runaway horses bolted with the carriage in which he was riding. The substitution of James Mason in the role is a measure of consolation for the filmgoer.

NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact locations & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

Daniel (15)

Sidney Lumet has taken E. L. Doctorow's novel *The Book of Daniel* &, with the author writing the screenplay, fashioned a painstaking account of the psychological burden imposed on the children of two executed traitors. It is clearly based on the Rosenbergs, but so full of substantive differences of detail that it cannot be taken as an accurate biography.

Doctorow used the fact of the Rosenbergs' trial & execution & the hysterical McCarthyite atmosphere of the time to examine just what it would do to the children, not only in the 1950s but as they grew up into adulthood. The daughter, played by Amanda Plummer, becomes a suicidal psychotic, & her elder brother, played by Timothy Hutton, an angst-ridden seeker of the truth about his parents. The modern part of the film is set in the protest era of the late 1960s, a period of love crossed

with politics that has already slipped over the horizon, & Lumet accurately regenerates the feeling of the time. In flashbacks we see the children's childhood, a family nurtured in the idealistic left-wing activism of the 1930s & the Red-baiting of the 1940s.

Mandy Patinkin delivers an extraordinarily luminous performance as the father, a Jewish socialist who cannot pass by a picture of the baseball player Joe DiMaggio on a cereal packet without delivering a lecture on capitalist exploitation, yet who is also able to express devotion & tenderness to his wife, played by Lindsay Crouse, & his children, all the way to the death house itself. The execution scenes are harrowing, & yet not nearly as much as the real event. It is a film with integrity & strength, but the structural flow is marred by the frequent jumps forward & back in time. There is also no attempt to discuss guilt or innocence, but to do so was not Lumet's & Doctorow's intention. Opens Jan 13.

Gorky Park (15)

A best-selling novel by Martin Cruz Smith has been turned into a movie by British director Michael Apted & screen writer Dennis Potter. It is a study of a detective in the Russian militia, confronted with three faceless, snow-covered corpses in a Moscow park, who has to solve the mystery of their

deaths. In doing so he uncovers old enmities with the KGB & breaks up a sable-smuggling racket, as well as examining his own position regarding the régime he serves.

Potter sees the screenplay almost in Chanderlesque terms—"down these snow-laden streets a man must go"—& simplifies a lot of the turgidity of the original story. William Hurt, a young actor whose face seems permanently strained with some unnamed pain, plays the hero & Lee Marvin, a sinister & powerful American, is the villain. Between them comes a beautiful girl—Joanna Pacula—who is the catalyst for the final showdown in the snows of a Swedish forest. There is a notable supporting cast, including Ian Bannen as a prosecutor, Brian Dennehy as a rocklike New York-Irish cop (his presence explained in a casual aside) & Michael Elphick as the hero's long-suffering assistant.

There are some unspeakably gruesome scenes in the pathology lab as the thawed cadavers are examined in close-up, & the heads are cleaned of flesh in order to reconstruct the features. (How this is done is best left unrevealed.) The film moves at a crisp pace & supplies sufficient plot twists to hold the audience's attention. Opens Jan 6.

The Honorary Consul (18)

Why have there been so few really acceptable adaptations of Graham Greene in the cinema? The book is superb, yet John MacKenzie's film version is but a shadow, in spite of an excellent performance by Michael Caine as the junior British diplomat kidnapped by Paraguayan guerrillas on the Argentinian border in error for the visiting American ambassador. The film's chief fault lies in the casting of Richard Gere as a local doctor of mixed descent who cuckolds Caine & then becomes involved with the terrorists in a clumsy, unthought manner. His narcissistic swagger is utterly inappropriate & he is unable to generate sympathy in a part that clearly demands it. Bob Hoskins plays the local police chief with a vaguely menacing air that reminds one too much of Nathan Detroit looking for a site for his crap game, & John MacKenzie's direction lacks fire & enthusiasm, which is surprising considering his earlier work includes the excellent thriller *The Long Good Friday*. Better men have come to grief with Greene—there was Carol Reed, for instance, failing to make *Our Man in Havana* work. Opens Jan 6.

Sudden Impact (18)

Clint Eastwood returns in the role of Dirty Harry. Opens Jan 27.

ALSO SHOWING

At First Sight (15)

Director Diane Kurys has based this film on her own mother's life during the 1950s. Isabelle Huppert & Miou-Miou play two women who leave their husbands & spend the rest of their lives together.

Betrayal (15)

Ben Kingsley, Jeremy Irons & Patricia Hodge give such good performances that they are able to surmount the handicap of Pinter's outrageous dialogue in this stark three-hander.

Biddy (U)

Celia Bannerman plays a Victorian children's nurse watching her charges grow up & move beyond her kind but stifling control. Christine Ezzard's film is a most unusual work, like viewing an animated museum of social history.

Brainstorm (15)

Douglas Trumbull's film combines high-tech futurology with old-fashioned marital drama. Christopher Walken & his colleague, Louise Fletcher, devise a helmet which enables the wearer to record his experiences in all five senses. The military, believing it to be of strategic importance, are anxious to take control of it.

Bullshot (PG)

Alan Shearman plays the preposterous Captain Hugh "Bullshot" Crummond, only a few paces from Sapper's original creation. Dick Clement's deadpan direction makes this send-up an amusing piece, with Frances Tomelty making the most of her part as a vampish German spy.

The Death of Mario Ricci (PG)

Swiss film by Claude Goretta, with Gian-Maria Volonte as a television reporter visiting a small village to interview a reclusive scientist. During his stay a local man dies in a road accident & the reporter becomes intrigued by the dramatic events which ensue.

The Divine Emma (PG)

Czech film about Emma Destinn, a soprano who sang with Caruso & was, in her day, more famous than Dame Nellie Melba.

Exposed (15)

Nastassia Kinski plays a college dropout-turned-model, mesmerized by a violinist (Rudolf Nureyev) who is dedicated to finding the terrorists who butchered his family. An absurd plot but James Toback's film moves along with enormous relish.

Finally, Sunday! (PG)

Truffaut's film, made in black & white, is an entertaining thriller, set in a small Riviera town. Jean-Louis Trintignant plays an estate agent suspected of murdering his wife & her lover; Fanny Ardant is the resourceful Girl Friday who sets out to prove his innocence.

Girl from Trieste (18)

Ben Gazzara plays an Italian/American cartoonist living in Trieste, & Ornella Muti is a girl with whom he has a passionate affair.

Jaws III-D (PG)

A great white shark terrorizes a seaworld park. With Bess Armstrong, Simon MacCorkindale & Louis Gossett Jr.



Lee Marvin & Joanna Pacula: *Gorky Park* opens on January 6 with screenplay by Dennis Potter.



Judy Garland: restored version of George Cukor's *A Star is Born*.

Krull (PG)

In spite of the expense & energy lavished on it, Peter Yates's film disappoints. Ken Marshall plays a young king setting out to destroy a beast who has abducted his bride (Lysette Anthony). Though the special effects are impressive, they are not enough to enliven a dull, miscast film.

Lone Wolf McQuade (18)

Chuck Norris plays a modern Texas Ranger tracking down a gun-smuggling operation. With David Carradine, Barbara Carrera & Leon Isaac Kennedy.

Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence (18)

Nagisa Oshima's film sets out to show that in a prisoner-of-war camp both sides are caught. Tom Conti gives a good performance as a Japanese-speaking British officer, though David Bowie is less successful as an enigmatic new arrival at the camp. Compelling performances from Ryuichi Sakamoto as the camp's commandant & Beat Takeshi as his sergeant.

Monkey Grip (18)

Australian film with Noni Hazelhurst as a Melbourne divorcee who becomes inextricably entwined with a handsome junkie, played by Colin Friels. The screenplay is full of freshness & vitality, but the heroine heaps trouble upon herself in a way that tries the patience of the audience.

National Lampoon's Vacation (15)

In this satirical black comedy, Chevy Chase, as essential suburban man, takes his family on a drive from Chicago to California to a monstrous theme park. Enraged at finding it closed, they hijack it, & an anti-terrorist team is sent to flush them out.

Never Say Never Again (PG)

Sean Connery resumes the mantle of James Bond as if he had never been away. Klaus-Maria Brandauer plays a master criminal who has stolen, & hidden, two nuclear warheads. The world is held to ransom, with just enough time for Bond to find the weapons & save mankind.

Oliver Twist (PG)

Clive Donner's version of Dickens's novel with George C. Scott as Fagin, Tim Curry as Bill Sikes, Cherie Lunghi as Nancy & Timothy West as Mr Bumble. Richard Charles plays the title role.

Order of Death (18)

Psychological thriller, directed by Roberto Faenza, with Harvey Keitel as a New York policeman trying to track down a drugs pusher.

Psycho II (15)

A sequel to Hitchcock's grisly film, made by Richard Franklin with Anthony Perkins & Vera Miles in their old parts. Franklin keeps a sense of humour going in spite of the flash of shiny knives & the horror in the fruit cellar.

Rear Window (PG)

Alfred Hitchcock's beautifully-constructed 1954 thriller with James Stewart as a photo-journalist pent up in his apartment with a broken leg & watching his neighbours across the courtyard. Grace Kelly, as his socialite girl friend, risks her life to acquire evidence of a murder.

Something Wicked this Way Comes (PG)

Jack Clayton has attempted the daunting task of putting a Ray Bradbury story on the screen without quite catching the chill of the original. A satanic carnival owner who adopts the eccentricities of a small town as his freaks does battle with an elderly father for the soul of his son.

Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone (PG)

Peter Strauss plays a space pilot who answers a distress signal from a spacecraft marooned on a plague-infested planet. The film is in 3-D.

Star Chamber (15)

A group of judges, disenchanted with a legal system which can acquit the guilty on technicalities, sit in secret sessions & carry out their sentences in person. Directed by Peter Hyams, with Michael Douglas.

A Star is Born (U)

First British showing of the classic 1954 film starring James Mason & Judy Garland, in the form George Cukor originally intended. It is a fascinating piece of cinema archaeology.

Staying Alive (PG)

Written & directed by Sylvester Stallone with John Travolta as a struggling dancer in Manhattan. The film has palpable flaws but Travolta lends an electric presence.

The Toy (PG)

Richard Pryor plays an out-of-work journalist who gets a job in the toy section of a department store owned by Jackie Gleason. Gleason's young son chooses Pryor himself as a plaything & makes him his slave.

Trading Places (15)

For a bet, a young insurance broker is forced to be exchanged with a black hustler from the ghetto. Exhilarating comic performances from all involved in John Landis's film mean that the threadbare plausibility of the plot matters not one jot.

WarGames (PG)

Thriller about a teenage computer buff (Matthew Broderick) who accidentally finds his way into the top secret early warning system & starts the count-down to global thermonuclear war.

We of the Never Never (U)

Another classic Australian tale of a woman's struggle in the outback, filmed with singular integrity. Directed by Igor Auzins, with Angela Punch McGregor as the woman.

Zelig (PG)

This new work is one of Woody Allen's best-ever jokes—more conjuring trick than film. Purporting to be a documentary about a forgotten figure of the 1920s & 30s, its astonishing fakery shows Zelig blending with great men of his time.

Ziggy Stardust & the Spiders from Mars (PG)

Film of David Bowie's famous 1973 concert at Hammersmith.

Certificates

U=unrestricted.

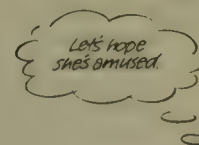
PG=passed for general exhibition, but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15=no admittance under 15 years.

18=no admittance under 18 years.

Films on the South Bank: Dec 29, Jan 2, 6pm. *Der Rosenkavalier* (U); Dec 30, Jan 1, 6pm, *Don Giovanni* (PG); Jan 3, 6pm. *Otello* (U); Jan 4, 6pm. *Khovanshchina* (U); Jan 8, 2.30pm. *The Red Shoes* (PG); Jan 13, 7.45pm. *From Mao to Mozart* (U); Jan 15, 2.30pm. *Romeo & Juliet* (U); Jan 29, 7.15pm. *Koyaanisqatsi* (U); Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 6544).

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

MARGARET DAVIES



Richard Davis & Sophie Langdon: PLG Young Artists at the Purcell Room Jan 9-13.

TWENTY-FIVE young instrumentalists and singers will take part in the Park Lane Group's Young Artists and 20th-century music series at the Purcell Room from January 9 to 13, when they will give two concerts nightly at 6 and 7.30pm. Among the 60 works performed there will be first performances of compositions by Colin Matthews, Piers Hellawell, Sandor Veress, Martin Dalby, Charles Koehlin and Anthony Powers.

□ In the context of the Ravel/Varèse festival there will be a Day of Ravel at the Royal Opera House on January 8 at which the Medici String Quartet, Felicity Palmer and others will perform chamber music, works for two pianos and songs. On January 17 Paul Crossley will play the complete works for solo piano by Ravel. Three further concerts at the South Bank on January 20, 27 and 31, each conducted by David Atherton, will be devoted to orchestral and other works by the two composers.

□ *Richard Strauss Remembered*, a film devoted to the life of the composer as seen through the eyes of his friends and colleagues, will be shown on BBC television on January 8. Much of it was filmed on location in the cities where Strauss lived and worked but it also includes rare footage showing the composer at work and at play, extracts from his operas, and contributions from von Karajan, Solti and Jochem. Strauss is portrayed by Frank Finlay and the narration is by Sir John Gielgud.

CONCERT AND RECITAL GUIDE

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Jan 1, 8pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**; John

Georgiadis, director & violin. Strauss evening.

Jan 8, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor

Hickox; Elmar Oliveira, violin. Mendelssohn,

Overture The Hebrides; Brahms, Violin Concerto;

Beethoven, Symphony No 3 (Eroica).

Jan 10, 7.45pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, con-

ductor Pritchard; Cécile Ousset, piano. Haydn,

Symphony No 103 (Drum Roll); Schumann,

Piano Concerto, Symphony No 1.

Jan 11, 13, 1.05pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**,

BBC Singers, conductor Norrington; Lillian

Watson, soprano; Améral Gunson, mezzo-

soprano; Glenn Winslade, tenor; Michael George,

bass. Jan 11, Haydn, Missa Cellensis; Jan 13,

Haydn, Theresienmesse.

Jan 11, 7.45pm. **Lindsay String Quartet**; Jill

Gomez, soprano; John Constable, piano. Schu-

mann, Liederkreis, String Quartet in A minor Op

41 No 1, Frauenliebe und -leben.

Jan 12, 7.45pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, con-

ductor Pritchard; Isabella Petrosjan, violin.

Haydn, Symphony No 92 (Oxford); Schumann,

Violin Concerto in D minor Op 97, Symphony No

3 (Rhenish).

Jan 14, 7.45pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, con-

ductor Pritchard; Zara Nelsova, cello. Haydn,

Symphony No 104 (London); Schumann, Cello

Concerto, Symphony No 4.

Jan 15, 7.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**,

conductor J. Del Mar; Daniel Blumenthal, piano.

Rossini, Overture William Tell; Vaughan

Williams, Fantasia on Greensleeves; Rachmani-

nov, Piano Concerto No 2; Dvořák, Symphony

No 9 (From the New World).

Jan 17, 7.45pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**,

Royal Choral Society, conductor Y.P. Tortelier;

Nina Milkina, piano; Jill Gomez, soprano; David

Wilson-Johnson, baritone. Mozart, Overture The

Magie Flute, Piano Concerto No 21; Fauré,

Pavane, Requiem.

Jan 19, 27, 31, 1pm. **Orchestra of St John's Smith**

Square, conductor Lubbock. Jan 19, Schubert,

Symphony No 5; Mozart, Symphony No 35; Jan

27, Schubert, Symphony No 2; Mozart, Sym-

phony No 40; Jan 31, Schubert, Symphony No 3;

Mozart, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter).

Jan 20, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**,

conductor Hopkins; Antony Peebles, piano. Ros-

sini, Overture The Silken Ladder; Grieg, Piano

Concerto; Ravel, Boléro; Elgar, Pomp & Circum-

stance March No 1; Borodin, Polovtsian Dances.

Jan 21, 7.45pm. **London Savoyards**, conductor

Murray; Patricia Cope, soprano; Lorraine

Daniels, mezzo-soprano; Geoffrey Shovelton,

tenor; Eric Shilling, Michael Wakeham, baritones;

Paul Hudson, bass. Gilbert & Sullivan, complete

staging of Trial by Jury, selections from The

Mikado. The Gondoliers. The Pirates of Pen-

zance. Patience. HMS Pinafore. The Sorcerer.

Jan 22, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**,

conductor Judd; Peter Frankl, piano. Beethoven,

Overture Egmont, Piano Concerto No 5

(Emperor), Symphony No 7.

Jan 25, 8pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor

Handford; Leland Chen, violin. Mozart, Overture

The Marriage of Figaro; Schubert, Symphony No

8 (Unfinished); Bruch, Violin Concerto No 1;

Beethoven, Symphony No 6 (Pastoral).

Jan 27, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra &**

Chorus, conductor Svetlanov; Alfreda Hodgson,

mezzo-soprano; Julian Lloyd Webber, cello. Beet-

hoven, Overture Egmont; Dvořák, Cello Con-

certo; Prokofiev, Alexander Nevsky.

Jan 28, 7.45pm. **Academy of St-Martin-in-the-**

Fields, conductor Marriner; Alfred Brendel,

piano. Haydn, Symphony No 96; Mozart, Piano

Concertos Nos 19 & 24; Mendelssohn, Symphony

No 4.

Jan 29, 3pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, con-

ductor Svetlanov; Julian Lloyd Webber, cello.

Beethoven, Overture Egmont; Dvořák, Cello

Concerto; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 5.

Jan 30, 7.45pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**,

conductor Nelson; Andrew Litton, piano;

LaVerne Williams, soprano; Willard White, bass.

Britten, Sinfonia da Requiem; Gershwin, Piano

Concerto; Vaughan Williams, Fantasia on a

Theme of Thomas Tallis; Gershwin, Porgy & Bess

Suite.

LEIGHTON HOUSE

12 Holland Park Rd, W14. Box office 25 Church

Rd, SW13.

Jan 4, 7.45pm. **Anna Joseph**, violin; **Peter Evans**,

piano. Tartini, Beethoven, Schumann, Ysaÿe.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE CHAPEL

Greenwich, SE10. Box office 25 Woolwich New

Rd, SE18 (855 5900, cc).

Jan 25, 8.15pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**. A winter

journey.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Jan 8, 4pm & 7.30pm. **A day of Ravel at the Royal**

Opera House. Medici String Quartet, Felicity

Palmer, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Kovacic, violin;

Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Paul Crossley, piano;

John Constable, piano. See introduction.

Jan 17, 8pm. **Paul Crossley**, piano. Ravel, com-

plete solo piano music. See introduction.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Jan 5, 1.15pm. **Berkeley Trio**. Telemann, Trio

Sonata in A minor; Kronke, Deux papillons;

Dring, Trio.

Jan 9, 1pm. **Antony Pay**, clarinet; **Ian Brown**,

piano. Programme includes Berio, Sequenza 9 for

clarinet; Brahms, Sonata in E flat Op 120 No 2.

Jan 16, 1pm. **Benjamin Luxon**, baritone; **David**

Willson, piano. Schubert, songs; Brahms, Four

Serious Songs.

Jan 19, 1.15pm. **Richard Wistreich**, bass; **Robin**

Jeffrey, theorbo, guitar, French lute. Samuel Pepys

at Music: readings from Pepys's diary, songs by

Pepys & his favourite composers.

Jan 23, 1pm. **Mark Lubotsky**, violin; **Boris**

Berman, piano. Shostakovich, Preludes & Fugues

Op 87 Nos 4 & 15 for piano; Stravinsky, Elegy for

solo violin; Prokofiev, Sonata No 2.

Jan 27, 7.30pm. **Parley of Instruments**, directors

Holmann, Goodman; Nigel Rogers, tenor.

Rosenmüller, Ist Gott für uns, Sonatas 3 & 4.

Lamentations of Jeremiah; Bruhns, Jauchzet dem

Herrn; Buxtehude, Dixit Dominus; Böhm/

Holman, Suite 5; Bach, Adam muss in uns ver-

wesen, Zerschmettert mich.

Jan 28, 7.30pm. **Young Musicians' Symphony**

Orchestra, conductor Longueres; Margaret

Fingerhut, piano. Mendelssohn, Overture The

Hebrides; Falla, Nights in the Gardens of Spain;

Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 2.

Jan 30, 1pm. **Lindsay String Quartet**. Haydn,

Quartet in C Op 33 No 3 (Bird); Dvořák, Quartet

in E flat Op 51.

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 6544).

(FH = Festival Hall, EH = Queen Elizabeth Hall,

PR = Purcell Room)

Jan 1, 3.15pm & 7.30pm. **Johann Strauss Orches-**

tra & Dancers; Jack Rothstein, director & violin;

Ann James, soprano. Strauss family. FH.

Jan 6, 7.45pm. **Sequeira Costa**, piano. Schumann,

Waldscenen; Chopin, Sonata in B minor Op 58;

Albeniz, Rondena, El Polo, Eritana, El Puerto,

Triana. EH.

Jan 7, 7.30pm. **London Orpheus Orchestra &**

Choir, conductor Gaddam; Jacquelyn Fugelle,

soprano; Christopher Robson, counter-tenor;

Wynford Evans, tenor; John Hancorn, bass;

Leslie Pearson, harpsichord; John Birch, organ.

Handel, Messiah. FH.

Jan 9, 6pm. **Robert Bridge**, **Jonathan Higgins**, two

pianos. Ligeti, Three Pieces; Connolly, Studies

from the Garden of Forking Paths; Busoni, Fan-

tasia Contrappuntistica. PR.

Jan 9, 7.30pm. **Susan Bickley**, mezzo-soprano;

Anthony Castro, piano accompaniment; **William**

Howard, piano. Dallapiccola, Rencivals; Mul-

downey, Five Theatre Poems; Wood, Three

Pieces; Weir, The Art of Touching the Keyboard;

Matthews, Piano Suite; Berberian, Stripsody;

Weill, Songs from the Unknown Kurt Weill. PR.

Jan 10, 6pm. **Richard Hosford**, clarinet; **Yeoh Ean**

Mei, piano. Maxwell Davies, Hymnos; Hellawell,

new work; Maconchy, Fantasia; Birtwistle,

Verses; Howells, Sonata. PR.

Jan 10, 7.30pm. **Sarah Leonard**, soprano; **Henry**

Ward, piano; **Jane Salmon**, cello; **Catherine**

Edwards, piano. Skalkottas, Dallapiccola,

Lutyens, Bedford, Connolly, Britten, Casken,

Gerhard. PR.

Jan 11, 6pm. **Richard Lester**, cello. Hindemith,

Sonata Op 25 No 3; Veress, Sonata; Britten, Suite

No 3. PR.

Jan 11, 7.30pm. **Sally Beamish**, viola; **Alan Gravill**,

Simon Parkin, piano; **Richard Davis**, flute. Boulez,

Flute Sonatine; Wood, Variations for viola &

piano; Dalby, new work; Copland, Duo; Con-

nolly, Tesseræ B; Bliss, Sonata for viola & piano.

PR.

Jan 11, 7.45pm. **Enrique Perez de Guzman**, piano.

Liszt, Four song transcriptions, Concert Para-

phrase from Verdi's Rigoletto, Sonetto 123 del

Petrarca, Après une lecture du Dante; Falla, The

Three Cornered Hat; Strauss II/Schulz-Evler,

Concert Arabesques on Motifs from By the

Beautiful Blue Danube. EH.

Jan 12, 6pm. **Stephen Gutman**, piano. Lutyens,

Piano e forte; Knussen, Sonya's Lullaby; Con-

nolly, Ennaid, Night Thoughts; Skempton, Piano

Pieces; Copland, Piano Variations. PR.

Jan 12, 7.30pm. **Helen Choi**, piano; **Sophie Lang-**

don, violin; **Shelagh Sutherland**, piano accompani-

ment. Bartók, Suite Op 14; Morel, Deux études de

sonorité; Knussen, Autumnal; Janáček, Sonata;

Cowell, Set for Two; Gerhard, Gemini; Swayne,

Phoenix Variations; Kodály, Marosszek Dances.

PR.

Jan 13, 6pm. **Joseph Sanders**, oboe; **Caroline**

Clemmow, piano. Koehlin, Two Movements;

Lutyens, Présages; Steptoe, After Hyperion; Con-

nolly, Tesseræ A Op 15a; Britten, Temporal Vari-

ations. PR.

Jan 13, 7.30pm. **Jennifer Higgins**, mezzo-soprano;

Erik Levi, piano accompaniment; **Barbara White**,

piano. Ginastera, Turnage, Roussel, Dallapiccola,

Falla, Barber, Szymanowski, Sessions, Goossens,

Howells, Powers. PR.

Jan 15, 3.15pm. **Chamber Orchestra of Europe**;

James Galway, conductor & flute. Handel, Water

Music Suite No 1, Music for the Royal Fireworks;

Mozart, Flute Concertos in D K314, in G K313.

FH.

POPULAR MUSIC

DEREK JEWELL



Paul McCartney is working with George Martin again on "Pipes of Peace" (Parlophone). Try also the ever dependable irony of **Randy Newman** on "Trouble In Paradise" (WEA), perhaps his best since "Baltimore"; **Pink Floyd's** orchestral pessimism on "The Final Cut" (Harvest); the gentle explorations of **Jon and Vangelis's** "Private Collection" (Polydor); and, to find something quite different, **Andrew Powell's** arrangements of "The Best of the Alan Parsons Project" (EMI) for the Philharmonia Orchestra.

Linda Ronstadt, among the women singers, got together with the classic Sinatra-arranger, Nelson Riddle, on an exquisite collection of Berlin, Gershwin, Styne, Cahn *et al* entitled "What's New" (Asylum).

Bette Midler also changed direction a bit—a deal more passion, less parody and some biting pop-rock—with her "No Frills" (Atlantic) album. There were lots of musical frills, in fact, but it was one gem of a record, including a beautifully honest song of commitment, "All I Need To Know", and the wild and jazzy "Only In Miami".

Jazz had many moments, not least a new **Miles Davis** album, "Star People" (CBS)—his modern jazz-rock vein, but still with that ineffably charged, bitter-sweet flavour of old in his trumpeting. **John McLaughlin** produced, early in the year, a lovely bouquet of "crossover" fragrance, "Music Spoken Here" (WEA), while **Ella Fitzgerald** with "The Best Is Yet To Come" (Pablo) and **Weather Report** with "Procession" (CBS) maintained their high standards.

A small label, Nostalgia Document, came up with **Duke Ellington's** "Fargo Encores", featuring his 1940 band acting like most touring dance-hall bands and playing "The Ferryboat Serenade" as well as more familiar classics. Now we really know what Duke meant when he used to tell us about the need to play the "businessman's bounce" at dances. By contrast, a big, big label, CBS, did us all a favour by bringing out a bargain series called Nice Price. Starting out with the late-lamented **Erroll Garner's** "Misty", plus delights by **Frank Sinatra** ("Adventures Of The Heart"), **Mel Tormé** ("That's All") and **Barbra Streisand** ("Je m'appelle Barbra"), the quality never seemed to stop rolling throughout the year.

One other item of nostalgia. Right at the beginning of the year came "The Closing Chapter" (Polydor), a most affecting album made by **Bing Crosby** just before his death. With Pete Moore's arrangements, and production by Ken Barnes and Chris Harding, it was a jewel—songs like "Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year", "September Song" and Bécoud's "Yesterday When I Was Young", almost as if the great man knew this might be his last shot.

minor Op 18 No 4, in G Op 18 No 2, in C sharp minor Op 131; Jan 29, Quartets in F Op 18 No 1, in B flat Op 130, Grosse Fuge Op 133. *EH.*

Jan 20, 7.45pm. **London Sinfonietta**, conductor Atherton; Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano; John Tomlinson, bass; John Constable, piano. Varèse, Octandre, Un grand sommeil noir, Ecuatorial, Déserts; Ravel, Sur l'herbe, Un grand sommeil noir, Histoires naturelles, Sainte, Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé. *EH.* (John Whiting talks on Electronics & Varèse, 6.15pm. *EH.*)

Jan 21, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor A. Davis; Ken Noda, piano. Rossini, Overture Semiramide; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 2; Prokofiev, Suite Romeo & Juliet. *EH.*

Jan 22, 7.15pm. **Chamber Orchestra of Europe**; Maurizio Pollini, conductor & piano. Mozart, Overture The Marriage of Figaro, Symphony No 35, Piano Concerto in C K467. *EH.*

Jan 22, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Weller; Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. Rossini, Overture William Tell; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4; Walton, Symphony No 1. *EH.*

Jan 23, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor A. Davis; Peter Donohoe, piano. Kabalevsky, Overture Colas Breugnot; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2; Shostakovich, Symphony No 5. *EH.*

Jan 24, 7.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Previn; Yo Yo Ma, cello. Elgar, Overture Cockaigne, Cello Concerto, Variations on an original theme (Enigma). *EH.*

Jan 24, 7.45pm. **Capricorn**, conductor Friend; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Webern, Concerto for nine instruments; Berg, Chamber Concerto; Schönberg, Pierrot Lunaire. *EH.*

Jan 25, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Goldsmiths' Choral Union**, conductors Davison; Fenby; Felicity Lott, soprano; Jonathan Summers, baritone; Nigel Kennedy, violin. Barbirolli, An Elizabethan Suite; Mozart, Violin Concerto in D K218; Holst, The Perfect Fool; Delius, Requiem. *EH.* (Dr Eric Fenby talks about Delius's Requiem, 6pm. RFH Waterloo Room. £1.20.)

Jan 25, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Gibson; Güher & Süher Pekinel, two pianos. Grieg, Holberg Suite; Mozart, Concerto in E flat for two pianos K365; Brahms, Variations on the St Anthony Choral for two pianos; Tchaikovsky, Serenade for strings. *EH.*

Jan 26, 7.45pm. **The King's Singers in Concert**. *EH.*

Jan 27, 7.30pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, BBC Singers**, conductor Atherton. Ravel, Shéhérazade, Trois chansons, Daphnis et Chloé; Varèse, Arcana. *EH.* (Paul Crossley gives an illustrated talk on Ravel, 6.15pm. RFH Waterloo Room.)



Paul Crossley: Ravel at the Royal Opera House Jan 17, & the South Bank Jan 27.

Jan 29, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Batiz; Emmy Verhey, violin. Borodin, Overture & Polovtsian Dances (Prince Igor); Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto in E minor; Dvořák, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). *EH.*

Jan 30, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Judd; Malcolm Binns, piano. Beethoven, Overture Coriolan, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor), Symphony No 5. *EH.*

Jan 30, 7.45pm. **Academy of Ancient Music**, director Hogwood. Mozart, Symphonies Nos 29 & 41 (Jupiter); Haydn, Symphony No 83 (La poule). *EH.*

Jan 31, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Svetlanov; Valery Klimov, violin. Liadov, The Enchanted Lake; Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto; Brahms, Symphony No 1. *EH.*

Jan 31, 7.45pm. **London Sinfonietta**, conductor Atherton; Felicity Palmer, mezzo-soprano; John Constable, piano; Nona Liddell, violin; Christopher Van Kampen, cello; Marisa Robles, harp; John Whiting, electronics. Ravel, Introduction & Allegro, Quatre chants populaires, Chanson écossaise, Sonata for violin & cello, Chansons madécasses; Varèse, Poème électronique, Ionization, Hyperprism. *EH.* (James Holland gives an illustrated talk on Varèse's use of percussion, 6.15pm. *EH.*)

WARWICK ARTS TRUST

33 Warwick Sq, SW1 (834 7856).

Jan 10, 7.30pm. **Amphion Quartet**. Mozart, Quartets in D major K575 & K499; Berkeley, String Quartet (1981).

WIGMORE HALL

Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141).

Jan 1, 7.30pm. **Taverner Consort & Players**; Andrew Parrott, director & organ; Emma Kirkby, soprano. Bach, Missa BWV236, Cantata No 5 from the Christmas Oratorio; Italian trumpet music.

Jan 4, 7.30pm. **Antony Peebles**, piano. Debussy, Images Books I & II; Chopin, Sonata No 2, Sonata in B minor Op 58.

Jan 5, 7, 10, 7.30pm. **Nell Gotkovsky**, violin; **Ivar Gotkovsky**, piano. *Beethoven's complete works for piano & violin*: Jan 5, Sonatas Nos 1,3,4,5; Jan 7, Sonatas 2,8,9, Rondo in G WoO 41, Six Allemandes WoO 42; Jan 10, Sonatas 6,7,10, Variations in F on Se vuol ballare from Mozart's Le nozze di Figaro.

Jan 8, 3.30pm. **Richard Mapp**, piano. Bach/Busoni, Chaconne; Martinů, Butterflies & Birds of Paradise; Franck, Prélude, Choral & Fugue; Ravel, Valses nobles et sentimentales; Saint-Saëns, Etude en forme de valse Op 52 No 6.

Jan 12, 7.30pm. **Hakan Hagegard**, baritone; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Mozart, Abendempfindung, Komm' liebe Zither, Ein deutsches Krieglid; Duparc, Extase, La vague et la cloche, Soupir, Phidylé; Wolf, Fussreise, Rattenfänger, Abschied; Berg, Seven early songs; Durante, Carissimi, A. Scarlatti, Stenhammar, Grieg, songs.

Jan 14, 7.30pm. **Gabrieli String Quartet**. Haydn, Quartet in C Op 54 No 2; Borodin, Quartet No 2; Schubert, Quartet in G D887.

Jan 17, 7.30pm. **Malcolm Bilson**, fortepiano. Mozart, Sonatas in F K533/K494, in D K576; Beethoven, Sonata in D Op 10 No 3, Sonata quasi una Fantasia Op 27 No 1.

Jan 18, 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**; Felicity Palmer, mezzo-soprano; Martyn Hill, tenor; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano; Janet Suzman, actress. Alma Mahler & her world: the Vienna of her time in her own words & music; other music by Mahler, Pfitzner & Zemlinsky.

Jan 20, 7.30pm. **Leslie Howard**, piano; **Douglas Paterson**, viola. Fauré, Theme & Variations Op 73; Dukas, Sonata in E flat minor; Berlioz/Liszt, Harold in Italy.

Jan 22, 7.30pm. **Julian Bream**, guitar. Bach, Sonata No 1; Sor, Sonata in D (Grand Solo); Tórroba, Sonatina; Tippett, The Blue Guitar; Villa-Lobos, Four Studies Nos 5,7,11,12; Granados, Valses Poeticos.

Jan 24, 7.30pm. **Kathryn Lucas**, flute; **Douglas Young**, piano. Roussel, Joueurs de flûte; Debussy, Syrinx, Bilitis; Varèse, Density 21.5; Scelsi, Pwyll; Mack, Kebyar; Messiaen, Le merle noir; Ferny-hough, Unity Capsule; Young, Trajet/inter/lignes; Jolivet, Chant de Linos.

Jan 28, 7.30pm. **Sarah Walker**, mezzo-soprano; **Roger Vignoles**, piano. Schubert, settings of Goethe; Fauré, Debussy, Hahn, settings of Verlaine poems.

Jan 30, 7.30pm. **Endymion Ensemble**, conductor H. Williams. Cowell, 26 Simultaneous Mosaics, Two Rhythm-Harmony Quartets, Persian Set; Powers, new work; Hoyland, Fox; new work by winner of Gerald Finzi Composition Award.

Nothing too exciting happens in January in popular music. The big tours are over until the post-Christmas exhaustion is repaired; the record companies have done their best in the build-up to the holiday; and it is left to the shows and pantos to provide glimmers of light. So, with reflection, it is the right time to sum up 1983, in the firm expectation that record tokens remain to be exchanged.

Even in the post-punk period there was a great deal of sheer rubbish still about in the record market and on stage. When Gary Numan can tour again, and relatively ordinary bands like Culture Club, Duran Duran and Wham! figure so high in the charts, the spirit is entitled to sink. But when a stream of enduring giants can also produce excellent albums that actually sell as well, then maybe I am not alone in believing that 1983 was a year when the tide of pop infantilism was pushed back a little.

Take the case of, to mention but three, Genesis, Cliff Richard and Mike Oldfield. **Genesis** made their move late in the year, with an album called simply "Genesis" (Charisma), and although it concentrated mostly on shorter pieces—the best thing was the longer "Home By The Sea"—you could recognize each original, teasing Genesis tune from the first few notes, especially the fine upbeat song "It's Gonna Get Better". Predictably knocked by the doomy "music papers" (any successful supergroup gets savaged in them), the group showed how out of touch these are with reality by hitting No 1 in the charts and remaining in the top bracket for weeks.

Another victim of the media's juvenile critics, **Mike Oldfield**, continued his rehabilitation of the past three years with "Crises" (Virgin Records). Although it didn't hit No 1 in Britain, it sold well enough to make gold, and his success on the Continent was amazing. The record was at the top of the charts in several countries, top of the most reliable European rating, and his summer tour was a sellout. If it is not quite a return to the 1973 days of "Tubular Bells" (which was No 1 in Britain for a remarkable 15 months), it is still a major comeback. He has, incidentally, composed the music for the new David Puttnam movie, about Vietnam, *The Killing Fields* which will be released in the autumn, and remembering the success Puttnam had using Vangelis for *Chariots of Fire* and Mark Knopfler for *Local Hero*, Oldfield's score will be eagerly awaited.

Cliff Richard's durability is astonishing. He is one of the few pop examples of a singer getting better and better, and choosing ever better songs. Gone are the simplistic days of "Summer Holiday", "The Young Ones" and "Congratulations". His superb show at the Apollo, Victoria, in November and December put most other rock-pop extravaganzas to shame, and he celebrated his 25 years in the business with "Silver" (EMI), an album with outstanding songs—the optimistic "Never Say Die", the ballad "Ocean Deep" and the narrative drama, "The Golden Days Are Over".

Among other record recommendations of 1983 are **Paul Simon's** work of genius, "Hearts and Bones" (Warner Bros). There are superb songs like "Train In The Distance", "Hearts and Bones", "René and Georgette Magritte With Their Dog After The War", plus arrangements that vary from the chic of Nile Rodgers to the jazzy touches provided by Mike Mainieri and Mark Rivera.

LONDON MISCELLANY

MIRANDA MADGE

EVENTS

Until Jan 14. **The history & development of tea drinking.** An exhibition of teapots from the early 18th century & later. Also tea tastings arranged by Jacksons of Piccadilly. The Building Centre, 26 Store St, WC1 (637 8361). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm. Closed Dec 24-Jan 3.

Jan 1, 11am. **Resolution in Regent's Park.** One of the many runs organized by the London Hash House Harriers. They follow in the tradition of the paperchase, though now chalk is used, & beginners are welcome. Meet at Gloucester Gate car park, Outer Circle, NW1. 30p. Send a sae to Mike Garbutt, 31 Briarfield Ave, N3 for a list of forthcoming runs.

Jan 5-15. **30th London International Boat Show.** Go to inspect the latest designs of boats, dinghies & sailboards & to be diverted by glimpses of a reconstructed New Orleans Mississippi stern-wheeler & the sound of a Dixieland jazz band. Earls Court, SW5. Mon-Fri 10am-8pm, Sat & Sun 10am-7pm. Jan 5, 6, £6 including catalogue, children £3; Jan 7-15, £2.80, children £1.40; Jan 9-13, 5-8pm, £1.40, children £1.

Jan 9, 6pm. **A Handful of Pleasant Delights.** Michael Hordern marks the 300th anniversary of Izaak Walton's death by reading from *The Compleat Angler*. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252). £1.50.

Jan 16-27. **Thoughtcrimes at the Barbican.** A fortnight during which artists & authors debate the issues in Orwell's 1984. In *The Pit* there are plays by Rudkin, Bond, Havel & five young dramatists, & in the cinema films, some not seen before in the UK, including Guney's *The Wall*. Barbican Centre, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795/638 8891).

Jan 18-Mar 3. **Design Review '84.** An exhibition of all the products chosen for Design Centre Selection during the past year. Includes an explanation of the criteria by which each item is judged. Design Centre, Haymarket, SW1 (839 8000). Mon, Tues 10am-6pm, Wed-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun 1-6pm.

Jan 21, 10.30am. **Poems by Ted Hughes.** Barrie Rutter reads from Hughes's work including poems from his new anthology *The River*. Afterwards Peter Keen, whose photographs are included in this latest book, Ted Hughes & Barrie Rutter lead a discussion with the audience. Cottesloe, £1.50.

Jan 24-Feb 19. **The Changing Face of Romance.** Cover designs for the romantic novels published over the last 50 years by Mills & Boon. Barbican foyers, Silk St, EC2. Mon-Sat 9am-11pm, Sun noon-11pm.

Jan 29. **Charles I Commemoration Service.** About 500 people in authentic 17th-century military dress gather in front of St James's Palace, SW1, at 11.30am. The body of infantry & cavalry then moves down The Mall to reach the Banqueting House via Horseguards Parade. The service is held on the spot where Charles I was executed.

FOR CHILDREN

Until Jan 8. **Looking into Space.** A trail which guides children to look at paintings in which different techniques have been employed to give an impression of depth. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Dec 27-Jan 8. **Events at the National Gallery: Seeing Things,** a quiz which leads children to look at paintings with ghosts or mysterious images in them. Available free from the Orange St entrance; Dec 28-30, Jan 3-6, 2.30pm. **Meet the Artist.** Children are invited to travel back in time to the year 1533 to meet Holbein who is painting *The Ambassadors* & discussing his techniques. Queue tickets issued half an hour before performances. National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Dec 28-Jan 4. **Family entertainment at the V & A:** Dec 28, 3pm. *La belle et la bête*, Cocteau's version of *Beauty & the Beast* (not suitable for under 12s); Dec 29, 3.30pm. **The Fairy World of Richard Doyle.** Lionel Lambourne & Michael Haseltine present the strange world of this Victorian illustrator who drew elves, dwarfs & wood-sprites. (See p82 for details of the Doyle exhibition); Jan 4, 3pm. **Kiss Me Kate,** Cole Porter's musical based on *The Taming of the Shrew*, Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

THE BEGINNING of a new year is a good time to consider joining one of the supporters' groups which have formed to help, and benefit from, London's museums and galleries. Privileges generally include free admission to exhibitions, discounts on publications, and private lectures and expeditions. Particular enticements are the Album which Friends of the V & A receive early in the year containing articles on forthcoming exhibitions and the art world; the peace enjoyed by Friends of the Tate who can visit the gallery on most Sunday mornings when it is closed to the public; and the good value of a Royal Academy Friend's membership which admits the holder and guest immediately to all exhibitions without paying the fairly hefty charges—The Genius of Venice which continues into March costs £3.50 a time. The Friends of Fashion are a smaller group based at the Museum of London and engage excellent speakers—Charles Spencer talking about Erté and Hardy Amies reminiscing about his 50 years in the fashion industry are billed for January and February. There are concessions for young people and OAPs but basic rates per annum are £15 at the V & A (589 4040), £10 at the Tate (834 2742), £18 at the RA (734 9052), and £7 for a Friend of Fashion (600 3699).

□ The National Trust's annual bout of lectures starts this month at the Purcell Room, and at the V & A there is a new series exploring the special relationships artists have enjoyed with particular places. This month Constable and the Stour Valley, and Gainsborough and Bath are among the subjects. Details below.

Jan 1-March. **Animated features.** A new season for children showing the different varieties of animation from Walt Disney to The Beatles. Each film starts at 4pm & is accompanied by an episode of the 1928 *Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars*. Jan 1, 2, *The Dark Crystal*; Jan 7, 8, *Gulliver's Travels* (1939); Jan 14, 15, *The Yellow Submarine* (made by The Beatles); Jan 22, *Asterix & Cleopatra*; Jan 28, 29, *The Water Babies* (1978). National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 3232). £2.20, children £1.10 includes a badge, a poster to colour, a folder & specially written programme notes.

Jan 3-7. **Underground London.** Lectures, walks & workshops for family audiences, drawing attention to archaeology in London. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Jan 3-8. **Gino & the Giant's Christmas Dinner.** A dramatized Maltese folktale. Children are asked to participate by singing & playing games. Com-

monwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535). Jan 3-7, 11am, 2 & 3.30pm; Jan 8, 2.30 & 3.45pm.

LECTURES

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2252).

Jan 11, 6pm. **Emigré writers in Hollywood,** John Russell Taylor.

Jan 12, 6pm. **American drama today,** Eric Mottram. Tickets £1.50.

PLANETARIUM

Greenwich Park, SE10.

Jan 3-5: 2.30pm, **Rhythm of the sun**; 3.30pm, **Stars at Christmas**; both by John Dix. 30p, children 15p, doors open half an hour in advance.

PURCELL ROOM

South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).



The history of the cuppa: tea-drinking at the Building Centre, until Jan 14.

National Trust lectures at 6pm: Jan 16, *Cathedrals of English stone*, Alec Clifton-Taylor; Jan 23, *"Humble elegance & pleasing decay"*, the work & career of John Flower, John Cornforth; Jan 30, *Windsor Castle*, Selina Ballance. £1.75.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

John Adam St, WC2 (839 2366).

Jan 11, 6pm. **Raphael in the 16th & 17th centuries**, Dr Nicholas Penny.

Jan 18, 6pm. **The work of the National Heritage Memorial Fund**, Lord Charteris.

Jan 30, 6pm. **Whitehall & management: a retrospect**, Lord Bancroft.

Free tickets from the Assistant Secretary subject to space.

SOCIETY FOR THEATRE RESEARCH

The Art Workers' Guild, 6 Queen Sq, WC1.

Jan 18, 7.30pm. **The "Adelphi" Calendar:** a computer-generated theatrical register, Alfred L. Nelson.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Jan 8-March, 3.30pm. **The Artist & the Place:** Jan 8, *Gainsborough & Bath*, Ronald Parkinson; Jan 15, *Roger Fry & Bloomsbury*, Geoffrey Opie; Jan 22, *Constable & the Stour Valley*, Eileen Graham; Jan 29, *Jessie Newbery & Glasgow*, Imogen Stewart.

Jan 11-March, 1.15pm. **Four centuries of British ceramics**, a series by Gillian Darby: Jan 11, *Techniques & materials*; Jan 18, *Lead-glazed earthenware up to the early 18th century*; Jan 25, *Tinglazed earthenware up to the end of the 18th century*.

Jan 17-February, 1.15pm. **Italian Sculpture**, a series by Ronald Parkinson: Jan 17, *Ghiberti versus Brunelleschi in 1401*; Jan 24, *Donatello & the Early Renaissance*; Jan 31, *Michelangelo & the High Renaissance*.

SALEROOMS

BONHAM'S

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Jan 12: 11am, **European oil paintings & watercolours**; 6.30pm, **Marine paintings, maritime instruments & ships' models**, to coincide with the Boat Show.

Jan 12, 26, 2pm. **European furniture.**

Jan 18, 10.30am. **Furs.**

Jan 19, 26, 11am. **European oil paintings.**

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

At the Lyric Theatre, King St, W6:

Jan 24, 6pm. **Costumes of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.** Admission by catalogue obtainable from Christie's.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Jan 6, 13, 20, 27, 11am. **Silver & plate.**

Jan 9, 16, 23, 30, 11am. **Furniture, carpets & objects.**

Jan 9, 30, 2pm. **Watercolours & drawings.**

Jan 11, 25, 11am. **Oriental ceramics & works of art.**

Jan 11, noon. **Lead soldiers & figures.**

Jan 12: 10am, **Furs**; 1pm, **Books, maps & atlases.**

Jan 17, 11am. **Oil paintings.**

Jan 18: 11am. **European ceramics & glass**; noon, **Pot lids, fairings, Goss, commemorative china, Baxter prints & Stevengraphs.**

Jan 19, 11am. **Musical instruments.**

Jan 24: 11am, **Modern British paintings**; 1.30pm, **Jewelry.**

Jan 26, 11am. **Costume, lace & textiles.**

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Jan 17, 11am. **Toys, dolls & mechanical music.**

Jan 18, 10.30am. **Fine wines & vintage port** (tasting Jan 17, 11.30am-1pm).

Jan 18, 11am. **Victorian & modern British paintings.**

Jan 26, 11am. **Topographical paintings, watercolours, drawings & prints**, including an album of 10 watercolours by William Ellis, surgeon with Captain Cook, estimated at £10,000.

Jan 31, 10.30am. **Arms, armour & militaria**, including a 17th-century scold's bridle estimated at more than £250.

Please note that the Boxing Day "Meet" in Richmond Park mentioned in the December issue takes place on December 27.

BRIEFING

SPORT

FRANK KEATING

BRITISH RUGBY UNION has fallen on hard times but there is a firm purpose of atonement in the air. Last winter's Home International Championship was the most depressingly turgid I can remember—as was the summer's Lions tour. This year's Championship opens on January 21 when Ireland visit Paris, and Wales are hosts to Scotland. The players may be determined to offer a better spectacle, but the question remains as to their capability. At the beginning of this season Clem Thomas, a former rampaging Welsh captain of the 1950s, led the pessimists about current trends in slavish squad coaching, and made a public plea to senior club and international players "individually to reconsider their role in the game, to take a fresh look at themselves and rekindle their courage and enthusiasm for the simpler, more direct approach". Another Welshman, Carwyn James, the prince of all coaches in the game's history who died a year ago this month, once said: "If the proper study of mankind is man, why in a coaching session is the individual unheeded; he is but a letter or a number, and never a name."

□ France look the best bet for the Five Nations' title. With the dusky, daredevil Blanco in their side they can be capable of resummoning the creative gusto of the 1970s. Ireland, who have been the best of the British teams for two winters now, must surely make some drastic changes in their venerable line. With Wales also losing, through retirement, their two celebrated pillars, Squire and Price, Scotland may be the most likely bet. Certainly England should not complain about starting as rank outsiders though this time they will be in better heart after their new captain, Wheeler, led them to that epic win against New Zealand in November. They hold their trial at Twickenham on January 7 when their supporters will be looking for the same improved form.

HIGHLIGHTS

ATHLETICS

Jan 13, 14. AAA & WAAA Championships, Cosford, nr Wolverhampton, W Midlands.

□ A crucial weekend, especially fascinating this year. The wraps come off here & hibernation ends, as Britain's hopefuls for the Los Angeles Olympics in August take their first gingerly steps in competition. Some unknown who has been long & quietly planning his or her 1984 could appear at wintry Cosford. Somebody usually does in Olympic year!

BASKETBALL

Dec 30-Jan 2. Philips International Tournament, Crystal Palace, SE19.

Jan 9. Asda National Cup final, Albert Hall, SW7.

DARTS

Dec 31-Jan 7. Embassy World Professional Championships, Jollees Show Club, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

Jan 27, 28. British Open, Rainbow Suite, Derry St, W8.

FOOTBALL

London home matches:

Arsenal v Notts County, Jan 21.

Brentford v Preston North End, Jan 7; v Wigan Athletic, Jan 21.

Charlton Athletic v Cambridge United, Jan 21.

Chelsea v Sheffield Wednesday, Jan 21.

Crystal Palace v Newcastle United, Jan 21.

Fulham v Grimsby Town, Jan 2; v Barnsley, Jan 14.

Millwall v Brentford, Jan 15; v Hull City, Jan 28.

Orient v Burnley, Jan 2; v Walsall, Jan 7; v Rotherham United, Jan 20.

Queen's Park Rangers v Wolverhampton Wanderers, Jan 2; v Manchester United, Jan 14; v West Ham United, Jan 28.

Tottenham Hotspur v Watford, Jan 2; v Ipswich Town, Jan 14; v Sunderland, Jan 28.

Watford v Stoke City, Jan 21.

West Ham United v West Bromwich Albion, Jan 21.

Wimbledon v Sheffield United, Jan 2; v Bolton Wanderers, Jan 14; v Southend United, Jan 28.

GYMNASTICS

an 21. Champions' Cup, Wembley Arena, Middx.

HORSE RACING

an 7. Anthony Mildmay Peter Cazalet Memorial Chase, Sandown Park.

an 14. Lambert & Butler Premier Chase final, Scot.

Jan 21. Peter Marsh Chase, Haydock Park.

Jan 28. William Hill Yorkshire Handicap Chase, Doncaster.

Jan 28. Tote Double Chase, Cheltenham.

ICESKATING

Jan 9-14. European Figure & Dance Championships, Budapest, Hungary.

MOTORSPORT

Jan 22-28. Monte Carlo Rally; starts from various countries; ends Monte Carlo, Monaco.

RUGBY



Peter Wheeler: captaining England's rugby side on January 7 (see introduction).

Jan 7. England v The Rest, Twickenham.

Jan 21. France v Ireland, Paris.

Jan 21. Wales v Scotland, Cardiff.

SNOOKER

Jan 8-15. Lada Classic, Spectrum, Warrington, Cheshire.

Jan 22-29. Benson & Hedges Masters', Wembley Conference Centre.

SQUASH

Jan 21-27. British under-23 Open, Wembley Squash Centre.

TENNIS

Jan 3-8. Barratt World Doubles Championships, Albert Hall.

□ Swordplay at the net! Rapier reflexes & inevitably, far more old time fun, laughter & chivalry than the surly solo stars of today can muster. The thrilling, versatile combination of Gunthardt & Taroczy will be going for a Barratt hat-trick, but may be sternly challenged by the dashing young Vikings, Jarryd & Simonsson, who so lit up the courts of Europe in the summer.

West Himalayan Holidays

April departures: Kipling's India in Kim's Footsteps, Trout Fishing in Kashmir & Kulu, Simla-Kulu Walking Tour.

Walking Tours to November include: Journeying into Southern Zanskar, A Lahouli Valley-Flowers & Villages, With the Gaddi Shepherds across the Himalayas, Lady Betjeman's Temple Tour. From £1,210.

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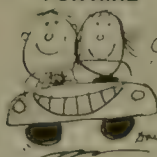
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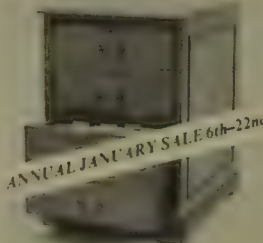
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BRIEFING

MUSEUMS

KENNETH HUDSON

THE MODERN DEPARTMENT of the Museum of London continues to per-
form miracles on a tiny budget, helped along by great talent and enthusi-
asm, and this month's new exhibition on Billingsgate Fish Market is not
to be missed. The Natural History Museum, full of ideas these days, has
dug the amazing Detmold twins out of its archives in an exhibition which
recalls the precocious talents and sad lives of these remarkable Victorian
animal artists. The Victoria & Albert presents 400 years of wallpaper, and
the Imperial War Museum, whose vaults are almost as full of rarities as
those of the V & A, shows us British and American soldiers as they
appeared to Jean-Emile Laboureur, an irreverent French interpreter,
during the First World War.

MUSEUM GUIDE

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILD- HOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415). Sat-Thurs
10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 23-26, Jan
1. **Spirit of Christmas**. Displays about Santa Claus;
the Wise Men; Christmas food; winter weather;
Christmas music; & reconstructions of Prince
Albert's & other Christmas trees. Until Jan 8.

BOILERHOUSE PROJECT

V & A, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (581 5273). Sat-Thurs
10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Closed Dec 23-26,
Jan 1. **Better Living**. The strange creations of the
American artist & inventor, Philip Garner, author
of *The Better Living Catalogue*. Until Jan 5.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Mon-Sat 10am-
5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1. The
completely overhauled & rejuvenated Roman
Britain Room is now open, bursting with
treasures. **Islamic Art & Design, 1500-1700**, the
decorative arts of Ottoman Turkey, Safavid Persia
& Mughal India. Until Feb 19. **Drawings by
Raphael & his assistants**, an exhibition to com-
memorate the 500th anniversary of Raphael's
birth. Until Jan 15. £1, OAPs, students, children &
unemployed 50p. **The Japanese Print since 1900:
Old Dreams & New Visions**. Until Jan 15.

**British Library exhibitions: The English Provincial
Printer, 1700-1800**. Until Jan 29. T. J. Cobden-
Sanderson, **Bookbindings 1884-93**—examples of
Cobden-Sanderson's highly original bindings. Jan
20-Apr 29. **Bi-Centenary of the Asiatic Society of
Bengal**. The Society was originally formed to com-
municate Oriental learning to the West. Jan 20-
Apr 29.

BURGH HOUSE

New End Sq, NW3 (431 0144). Wed-Sun noon-
5pm. Closed Dec 19-31, open Jan 1 & 2, 2-5pm.
The Silver Studio Collection: textile designs 1850-
1950 by the studio of Arthur Silver & Sons includ-
ing Liberty prints. Until Jan 29.

CHURCH FARM HOUSE MUSEUM

Greyhound Hill, Hendon, NW4 (203 0130). Mon,
Wed-Sat 10am-1pm, 2-5.30pm, Tues 10am-1pm,
Sun 2-5.30pm. **Victorian & Edwardian children's
illustrated books**. Jan 21-Mar 25.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922). Mon-Sat 10am-
5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.
Bomber. Photographs illustrating the role of
bomber aircraft. Until Dec. **Animals in War**. The
military uses of birds & animals from classical
times onwards. Until Feb 26. £1, OAPs, students
& children 60p. **Sailors**. Drawings & paintings of
life at sea during the Second World War. Until Jan
15. **The Anglo-Saxons in France, 1916-18**. En-
gravings & woodcuts by Jean-Emile Laboureur,
an interpreter with the British Army. Not-too-
serious engravings showing British & American
soldiers tasting French life away from the Front.
Jan 19-Apr 8. Until mid-June the Museum is also
displaying items from its huge collection of First
World War art.

LONDON TOY & MODEL MUSEUM

October House, 23 Craven Hill, W2 (262 7905).
Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 11am-5pm. Closed Dec
25, 26, Jan 1. The Museum is well worth dis-
covery. It has an unconventional café & a good
shop. The special feature at the moment is **All
Creatures Great & Small: a Celebration of the Toy
Animal**, with examples dating from 1890 to 1930.
Until March 31. £1.50, OAPs & children 50p,
children under 5 free.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

Wellington St, Covent Gdn, WC2 (379 6344).

Daily 10am-6pm. Closed Dec 25, 26. The
Museum strays slightly from its main theme this
month, with an exhibition of **Zoo Posters** (until
May 8), & from Dec 27-Jan 2 an assortment of
working Meccano models.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-
6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-27, Jan 1.
Billingsgate: London's Fish Market. Nostalgic
photographs of the last two years of the working
life of the much-missed market in Lower Thames
Street. Jan 17-Apr 29.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224). Mon-Sat
10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm. Closed Dec 23-26, Jan
1. Long-running exhibitions include: **Hawaii; Tur-
quoise Mosaics from Mexico; Thunderbird &
Lightning; Bemba: Raiders of the Great Plateau**.
On show throughout 1984 there is **Micronesia**, an
exhibition of wooden figures, bowls & weapons
from this little group of islands in the South
Pacific. Throughout January **Himalayan Rainbow**
presents a collection of Nepalese textiles.

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717). Mon-Sat
10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Closed Dec 23-26,
Jan 1. **The British Army on Stamps**. Soldiers
appeared on British stamps for the first time in
1983. The Museum was much involved & this
exhibition tells the story of how the stamps were
produced, from the first designs to the finished
sheets. Until Jan 15.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 10am-
6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 23-26, Jan 1. **The
Detmold Brothers**. An exhibition to celebrate the
centenary of the birth of the Detmold twins,
Charles Maurice & Edward Julius, the Victorian
animal artists. Jan 6-Feb 4.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

Kensington Gore, SW7 (584 5020). Daily 10am-
6.30pm, Wed until 8pm. Closed Dec 24-25. **Albert:
His Life & Work**. A big exhibition presenting the
facts & flavour of the Prince Consort's childhood,
courtship & marriage & his role as the Queen's
secretary, plus his enthusiasm for the arts &
sciences. Until Jan 22. £3, OAPs, students &
children under 16 £1.50.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-
5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Closed Dec 23-26, Jan
1. **David Cox: Oil Paintings & Watercolours**. Until
Jan 8. **Islamic Bookbinding** shows how the craft
was developed in Egypt, Syria, North Africa &
South Arabia over many centuries. Until Mar 4.
Marketa Luskacova: Pilgrims. A series of photo-
graphs of religious pilgrimages in Eastern Slo-
vakia & of the communities which make them.
Until Feb 26. **Richard Doyle (1824-1883) & His
Family** presents Doyle's sometimes disturbing
visions of fairyland. Until Feb 26. **Four Centuries
of Wallpaper**. Jan 24-Apr 29.

Out of town

BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

Chamberlain Sq, Birmingham (021-235 2834).
Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 25-
28. **A Weaver's Life: Ethel Mairet 1872-1952**.
Work produced by the influential crafts com-
munity based at Ditchling, Sussex. Until Jan 22.

BRADFORD INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM

Moorside Rd, Bradford (0274 631756). Tues-Sun
10am-5pm. Closed Dec 25, 26. **Knit-Two-
Together: a History of Hand & Domestic Machine
Knitting**. Until Feb 19.

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BALLET

URSULA ROBERTSHAW



The Kirov's *Sleeping Beauty*: on Channel 4, December 26.

TREATS ON TV for ballet lovers in the New Year: Channel 4 is showing a five-part series on *Checkmate* in rehearsal with its creator, Dame Ninette de Valois, culminating in a performance. Anyone who has ever seen *Madam* in action would not miss this for worlds. On January 2 there is a 38-minute introduction to the series; on January 3, 4 and 5 three rehearsals will be shown; and the performance is screened on January 7, running for 45 minutes.

□ And on Boxing Day Channel 4 gives us the Kirov version of *The Sleeping Beauty*, with Irina Kolpakova as Aurora and Sergei Bereznoi as her Prince in the Sergeyev production.

□ *The Sleeping Beauty* is performed at the Royal Opera House, too, for the first time this season, on January 5 with Lesley Collier and David Wall. The Royal Ballet are also showing *Cinderella* (Ashton's version), as are London Festival Ballet at Festival Hall (Stevenson's version) following the Christmas presentation of *The Nutcracker*.

□ Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, in the season that begins at the Wells on December 29, record some anniversaries: the 50th of the entry of *Giselle* into the repertory; and the 100th performance by Margaret Barbieri in the title role in the current production. This is on January 2, when Desmond Kelly will dance his last performance in a classical role as Albrecht—though he will continue to be seen in the contemporary repertory and in character roles.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 6544).

The Nutcracker. Dec 27-Jan 7.

Cinderella. Jan 9-18.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, cc 836 6903).

Cinderella, Ashton's version, to Prokofiev's music, contains the famous Broom Dance, the Four Seasons Fairies & two superb Dame parts, the Ugly Sisters. Dec 22, 23 (1.30pm), 26, 27 (2.30 & 7.30pm), 29, Jan 3, 9, 13, 14, 18.

The Sleeping Beauty. Petipa's choreography with Ashton additions in a production supervised by de Valois. Jan 5, 7, 10, 11, 12, 23, 25.

Triple bill: *La Bayadère*, Petipa's classic with the famous entry for 32 Shades down a ramp in *arabesques penchées*; *Valley of Shadows*, MacMillan's latest, based on the novel *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, set in the garden of a rich Italian family

& in a concentration camp; *La fin du jour*, MacMillan's nostalgic salute to the 1930s. Jan 19, 21 at 2.30 & 7.30pm.

La fille mal gardée, deservedly a firm favourite, with Ashton at his sunniest & funniest, designer Osbert Lancaster at his wittiest & Hérol's score as arranged by Lanchberry a lighthearted delight. Jan 27, 31.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20 cc).

Coppélia. Dec 29-31.

St Anthony Variations, *Giselle*. Jan 2-5.

The Taming of the Shrew. Jan 6, 7.

Choros, *La boutique fantasque*, *Elite Syncopations*. Jan 9-12.

Paquita, *Prodigal Son*, *Pineapple Poll*. Jan 13, 14.

WAYNE SLEEP WITH A DASH OF

CHRISTMAS

Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (580 9562).

A largely new programme. Until Jan 28.

OPERA

MARGARET DAVIES

THE SECOND SEASON of New Sadler's Wells Opera opens at the end of the month with *Martha* by Friedrich von Flotow in a production by Nicholas Hytner, designed by Stefanos Lazaridis. The heroine, sung by Marilyn Hill Smith, is a maid of honour to Queen Anne, the hero is a young farmer she meets at Richmond Fair, and the two best known numbers in the score are the tenor aria "M'appari" and "The Last Rose of Summer".

□ Hard on the heels of Peter Brook's powerfully concentrated *Tragedy of Carmen*, the three filmed versions of which, with different casts, are being shown on Channel 4, Welsh National Opera are touring their *Drama of Aida* in the smaller theatres of the principality. In each case a large-scale work is reduced to its basic essentials by dispensing with the chorus and the need for spectacular production effects, and attention is focused on the personal conflicts within the small group of principal characters.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

The Adventures of Mr Brouček, conductor Mackerras, with Gregory Dempsey as Mr Brouček, Patricia O'Neill as Malinka, Geoffrey Chard as Wurff, Alan Woodrow as Mazal. Jan 4, 6, 10, 13.

La traviata, conductor Zollman with Nelly Miricioiu as Violetta, Arthur Davies as Alfredo, Norman Bailey as Germont, Sally Burgess as Flora. Jan 5, 12, 18, 21, 26, 28.

Madam Butterfly, conductor Delogu, with Eiddwen Harrhy as Butterfly, Rowland Sidwell as Pinkerton, Neil Howlett as Sharpless, Anne-Marie Owens as Suzuki. Jan 7, 11, 17, 20.

The Turn of the Screw, conductor Friend, with Philip Langridge as Peter Quint, Jill Gomez as the Governess, Margaret Kingsley as Mrs Grose, Lois McDonall as Miss Jessel. Jan 14, 19, 25, 27.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, cc 240 1911).

Die Fledermaus, conductor Domingo, with Kiri te Kanawa as Rosalinda, Hildegard Heichele as Adele, Hermann Prey as Gabriel, Benjamin Luxon as Falke, Doris Soffel as Orlofsky. Jan 2, 4, 6.

Wozzeck, conductor Von Dohnányi, with José Van Dam as Wozzeck, Anja Silja as Marie, Hermann Winkler as the Captain, Donald McIntyre as the Doctor, James King as the Drum Major. Jan 16, 20, 24, 28.



Marilyn Zschau & Thomas Allen: in *La Bohème* at the Royal Opera from Jan 26.

La Bohème, conductor Mauceri, with Ilona Tokody as Mimì, José Carreras as Rodolfo, Marilyn Zschau as Musetta, Thomas Allen as Marcello, John Tomlinson as Colline. Jan 26, 30.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA

Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Martha, Countess Maritz, *The Gondoliers*. Jan 25-Mar 10.

Out of town

OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351, cc).

Il trovatore, Eugene Onegin, *The Cunning Little Vixen*, *Die Fledermaus*. Dec 21-Jan 21.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000).

L'elisir d'amore. Jan 18, 21 matinée, 24, 26, 28.

La Bohème. Jan 30.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

The Drama of Aida.

Penyrheol, Jan 6, 7, Corwen, Jan 9. Wrexham, Jan 11. Bangor, Jan 13, 14. Treorchy, Jan 17, 18. Aberystwyth, Jan 20, 21. Newtown, Jan 23, 24.

Review

The most satisfactory way of presenting a new production of *The Ring* is in its entirety, which only an opera house with immense resources can manage. If the four parts have to be staged months or even years apart, to begin with *The Valkyrie*, as ENO have done, makes it difficult, in the absence of the prologue, for the audience to grasp the producer's overall concept. In the event David Pountney's essentially domestic approach, in the sets designed by Maria Björnson, had a constricting effect on the work's wider implications. The vast baronial hall of the first act, with its tree growing through the central staircase & the singers in vaguely 19th-century garb, amounted to no more than a shift in period. Willard White dominated as the aggressive, lordly Hunding, but Alberto Remedios, whose Siegmund was roundly portrayed & ardently sung, & Josephine Barstow, a lyrical, vibrant new Sieglinde, captured the poetry of the final duet, in spite of some grindingly slow tempi from Mark Elder. The second act revealed Wotan in his library surveying the world through his telescope—all well & good; but the Volsung scenes & the fight were out of place in this gallery of books. What must be assumed to be the main *Ring* set came into its own in the third act for the Ride of the Valkyries, when the opposing rotation of the central and surrounding sections conveyed the sense of motion. As Brünnhilde's rock it provided some spectacular effects as jets of flame shot up from the ground. Marie Hayward Segal, who took over as Brünnhilde at the last moment, had her best moments in the final scene with Wotan, who was solidly sung by Anthony Raffell but with little variety or care for the words.

Covent Garden's new *Boris Godunov* is one of the boldest & most successful of its recent productions. Under the baton of Claudio Abbado, Mussorgsky's craggy score, stripped of Rimsky-Korsakov's elaborations, could be appreciated for its individuality & dramatic force. Under the direction of Andrei Tarkovsky, the Russian people took their place as the heroes of the work & the chorus brought them to ringing life. In the person of Robert Lloyd, Tsar Boris ceased to be a *monstre sacré* & became a man, a prey to his own imaginings & tormented by his conscience, in a finely controlled performance. Nicolas Dvigoubsky's all-purpose set was effective in the crowd scenes but had to be camouflaged by Robert Bryan's lighting for the interiors.

ART

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

Detail of *An Architectural Fantasy* by Dirck van Delen: at the National Gallery.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY opens what promises to be an exceptionally charming show, drawn from its own resources, on January 25. Called *The Capricious View*, it is devoted to the theme of the imaginary townscape and includes works by Guardi, Bellotto, Marieschi and Panini, as well as two "real" views of Venice by Canaletto and works by northern artists. After a showing at the National Gallery, the exhibition will go on tour to Canterbury, Wolverhampton, Lincoln and Exeter.

□ Hans Haacke, a German hero of the avant-garde, is being given an airing at the Tate, also from January 25. Haacke is obsessed with systems. He used to examine their operation in the natural world and has now moved on to sociology and politics. His conclusions are unlikely to amuse Mrs Thatcher.

□ Out of London there is a major survey of current British art at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. The title—Peter Moore's Project 7: *As of Now*—may be a bit of a mouthful but the selection, made by *Observer* art-critic William Feaver, is extremely interesting. There is a mixture of established names (Freud, Auerbach, Michael Andrews), new faces (Bill Woodrow, Kate Blacker) and virtual unknowns. Perhaps the most exciting of these unknowns is the Indian sculptor Dhruva Mistry—elegantly figurative, a mixture of Indian folk-art and Rose Period Picasso.

□ There is also a fascinating exhibition at the Herbert Art Gallery and Museum in Coventry until January 22. Entitled *The Nude: Approaches Through Drawing*, it examines the way British artists have dealt with the crucial subject in art during the past 140 years. The stylistic range is very wide—from Mulready and Burne-Jones on the one hand to David Hockney and Allen Jones on the other. Later this year the show can be seen at Lincoln, Preston, Walsall and Northampton.

GALLERY GUIDE

AGNEWS'

43 Old Bond St, W1 (629 6176). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm. **111th Annual Watercolour Exhibition.** Includes paintings by Turner, Gainsborough, Lear & de Wint. Jan 23-Feb 24.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Tues-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun noon-6pm. Closed Dec 23-27, Jan 2. **Young Blood.** Clothes, jewelry, vehicles, machinery, television commercials & other items designed by students at art colleges. Until Jan 15. £3. OAPs, disabled, unemployed & everybody after 4pm Tues-Fri £2; accompanied children under 12 (2 per adult) free.

ANNE BERTHOUD GALLERY

1 Langley Ct, Long Acre, WC2 (836 7357). Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-2pm. **Interiors.** A theme interpreted by 28 contemporary British artists including David Hockney, Tom Phillips, Stephen Farthing & John Lessor. Jan 9-27.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm. Closed Dec 23-26, Jan 1. **Raoul Dufy 1877-1953.** Retrospective of this French artist who often visited England in search of subject matter. Sponsored by Cognac Courvoisier.

Hockney's Photographs. Originally made purely for information—material designed to be turned into paintings—these photographs have now acquired independent stature in Hockney's oeuvre. Both until Feb 5. £2, OAPs, students, children & everybody Mon-Wed 6-8pm, £1.

MARLBOROUGH FINE ART

6 Albemarle St, W1 (629 5161). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm. Closed Dec 24-27, Dec 31, Jan 1. **Romantic Places.** Watercolours & oils by John Piper executed from 1981 to 1983. Until Jan 14.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 23-26, Jan 1. **Acquisition in Focus: Altdorfer's Christ Taking Leave of His Mother.** Until Jan 8. **The Capricious View: an Exhibition of Townscapes** (see introduction). Jan 25-Mar 18.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 23-26, Jan 1. **William Dobson 1611-46: The Royalists at War.** Dobson's work took on a particularly

tragic tone as it was his task to paint the leading figures on the Royalist side during the Civil War. Although less elegant than Van Dyck's English period portraits, his paintings are more solid & masculine. Until Jan 8. £1, OAPs, students & unemployed 50p, children free. **Polite Society: Arthur Devis 1712-87.** Work by the master of the English 18th-century conversation piece. Until Jan 8.

NOORTMAN & BROD

24 St James's St, SW1 (839 3871). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm. **Boudin & Jongkind.** Paintings & drawings by two of the most important forerunners of Impressionism. Jan 18-Feb 24.

ANTHONY D'OFFAY

9 & 23 Dering St, W1 (629 1578/499 4695). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Omega: Alliance & Enmity.** Furniture, pottery, fabric & designs by Roger Fry, Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell & others. (See also under Crafts Council). Jan 18-Feb 22.

QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace, SW1 (930 4832). Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, Jan 1. Open Monday Dec 27, Jan 2. **Kings & Queens.** Paintings, drawings, miniatures, sculpture & portrait medallions from the Royal Collection. Until Sept. £1, OAPs, students & children 40p.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. Closed Dec 23-25. **The Genius of Venice 1500-1600.** A superb survey of 16th-century Venetian painting with works by Titian, Giorgione, Palma Vecchio & Sebastiano del Piombo. Until Mar 11. £3.50. OAPs, students, unemployed, disabled, children & everybody up to 1.45pm on Sunday £2.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075). Daily 10am-dusk. Closed Dec 23-26, Jan 1. **Gillian Ayres.** Well known in the British art world, & often much admired by colleagues, this middle-generation British abstractionist still has to make a major breakthrough. Perhaps this show in a particularly congenial setting will do it. Until Jan 8. **Rebecca Horn.** Installations, photographs, videos & objects. Jan 14-Feb 26.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun (& Dec 27) 2-5.30pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1. **Treasured Possessions.** Furniture, paintings, books, porcelain & other works of art from privately owned houses. All the houses represented are open to the public & it is hoped that the exhibition will tempt more people to visit

*Tipu* by Dhruva Mistry: *As of Now* at the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool.

them. Dec 21-Jan 20.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 23-26, Jan 1. **John Piper.** Paintings, drawings, photographs, stage designs, fabrics, ceramics, stained glass & graphic work. Until Jan 22. £1.50. OAPs, students & unemployed 75p, accompanied children under 12 free. **Reg Butler (1913-81): Memorial Exhibition.** Until Jan 15. **Turner & the Human Figure.** A new selection of watercolours from the Turner Bequest including many done at Petworth. Until June. **Image & Process: Studies, Stage & Final Proofs from the Graphic Work of Richard Hamilton 1952-82.** Until Feb 12. **Hans Haacke** (see introduction). Jan 25-Mar 4.

WARWICK ARTS TRUST

33 Warwick Sq, SW1 (834 7856). Wed-Sun 10am-5pm. **Continuity in Architecture.** Models, photographs & drawings of modern buildings which have been designed to fit in with their surroundings but which do not merely copy old styles. Jan 13-Feb 26.

Out of town

HERBERT ART GALLERY & MUSEUM

Jordan Well, Coventry (0203 255555). Mon-Sat

*Bretonnes*, charcoal & watercolour by Boudin: at Noortman & Brod from January 18.

Signpost recommended hotels

10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-27, Dec 31, Jan 1. **The Nude: Approaches Through Drawing** (see introduction). Until Jan 22.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

30 Pembroke St, Oxford (0865 722733). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-27, Jan 1-3. **Leonard McComb**, drawings, paintings & sculpture 1960-1983. **Master Pieces: Furniture from Paintings**. Craftsmen have re-created pieces of furniture seen in paintings by Matisse, Hieronymus Bosch, Fra Angelico & others. Until Jan 15.

SAINSBURY CENTRE

University of East Anglia, Norwich (0603 56161). Tues-Sun noon-5pm. **Abstract Art & Design**. A collection begun in 1967 which includes a collage by Moholy-Nagy, Rietveld's red-blue chair, tubular steel furniture & work by the post-war generation of Constructionists in Europe. Jan 16-Mar 11. 50p, OAPs, students, children & unemployed 25p.

WALKER ART GALLERY

William Brown St, Liverpool (051-227 5234). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-27, Jan 2. **Peter Moore's Project 7: As of Now** (see introduction). Until Feb 19.

CRAFTS

BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE

43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat 11am-5pm. **Makers '84**. Work by craftsmen who have been selected for the Crafts Council Index during the past year. Included are Susie Freeman, Diana Hobson, John Coleman & Louise Slater. Jan 6-Feb 4. **Retail Launch**. On the ground floor of the gallery a space is going to be permanently reserved for items for immediate sale. From Jan 13.

CRAFTS COUNCIL

12 Waterloo Pl, Lower Regent St, SW1 (930 4811). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Omega Workshops 1913-19**. Jan 18-Mar 18.

KATHARINE HOUSE GALLERY

The Parade, Marlborough, Wilts (0672 54397). Wed-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 11am-4pm. **Furniture by Designer Craftsmen**. The exhibition is centred around John Coleman's latest collection of furniture & there are also pieces by Richard la Trobe-Bateman, Jeremy Broun & others. Also displays of prints from Czechoslovakia, wood bowls by Paul Caton & ceramics by Irene Vonck, Sarah Maltin & Magdalene Odundo. Jan 1-Mar 9.

OXFORD GALLERY

23 High St, Oxford (0865 242731). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. **Karin Hessenberg**, pots; **David Garland**, paintings; **Michael Cech**, mirrors; **Kathryn Rosse**, ceramic cars & teapots. Jan 3-Feb 1.

PHOTOGRAPHY

PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY

5 & 8 Gt Newport St, WC2 (240 5511). Tues-Sat 11am-7pm. Closed Dec 24-27, Jan 2. **The View From Above 1858-1983**. A compendium of aerial views including photographs taken by Nadar from balloons, images obtained by remote sensing from outer space, photographs by constructivists such as Rodchenko & Moholy-Nagy, recent works by Ken Baird, George Gerster & Hiroshi Hamaya. Until Jan 28. 50p, students 30p, OAPs & unemployed free.

LOOKING AHEAD

Feb 17-Apr 8. **Karsh**, a retrospective of the great Canadian photographer. National Portrait Gallery.

Mar 7-May 28. **The Pre-Raphaelites**, concentrating mainly on the years 1848-60 when artists including Burne-Jones, Millais, Holman Hunt, Rossetti & Madox Brown were in their prime. Tate Gallery.

Mar 23-May 27. **Orientalism: from Delacroix to Matisse**. Paintings by artists who found inspiration in the Middle East & North Africa. Royal Academy.

Apr 3-July 8. **1066-1200 English Romanesque Art**, sculpture, stained glass, ivories, illuminated manuscripts & other works of art which have survived from the years following the Norman Conquest. Hayward Gallery.

Apr 12-May 28. **Anthony Caro**: 60th birthday show. Serpentine Gallery.

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Croyde, N. Devon.

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Helmsley, N. Yorks.

Tel: (0439) 70766

An historic inn, with an old-fashioned charm, where game and seafood are specialties. After exploring the dramatic moors, riding, playing golf or tennis, the Feversham Arms is a haven of relaxation and peace. Perfect for small conferences, as well as family holidays. Winter bargain breaks available.

GABRIEL COURT HOTEL

Stoke Gabriel, Devon.

Tel: Stoke Gabriel (080 428) 206

In one of Devon's prettiest villages. Within the three acres of delightful gardens surrounding this family-run former Manor House, are a swimming pool and tennis court; every modern facility makes this hotel perfect for a restful holiday or as a base for visiting the many beauty spots of the South West.

GLENEAGLES HOTEL

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Tel: (0803) 23637

Situated in the peaceful and exclusive Wellwood area of Torquay, Gleneagles is family owned and nestles in three acres of land overlooking Lyme Bay. 40 bedrooms all with private bath and/or shower, and balcony. Heated swimming pool and sun patio facing south.

GLIFFAES COUNTRY HOUSE HOTEL

Crickhowell, Powys.

Tel: Bwlch (0874) 730371

The lovely wooded valley of the River Usk is perfect for salmon and trout fishermen. This luxurious and friendly hotel overlooks the river and is surrounded by 29 acres of gardens and woodland. Excellent facilities: 2½ miles fishing, tennis, croquet, full-size billiards, wonderful walking. Send for brochure.

GRAYTHWAITE MANOR HOTEL

Grange over Sands, Cumbria.

Tel: (04484) 2001 & 2479

This hotel prides itself on its excellent service; courtesy, attention, friendliness and hospitality ensure a pleasant, warm atmosphere. Every comfort is yours; the cuisine is first-class, enjoyed in an elegant dining room. Putting green, tennis court. Sea water pool nearby. Guests return year after year.

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Tel: (0609) 748226

Experienced owners, David and Chris Grant, offer first-class cuisine together with an excellent collection of wines, worthy of this gracious Georgian house in its dramatic setting beside the lake. The elegant character of the house is retained in decor and furnishings, whilst every modern facility is available.

LANGDALES HOTEL

Great Langdale, Cumbria.

Tel: (09667) 253

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This 17th century house has a private sandy beach and is surrounded by 60 acres of private parkland. The interior is magnificent, with 32 beautifully furnished bedrooms, moulded ceilings, Gothic windows and a Jacobean staircase. Sports facilities include swimming pool, tennis court, mini golf. A peaceful and enjoyable stay is guaranteed.

ROYAL OAK INN

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Tel: (064385) 232

Fresh salmon, lobster and game in season, fresh vegetables whenever possible, fresh fruit in each room, and fresh flowers on the tables: true Somerset hospitality in this delightful, thatched 15th Century Inn on the River Exe, in the Exmoor National Park. Idyllic setting for any kind of holiday - relaxing or sporting.

ST. BRIDES HOTEL

Saundersfoot, Dyfed.

Tel: (0834) 812304

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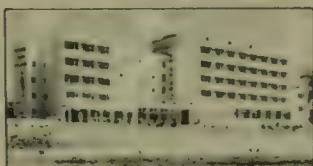
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BRIEFING

SHOPS

MIRANDA MADGE



Zayane tribal rug from the Middle Atlas: one of many at the Kilim Warehouse.

I have bought rugs in London from **Kennedy Carpets** in elegant Vigo Street (439 8873) and from the young men who lay their collection on the pavement of Chalk Farm Road on Sunday mornings. Choosing a rug of character is an absorbing occupation and there are several places which fall between these two extremes where it is fun and profitable to search.

The **Kilim Warehouse** at 28a Pickett's St, SW12 (675 3122) is a long narrow building wedged into a suburban terrace near Clapham Common. You enter from the rather drab environment into a world of rich colour as rugs billow from the ceiling, hang on the walls and stand in stacks around the room. You are welcome to rummage and it is well worth while to pick up the leaflet, *The Accessible Kilim*, produced by the establishment which gives succinct definitions of the various types of rug stocked.

All the rugs are flat weaves (that is, they have no pile) and are the work of nomadic tribes in Turkey and the Atlas Mountains. Each tribe has its own motifs but popular ones to look out for are hexagonal lozenges symbolizing immortality, the Star of Solomon and the Tree of Life. The oldest rugs are distinguished by the resonant colours of natural dyes. Rugs at the Warehouse range from about five to 100 years old and prices start at £50 and rise to about £500.

Those with rustic premises might consider a *tapis de terre*, a rug of tightly woven straw with bold decoration in thick, predominantly red, wool. These are made by the women of only one tribe in the Atlas Mountains, who leave the ends of the straw long to form a shaggy mat on the underside and a fringe to the side. A *tapis* measuring 10 feet by 5 feet would cost about £100. The Warehouse is open on Monday to Saturday 10am-4pm and on Sunday 11am-2pm.

The **Rug Shop** at 1 Elystan St, Chelsea Green, SW3 (584 8724) has fewer rugs but each one is particularly fine and striking. It is uplifting just to go and gaze. On a recent visit the treasures on show included a Bel-leuch runner in deep brown and navy for £190, an Afghan rug with a design like falling leaves for £260, and an exuberant Turkoman horse cover in orange and pink.

If you want a new rug, visit **Mary Fox Linton** at 249 Fulham Rd, SW3 (351 0273), an interior design firm who import exquisite Indian dhurries. The most unusual, the Ram Bagh range, are in pastel colours in

traditional stepped patterns. Made in cotton in fine "elegant weave" they cost from £163 (4 feet by 6 feet) to £432 (6 feet by 9 feet 9 inches), while in sheeny silk prices go from £307 to £1,380 (9 feet by 12 feet).

Here, too, you can find rag rugs in bands of strong or speckly colours, small hand-woven prayer rugs in faded rust and navy cotton, and coarser wool carpeting made by Morgan & Oates.

COUNTER SPY

□ A good way to brighten the task of thank you letter-writing is to visit the **Postcard Gallery** at 32 Neal St, WC2 (379 6177) where you can select postcards to send to each individual on your list. There are thousands of the world's most beautiful paintings writ small, arranged in chronological order of artist. You might decide on a Renoir child, a Van Eyck virgin, a Monet lily pond or a Patrick Heron abstract. There are also countless versions of Monroe or Presley, reproductions of great photographs and, more frivolously, initials illuminated in Victorian style. Postage stamps are available from a vending machine and, in case you feel inspired then and there, there are tables equipped with pens and blotters. All cards are 30p, but OAPs, students and unemployed are generously awarded a 5p discount per item.

□ **Sales:** at time of going to press many shops were still uncertain whether they would be open on the January 2 bank holiday. We have recorded only confirmed information in the list.

Dec 27: Burberry's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 3343); Jaeger, Regent St, W1 (734 8211); Barker's, Kensington High St, W8 (937 5432), closed Jan 2; Simpson's, Piccadilly, W1 (734 2002), open Jan 2; Scotch House, Regent St, W1 (734 0203); Moss Bros, Bedford St, WC2 (240 4567), open Jan 2; Dickins & Jones, Regent St, W1 (734 7070), closed Jan 2; Liberty's, Regent St, W1 (734 1234), open Jan 2.

Dec 29: John Lewis, Oxford St, W1 (637 3434), closed Jan 2.

Dec 30: Heal's, Tottenham Ct Rd, W1 (636 1666), open Jan 2; Peter Jones, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 3434), closed Jan 2.

Jan 5: Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, SW1 (235 5000); Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, SW1 (930 3181).

Jan 6: Harrods, Knightsbridge (730 1234).

HOTELS

HILARY RUBINSTEIN



In the less busy times of the year many hotels offer specially favourable terms for stays of two nights and more. Some hotels, which have business users during the week, reserve their bargains for weekends. Others, which have no difficulty in filling their rooms on a Saturday night, are keen to attract visitors midweek. However a hotel defines its breaks, it is always worth asking about special terms if you stay more than a night. They can only say no.

Summer Lodge at Evershot in Dorset is a country-house hotel in the Earl of Ilchester's former dower house. This is the heart of Thomas Hardy country—Evershot appears as Evershead in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Nigel and Margaret Corbett offer imaginative cooking, pretty and luxurious bedrooms (there are nine, all with bath) and consistently kind and attentive service. The hotel has 4 acres of grounds with a grass tennis court, a heated swimming pool which is domed in winter, croquet, badminton and table tennis, and near by there is golf and trout fishing. The Corbetts offer packages of two days or more, any day of the week, in February and March.

The Mill Hotel in the sleepy village of Kingham, 5 miles from Stow-on-the-Wold and Chipping Norton in the Cotswolds, is a good centre for touring and a restful place for a short holiday. There are 14 acres of grounds with golf practice range, clay-pigeon shooting, a trout stream which guests can fish, and riding available near by. The building, which dates from the Norman Conquest, has been converted into a comfortable hotel with 21 bedrooms, most with bath. Old oak beams, flagstone floors, open fires and the original baking ovens give the place character. John and Val Barnett offer breaks of two days or more until April 1.

To the north, at Matlock in the Peak District, is **Riber Hall**, set in 4 acres of grounds with a walled garden and orchard. It describes itself as an Elizabethan country manor house, though parts were built in the 14th century with other contributions from the 1660s. The house was extensively restored by Alex Biggin in the 1970s. It has spacious public rooms in the main house and its restaurant has a high reputation among local gourmets. The bedrooms are located across a steep gravelled courtyard; most have fine antique four-poster beds. The hotel offers breaks of two days or more until mid April.

To the west, at Llanrwst in Wales, is **Meadowsweet**, a Victorian house on the edge of this pleasant market town. Joy and John Evans have been running a highly successful restaurant here for many years; two years ago they turned to hotel-keeping as well. Meadowsweet has 10 double bed-

rooms, all with shower. It overlooks meadows and distant mountains and is 200 yards from the River Conwy. Llanrwst is an excellent centre for fishing, walking, mountaineering and skiing and is 30 minutes' drive from the North Wales coast. The Evanses offer two-day breaks at any time of the year, and four-day midweek breaks until just before Easter.

Linden Hall is a new country house hotel at Longhorsley in Northumberland, 30 miles north of Newcastle. Built in 1812, this elegant mansion has grand public rooms and 45 good-sized bedrooms. It offers impeccable service, excellent food and an unstuffy atmosphere, despite its grandeur. There are many facilities—sauna, solarium, hairdressing salon, billiard room, 400 acre grounds of park and woodland, with tennis, putting, croquet, children's playground and adventure woodland play area. This hotel offers weekend breaks of two and three nights throughout the year.

Finally, in central Scotland, the **Roman Camp Hotel** at Callander offers winter and spring breaks of two nights or more. It is a picturesque 17th-century hunting lodge transformed into a comfortable small hotel (three suites and seven double bedrooms, most with bath, all with colour TV). There are splendid formal gardens with natural woodland leading down to the River Teith. The daffodils are magnificent in spring. The house has original panelling in the entrance, a painted ceiling in the dining room and a panelled library. Sami Denzler, the Swiss owner, and his Scottish wife Pat are former restaurateurs and offer many cossetting extras in the bedrooms. There are 20 acres of grounds with walled and formal gardens. You can fish for trout in the River Teith. The breakfast croissants are particularly recommended. The Denzlers offer two-night breaks from February to the end of March (the hotel is closed in January).

□ **Summer Lodge**, Evershot, Dorset (093 583 424). Break of two days or more, £27.50 per day for dinner, bed and breakfast until end March; £30 April 1 to May 31.

□ **The Mill Hotel**, Kingham, Oxon (060 871 8188). Two-day break £44-£46 half board. A week's stay is £150 per person.

□ **Riber Hall**, Matlock, Derbyshire (0629 2795). £65 for two nights bed and breakfast, including £12 allowance towards *à la carte* dinner.

□ **Meadowsweet Hotel**, Station Road, Llanrwst, Gwynedd, Wales (0492 640732). Two-day break £35 in room with double bed, £38 in twin beds; four-day midweek break £60 and £65 respectively.

□ **Linden Hall Hotel**, Longhorsley, Morpeth, Northumberland (0670 56611). Two nights £56.50; three nights £76.50.

□ **The Roman Camp Hotel**, Callander, Central Scotland (0877 30003). Two nights £55 until March 1, then £60.

The above tariffs are for one person sharing a room with dinner, bed and breakfast unless otherwise stated. They include VAT and service except for Summer Lodge, which does not make a service charge, and The Mill which adds 10 per cent.

Hilary Rubinstein is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*, published annually by the Consumers' Association/Hodders, price £7.95. The *Guide* would be glad to hear from readers who have recent first-hand experience of any unusually good hotels. Reports to *Good Hotel Guide*, Freepost, London W11 4BR.

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BRIEFING RESTAURANTS ALEX FINER



IT IS RARELY POSSIBLE to return as regularly as I would like to new discoveries or old favourites. The constant search for fresh pastures worth grazing precludes it. On occasion I rebel. I have visited **Rudland & Stubbs** near Smithfield meat market three times within six weeks.

This predominantly fish restaurant is noisy with chatter when busy and simply furnished with marble-top tables, sawdust on the floor, white tiles on the walls and old railway posters extolling the delights of fishing around Britain's coast. My introduction, however, was a family outing for a set-price, traditional roast Sunday lunch. A large helping of lamb, duck or beef and Yorkshire pudding with a selection of vegetables was preceded by soup or pâté and followed by ice-cream or apple and cranberry pie with cinnamon and raisin sauce or custard. It was excellent value at £6.95 for adults and £3 for children, so was the house claret at £4.50.

As I hastened to discover, the extensive weekday fish menu is also attractively priced. Customers without bookings clustered at the oyster bar, drinks in hand, waiting for empty tables. Once seated, they chose from starters which included grilled sardines (£1.10), herrings in beer (£1.30) and jellied eels (£1.50). The smaller oysters are £4 for half-a-dozen with Colchester Royals at £5.50. Main courses include oyster and sole pie at £4.50, fishcakes at £2.50 and, at £3.20, an Arnold Bennett omelette (filled with finnan haddock, parmesan and cream) invented especially for the author by the Savoy. Trout, turbot, halibut, salmon and skate are among fish served fried, grilled or poached as appropriate with a choice of butter and lemon, black butter, parsley butter or hollandaise sauce.

There are daily specials in addition. My skewered scallops, rolled in bacon and a light coating of breadcrumbs, were quite delightful on their bed of rice. My companion was less successful in selecting an avocado with a nondescript and mushy seafood filling followed by overcooked grilled prawns. But neither that nor the modest bill of £26, which included a Mâcon Blanc Villages 1980 at £6.25 as well as starters, puddings and coffee, could dissuade me from returning for lobster soup, six Colchester Royals and a glass of champagne before proceeding to the theatre.



Langan's Bistro in Devonshire Street is the cheapest of Peter Langan's three London restaurants. It has been a long-standing favourite of mine, re-visited, albeit infrequently, since it was called **Odin's** (a name long since transferred to Mr Langan's fine dining room next door). One of few changes in décor over the years is the colour and style of the inverted umbrellas hanging from the bistro's ceiling. Along with the photographs and prints on the walls, these create instant character and charm. When I visited the restaurant in 1978 a meal for two cost £14 including house wine at £3. Today house wine is £5, Mrs Langan's chocolate pudding has risen in price from 70p to £2.05 and the bill will probably break £30. Affable service, superior bistro cooking and the tempting desserts ensure that I shall continue to return.

□ **Rudland & Stubbs**, Greenhill's Rents, Cowcross St, Smithfield, EC1 (253 0148). Mon-Fri noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm, Sat 7-11.30pm, Sun noon-4pm. cc A, Bc, DC. □ **Langan's Bistro**, 26 Devonshire St, W1 (935 4531). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, Mon-Sat 7-11.30pm. cc None.

GOOD EATING GUIDE

A changing selection of ILN recommended restaurants appears each month. Estimated restaurant prices are based on the average cost of a meal for two, including a bottle of house wine. The symbol £ indicates up to £20; ££ £20-£35; £££ above £35.

Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx = American Express; DC = Diner's Club; A = Access (Master Charge); and Bc = Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as cc All.

Bumbles

16 Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1 (828 2903). Mon-Fri noon-2.15pm, Mon-Sat 6-10.30pm.

Large bistro with some inventive starters, vegetarian main courses, an extensive selection of English wines & a competitively priced French list. Book an upstairs booth for greater comfort. cc All ££

The Chelsea Room

Hyatt Carlton Tower, 2 Cadogan Pl, SW1 (235 5411). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.45pm, 7-11.15pm, Sun 12.30-2.45pm, 7-10.15pm.

Great care & attention lavished on Bernard Gaume's exquisite, but expensive, menu in spacious relaxed surroundings. Fine wine list. cc All £££

Chez Gérard

5 Charlotte St, W1 (636 4975). Sun-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, daily 6.30-11pm.

The châteaubriand or côte de boeuf are well worth sharing and it is fun to watch the chef salting a huge bowl of *frites* if you sit in the booths in the front room. Now a second branch in Dover Street. cc A, Bc ££

Coconut Grove

Barrett St, W1 (486 5269). Sun-Tues noon-midnight, Wed-Sat noon-1am.

Strictly for the young crowd. Cocktails, deep-fried potato skins, good salads & grills. cc All ££

Cunard Hotel Bristol

Berkeley St, W1 (493 8282). Daily 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10.30pm.

Murals, pink linen & two huge chandeliers establish the ambience for chef Alexander's ambitious & expensive cuisine. Each week a different English regional dish features on the lunch menu. cc All £££

Dôme

38 Hampstead High St, NW3 (435 4240). Mon-Sat 9am-11.45pm, Sun 9am-11.30pm.

Attractive café-bar by Hampstead tube station. You can settle for a croissant & hot chocolate, a hot dog, an ice cream, a cocktail or choose a more substantial fondue or raclette at this relaxed establishment. cc None £

L'Escargot

48 Greek St, W1 (437 2679). Mon-Sat 12.15-2.30pm, 6.30-10.45pm.

The brasserie menu served on the ground floor is better value than the more extensive and expensive one served amid fine linen and décor upstairs. A place to be seen at, with an interesting list of wine. cc All £££

L'Etoile

30 Charlotte St, W1 (636 7189). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10pm.

Small, busy & often crowded, this long-established French restaurant maintains a deserved reputation. cc AmEx, DC £££

Gay Hussar

2 Greek St, W1 (437 0973). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 5.30-11.30pm.

Lively Hungarian restaurant with strong literary connexions. Hearty appetites an advantage, as well as a readiness to experiment with dishes of pressed boar's head, dumplings, saddle of carp & Transylvanian stuffed cabbage. cc None ££

The Grange

39 King St, WC2 (240 2939). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30-11.30pm, Sat 6.45-11.30pm.

Two-, three- & four-course set menus which change monthly & keep prices down. A cream cheese & chive dip awaits you at your table. Room to relax amid modern décor. cc AmEx ££

The Ivy

1 West St, WC2 (836 4751). Mon-Fri noon-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 6.15-11pm.

Space, comfort & plenty of old-world charm behind the leaded diamond windows. A £9.50 three-course lunch & dinner menu as well as huge choice à la carte. cc All ££

Linda's

4 Fernhead Rd, W9 (969 9387). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 6-11pm.

London's first Vietnamese restaurant, with menus from £4.95 to £11. Family-run, unsmart premises, often crowded. cc A, Bc, DC £

Magno's Brasserie

65A Long Acre, WC2 (836 6077). Mon-Fri noon-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 6-11.30pm.

Popular lunchtime haunt with daily blackboard specials surviving heavy competition from similar establishments in the area. Its success has spawned a nearby offshoot, Le Café du Jardin in Wellington Street. cc All ££

Maxim's de Paris

Panton St, SW1 (839 4809). Mon-Fri 12.30-3pm, Mon-Sat 6.30-11.45pm.

This London version of Maxim's won my "boldest experiment of 1983" award. High prices, fine food & sumptuous Art Nouveau décor. cc All £££

Mon Plaisir

21 Monmouth St, WC2 (836 7243). Mon-Fri noon-2pm, 6-11pm.

French bustle in intimate & small premises. Good daily specials & large cheeseboard. Avoid draughty tables by the door. cc None ££

Pizza Express

10 Dean St, W1 (437 9595); 11 Knightsbridge, SW1 (235 5550); 15 Gloucester Rd, SW7 (584 9078) & 21 other branches. Daily 11am-midnight. Delicious pizzas composed before your eyes. Fast, friendly, efficient service. Evening jazz (Dean St,

Tues-Sun; Pizza on the Park, Knightsbridge, Mon-Sat) & disco (Gloucester Rd). cc None £

Porte de la Cité

65 Theobald's Rd, WC1 (242 1154). Mon-Fri noon-3pm.

The service is good, the vegetable starters worth considering, & there is a range of solidly French main courses. Good cheeses. A popular lunchtime executive haunt. cc All ££

Pratts

Camden Lock, Commercial Pl, NW1 (485 9987). Brasserie: daily 9am-midnight; Restaurant: Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30pm-midnight.

Brasserie & restaurant share attractive former stables in Camden Lock. Service can be slow & the pretty nouvelle cuisine may leave the hungry still peckish. cc All £££

The Ritz

Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). Daily 12.30-2pm, 6.30-11pm.

Michael Quinn, head chef, offers various options at lunch: a three-course surprise luncheon, different each day, at £19.50; a starter & dessert or two starters for £10.50; a starter & main course for £13.50; or three courses for £16. The dining room is one of the most spacious & luxurious in London. cc All £££

Le Soufflé

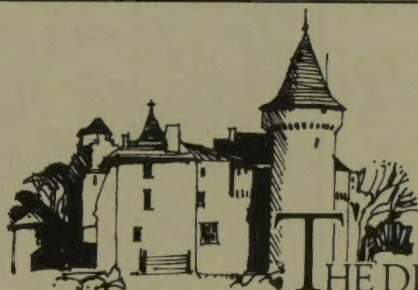
Hotel Inter-Continental, Hamilton Pl, Hyde Park Corner, W1 (409 3131). Mon-Fri 12.30-3pm, Sun for brunch noon-4pm, daily 7-11.30pm.

Peter Kromberg's cuisine triumphs over the restaurant's brash, red-felted walls & Art Deco style. Sunday brunch is £14. A six-course special dinner is £20—about the same as three courses à la carte. Expensive, erratically priced, wine list. cc All £££

Zen

Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Ave, SW3 (589 1781). Mon-Fri noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm, Sat 11.30am-11.30pm, Sun noon-11pm.

Air-conditioned Chinese with an extensive, well-prepared menu, & a grotto & waterfall near the entrance. cc All ££



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The decor is classically French with hand-carved chairs, crystal and silver table settings and silver-domed trolleys helping to recreate the ambience of a Provençal chateau.

The cuisine is simply superb. French, of course, with an extensive à la carte in the evening and set price menus which take full advantage of seasonal specialities. The wine list is equally magnificent while our house wines, La Cour Pavillon from Bordeaux, have been just as carefully selected.

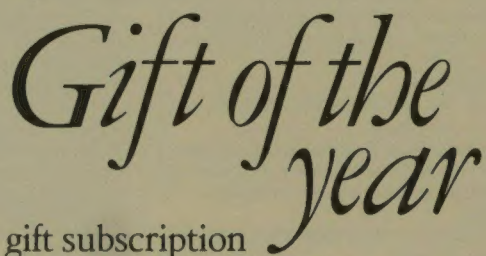
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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

OUT OF TOWN

ANGELA BIRD

BRITAIN'S HERITAGE is due to be heavily promoted this year. Wales features castles, industrial archaeology and the principality's patron saint, David (two pilgrimages to St David's shrine in Dyfed were once said to be the equivalent of one to Rome). Scotland delves into its sporting history to show the origins of golf, curling, pony trekking and rugby sevens. Northern Ireland emphasizes St Patrick's country of Antrim and Armagh as well as tracing the Ulster roots of 14 American presidents, including Roosevelt, Jackson, Grant and McKinley.

□ England, as befits a country where gardening is the most popular outdoor activity, celebrates its horticultural heritage from tiny cottage plots to the enormous Liverpool International Garden Festival which opens officially in May. The English Tourist Board has devised five garden trails for motorists; maps are available free from tourist offices from mid February. Starting from Plymouth, Dover, Harwich, Southampton or Newcastle, each trail visits about 20 gardens and all include the Liverpool Festival. The National Trust expects to stage events in all its 108 gardens.

□The Arts Council's 1984 guide, *Festivals in Great Britain*, lists 237 events in music, drama, poetry and dance. It is available from the Council's shop at 8 Long Acre, WC2, for £2 or by post (add 50p) from 105 Piccadilly, W1. Slightly more detail about 25 of the major festivals is given in a free brochure obtainable (with sae) from the British Arts Festivals' Association, 33 Rufford Road, Sherwood, Nottingham NG5 2NQ. The extra information about the activities, and about the countryside surrounding such festival towns as Ludlow, Harrogate, Chester or Fishguard is an added incentive to leave the well-worn tourist routes and to get to know some of the most attractive corners of Britain.

Dec 27-Jan 11. **59th International Chess Congress.** Grandmasters compete in the White Rock Pavilion; others in nearby Falaise Hall, Hastings, E Sussex.

Dec 28-Jan 15. **Ice Revue '84.** The Madison Square Garden Company's show includes a version of *The Sleeping Beauty*. Brighton Centre, Brighton, E Sussex (0273 202881). £3.35-£6, reductions for OAPs & children.

Jan 4-28, *Royal Shakespeare Company tour*. Sheila Hancock directs RSC players in *Romeo & Juliet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* & Edward Bond's play *Derek*. The company takes its own stage & seating around small towns in the west & south: Jan 4-7, Tiverton School, Tiverton, Devon (0884 255307); Jan 9-12, Carn Brea Leisure Centre, Redruth, Cornwall (0209 714766); Jan 13-17, Dyron's Sports Centre, Newton Abbot, Devon (0626 60426); Jan 19-21, South Wight Sports Centre, Isle of Wight (0983 527020); Jan 23-25, Kennet School, Thatcham, Berks (0635 46044); Jan 26-28, Stratford Park Leisure Centre, Stroud, Glos (04536 6771).

Jan 5-7. **10th Annual Norwich Antiques Fair.** Blackfriars Hall, Norwich. Thurs, Fri 11am-8pm, Sat until 5pm. 80p, children 20p.

Jan 6, 1pm. Haxey Hood Game. Scarlet-clad King, Fool & Boggans compete for possession of a leather "hood". The game commemorates a 13th-century event when 12 labourers retrieved Lady de Mowbray's hood, carried off by a gust of wind. Haxey, nr Gainsborough, Lincs.

Jan 9, 8pm. **Plough Monday Tour.** Blackened-faced participants celebrate, with singing & mumming plays, the eve of the farmworkers' return to the land. The Fenstanton Morris Men lead a torchlight procession in local "Molly" dances through the street, hauling a hand plough. Fenstanton, nr St Ives, Cambs.

Jan 13-Feb 22. Cadbury's National Exhibition of Children's Art. This enjoyable display continues its tour. City Art Gallery, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. Mon-Sat 10.30am-5pm. Wed until 8pm.

Jan 14, 6.30pm. **Dancing England.** Traditional folk-dance event, with rapper, clog & morris dancing, ceilidhs, stalls selling clothes & crafts, film show & photographic exhibition. Assembly Rooms, Derby. Tickets £1 from the Assembly Rooms or from 51 Toton Lane, Stapleford, nr Nottingham.

Jan 18, 6.30pm. **Brodsky String Quartet.** Recital by a group of young musicians, currently supported by Sutton Place Heritage Trust. A less formal event than previous concerts of the season; admission charge includes wine, & a chance to



13th-century tradition: at Haxey, January 6.

visit the exhibition of Italian Abstract painting.
Sutton Place, Guildford, Surrey (0483 504455).
£12.

Jan 19-Aug 25. **Ninth-centenary celebrations of Worcester Cathedral.** Jan 19, 7.30pm, Celebration Eucharist; Jan 31, 7.30pm, King's Consort recital, £2.50, students 50p. Later events include Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* on Feb 23, a cathedral pageant from May 24 to 26 & culminate in the Three Choirs' Festival in August. Worcester Cathedral, Worcester.

Jan 22-24. 3rd Annual Salisbury Antiques Fair.
Red Lion Hotel, Salisbury, Wilts. Sun 2-8pm,
Mon 11am-8pm, Tues 11am-5pm, 80p, children
20p.

Jan 25, 26. **Antiques fair.** Silver, jewelry, prints, porcelain, furniture & other items with a pre-1900 dateline. Moor Park Golf Club, Rickmansworth, Herts. Wed noon-9pm, Thurs 11am-6pm. £1, OAPs & children 50p.

Jan 29, 6.30pm. **Epiphany procession.** Canons & choir, in colourful robes, celebrate the arrival of the Magi in Bethlehem. York Minster, York.

Jan 31, 7.30pm. **Up Helly Aa.** Spectacular torchlight procession following a 30-foot Viking longboat, specially built for the occasion, through the town's streets. Finally the blazing torches are flung into the boat, setting it alight, & an evening of dancing begins. Lerwick, Shetland.

It's 9am at the Beefeater distillery.

Is everything you've heard about gentlemen in the drink business true?



If you've heard that gentlemen in this drink business are unusually concerned with the quality of their product, the answer is yes.

James Burrough makes the softly dry and delicately fragrant Beefeater gin.

And when the directors meet at 9am every morning, it's not to discuss the play on TV the night before.

It's to assess the previous day's batches of gin.



The precise recipe for Beefeater gin is a well-kept family secret.

And has been since it was set down in the 19th century by James Burrough,

ancestor of the present chairman.

The meticulous way in which Beefeater has always been made is, however, well known.



*Juniper + coriander + angelica + who knows?
Only six people know the Beefeater recipe.*

Pure grain spirit is distilled in copper three times over.

During each distillation, a head stillman carefully noses out the crystal-clear 'middle run' from the 'foreshot' that precedes it and the 'feints' that follow.

Then, during the final distillation, juniper berries, angelica root, coriander seed and rare spices are combined with alcohol vapours.

The result is a gin of extraordinary clarity and brilliance.

And one which has a fragrance

and flavour all its own.

You may notice that every bottle of Beefeater gin carries an individual registration number.



The difference in the numbers guarantees there'll be no difference in the gin.

This is further evidence of James Burrough's wish to make sure that every bottle of their carefully nurtured gin lives up to the name on the label.

It's something to think about as you listen to the tantalising shush of Beefeater cascading over ice cubes.

Watch the effervescing tonic rushing to the top of your glass.

And raise to your lips that most consistently excellent of drinks:

A Beefeater and tonic.

Clearly, successive generations of Burroughs have not only respected their founder's recipe, but also his standards.



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